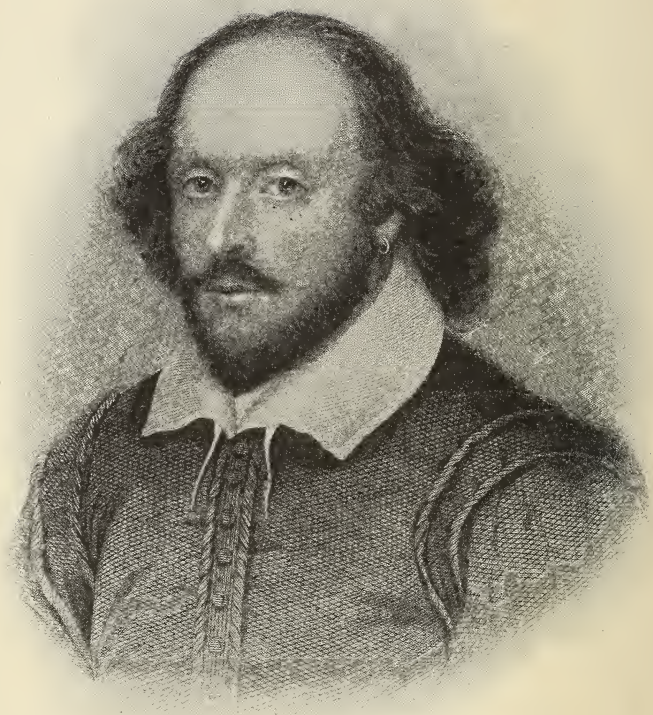


ONE YEAR COURSE IN
ENGLISH AND AMERICAN
LITERATURE

B. G. Heydrick





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ONE YEAR COURSE
IN
ENGLISH AND AMERICAN
LITERATURE

AN INTRODUCTION TO THE CHIEF AUTHORS IN
ENGLISH AND AMERICAN LITERATURE, WITH
READING LISTS AND REFERENCES FOR
FURTHER STUDY

BY

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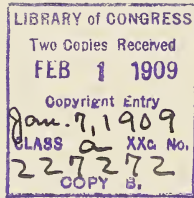
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E.W.F. May. 26-11

PREFACE

THIS book is written for the purpose of providing for students in high schools and academies an introduction to the literature of their mother tongue. There are already a number of books on this subject: the present work will be found to differ from them in several respects.

The method followed by most writers in preparing an elementary text-book on English literature is, apparently, to take a larger work and make a small one by simply reducing the scale. Fifty pages on Shakespeare are reduced to ten, and so on. When the minor writers are reached, they are condensed into a line or two, with the result that much of the book is a mere list of names and titles. These dry bones the teacher is left to animate as best he can.

In this work there has been no attempt to include all the writers who have contributed to English literature. There are many authors who survive only for purposes of post-graduate study. George Gascoigne, John Skelton, Roger Ascham, Ambrose Phillips, are names of significance to the scholar tracing the evolution of literary forms, but not to the beginner, who needs a guide to what is best in the public library. Throughout this work, then, emphasis is placed upon books that still live. The nineteenth century in particular is treated fully; its writers may be no greater than those of the eighteenth, but they have more to say to us.

The mere study of a text-book, however, will give no one a knowledge of English literature. That must be gained by reading the authors themselves. To this end, each chapter is followed by a list of recommended reading in the chief authors, with references to volumes of selections where these may be found. And since many pupils will now begin to form their own libraries, under each chief author is mentioned a standard library edition of his works, and inexpensive editions of single volumes.

The author desires to acknowledge his indebtedness to Mr. Guy M. Carleton for valuable suggestions and criticism.

B. A. HEYDRICK.

NEW YORK, January, 1909.

CONTENTS

I. ENGLISH LITERATURE

CHAPTER	PAGE
I. THE BEGINNING OF ENGLISH LITERATURE	I
Beowulf—Cædmon—Bede—Alfred.	
II. CHAUCER AND HIS CONTEMPORARIES	9
Chaucer—Wiclif—Mandeville.	
III. THE FIFTEENTH CENTURY	15
Ballad Poetry—Early Drama—Malory.	
IV. THE ELIZABETHAN AGE	21
Spenser—Marlowe—Shakespeare—Jonson—Bacon.	
V. THE PURITAN AND RESTORATION PERIODS	34
Milton—Bunyan—Herrick—Dryden.	
VI. THE CLASSICAL AGE	46
Swift—Addison—Steele—Pope—Defoe—Richardson—Fielding.	
VII. THE AGE OF JOHNSON	56
Johnson—Goldsmith—Burke—Gibbon—Thomson—Gray.	
VIII. THE AGE OF ROMANTICISM	66
Burns—Coleridge—Wordsworth—Scott—Byron—Shelley—Keats—Lamb—De Quincey.	
IX. THE VICTORIAN ERA	90
Tennyson—Browning—Macaulay—Carlyle—Ruskin—Dickens—Thackeray—Eliot—Stevenson.	

	PAGE
QUOTATIONS FOR MEMORIZING	119
LIST OF BOOKS REFERRED TO	142

II. AMERICAN LITERATURE

PART I. THE PERIOD OF BEGINNINGS, 1608-1809

CHAPTER

- I. THE COLONIAL WRITERS 145
Smith — Mather — Edwards.
- II. THE REVOLUTIONARY WRITERS 150
Henry — Jefferson — Hamilton — Freneau — Franklin.

PART II. THE PERIOD OF ACHIEVEMENT, 1809-1870

- III. THE KNICKERBOCKER SCHOOL 156
Irving — Cooper — Bryant.
- IV. THE NEW ENGLAND GROUP — POETS AND ESSAYISTS . 167
Emerson — Longfellow — Whittier — Lowell — Holmes
— Thoreau.
- V. THE NEW ENGLAND GROUP — ORATORS, NOVELISTS,
AND HISTORIANS 192
Webster — Hawthorne — Stowe — Bancroft — Prescott
— Parkman — Motley.
- VI. EARLY SOUTHERN WRITERS 209
Simms — Poe — Hayne — Timrod.
- VII. WRITERS OF THE MIDDLE STATES 218
Taylor — Whitman — Stoddard — Curtis.

PART III. RECENT PERIOD, 1870-1908

- VIII. NEW ENGLAND SINCE 1870 228
Stedman — Aldrich — Hale — Warner — Fiske.
- IX. THE NEW SOUTH 237
Lanier — Cable — Harris — Page — Allen.

CONTENTS

vii

CHAPTER	PAGE
X. RECENT WRITERS OF THE MIDDLE STATES . . .	244
Burroughs — Howells — James — Crawford — Stockton.	
XI. THE RISE OF WESTERN LITERATURE . . .	252
Harte — Clemens — Eggleston — Field — Riley.	
QUOTATIONS FOR MEMORIZING	262
LIST OF BOOKS REFERRED TO	278
INDEX	279

INTRODUCTION

IF one were asked to name the chief writers in American literature, one would probably think first of Longfellow, Whittier, Emerson, and Lowell. A little more reflection would suggest Poe, Bryant, Hawthorne, Cooper, Irving, Franklin, and Holmes. These are the writers who stand foremost in our literature, and, with the exception of Franklin, they all belong to a single period. The sixty years from 1809 to 1869 saw the chief work of these authors. This may be called the Period of Achievement in American literature. The earlier period, which includes the writings of Franklin and of the Revolutionary orators, we may call the Period of Beginnings. And the period since 1870, including authors now living, we may call the Recent Period. So our literary history divides itself naturally into three periods, which will be treated in the three parts of this book.

Acknowledgment is hereby made of the permission granted by Messrs. Houghton Mifflin Company to use extracts from copyrighted poems by J. G. Whittier, O. W. Holmes, and E. R. Sill; to Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons for selections from R. H. Stoddard; to Little, Brown, and Co. for selections from Emily Dickinson; to Horace Traubel for selections from Walt Whitman; and to James Whitcomb Riley for selections from his own writings.

ENGLISH LITERATURE

CHAPTER I

THE BEGINNING OF ENGLISH LITERATURE

Beowulf

Bede

Cædmon

King Alfred

THE beginning of English literature goes back to the beginning of the English race. The people we call English had their first home not in England at all, but on the shores of the North Sea, on the peninsula of Jutland and in that part of Germany now known as Schleswig-Holstein. These people came to England in great numbers in the fifth and sixth centuries, and conquering the original inhabitants, established the Anglo-Saxon nation, as it was called. They brought with them their literature, in the Anglo-Saxon language. A great part of this literature has been lost. Of that which survives, the most noted work is an epic poem called **Beowulf** (Bay'o-wulf).

This poem begins by telling how Hrothgar, a Danish king, built a splendid mead-hall where he and his warriors might feast after fighting. A supernatural monster called Grendel, hearing the sound of minstrelsy, comes to the hall by night and slays thirty of the warriors while they sleep. Again and again he comes to the hall; his strength is so great that no bars can keep him out; he bears a charmed life, so no sword can wound him. So the hall stands deserted, and King Hrothgar in despair sends for

Beowulf, a prince of a neighboring land, to come to his aid. Beowulf comes with twelve companions, and is entertained in the hall with feasting and song. That night Grendel comes again, seizes one of the sleeping warriors, drinks his blood, and devours him even to his hands and feet. Then he attacks Beowulf, and a fearful struggle ensues. Beowulf, who had the strength of thirty men, seized Grendel by the arm; the monster struggled to escape; his frightful cries filled the hall; at last he fairly wrenched his arm out of its socket and rushed away to die in his lair. Then there is great joy, a feast is held, and rich presents are given to the hero Beowulf. But that very night the mother of Grendel, a frightful monster, comes to take vengeance, and seizing one of the companions of Beowulf, bears him away to her den. In the morning Beowulf and his fellows follow the trail of the monster and come at last to a dark stagnant water beneath the cliffs. Beowulf boldly plunges in and finds the monster in a cave beneath the water. He grapples with her, and the water is churned up by their struggle. In spite of his great strength, Beowulf is slowly overcome by the monster and forced to the floor of the cave. Reaching out desperately, his hand grasps a sword lying on the ground; it chances to be an enchanted sword, and with it he kills the monster. He returns to the mead-hall with the heads of the two creatures; their blood is so poisonous that it melts the blade of the sword with which the heads are severed.

Beowulf goes back to his own land laden with gifts, and rules there for many years. When he is an old man, his country is menaced by a great danger. A dragon, breathing fire, flies by night over the land, seizing people and setting fire to dwellings. Beowulf, old as he is, goes forth to slay the dragon, accompanied by his bravest followers.

As they approach the cave they see skeletons lying all about; the sight is so terrifying that all of his followers except one turn and flee. The hero attacks the dragon single-handed; a mighty combat follows in which Beowulf slays his enemy, but is himself mortally wounded. His followers bring forth the hoard of gold and jewels the dragon had guarded, and Beowulf gives thanks that he has won them for his people. He dies, and in his honor a lofty mound is built, which may be seen by passing ships; this as a memorial to the king who was "mildest to his men, and most bent upon glory."

The poem is typical of the race which produced it. Stern fighters, loyal friends, brave in the face of danger, desiring honor more than they feared death, the Anglo-Saxons gave to the English race the iron in the blood which has made them a conquering people.

Beowulf can hardly be regarded as the first English poem, since it was written on the mainland, probably in the sixth century. The oldest English poem of which we have any record is called *Widsith*, or the Far-Wanderer. This tells of the wanderings of a poet in many lands, how he was received with honor at the courts of kings, and how in return he sang of their deeds and so gave fame to them. The poem is of interest as showing the position of the poet, or Scop, as he was called, among the Anglo-Saxon peoples.

More important than *Widsith* is the work of **Cædmon**, a Northumbrian monk of the eighth century. The Anglo-Saxons had been converted to Christianity by missionaries from Rome and from Ireland. Monasteries were established in many places, and these were the centers of learning as well as of religious influence. At the monastery of Whitby, in Northumbria, lived the poet Cædmon. His

story is told by the historian Bede. It was the custom of the time at banquets, after the feasting was concluded, to pass the harp from one to another, and the guests would play and sing, often improvising the words. Cædmon was an unlearned man, and when he saw the harp approaching him, he slipped out from the hall and went to the cattle sheds. There he fell asleep, and in a vision the Lord appeared to him and said, "Cædmon, sing something for me." He replied, "Lord, I cannot sing, and for that reason I left the banquet for shame when I saw the harp approaching." Then the Lord said, "Nevertheless, sing for me." — "What shall I sing?" — "Sing of the Creation." Then he began and sang of the Creation, and of the beginning of mankind. When he awoke he remembered the poem, and repeated it. The monks heard it with astonishment, and took him before the abbess. She bade the scholars tell him more of the Bible history, and he turned this into poetry as before. In this way he composed his great work, the *Paraphrase of the Scriptures*. It includes the books of Genesis, Exodus, and parts of Daniel. Cædmon did more than merely put into verse the Biblical narratives: there are many places where from his own imagination he adds descriptions and incidents that are highly poetic. In some passages there is a close resemblance between Cædmon's *Paraphrase* and Milton's *Paradise Lost*, and it is probable that Milton was influenced by this early poet.

The great names in Anglo-Saxon poetry, then, are Beowulf and Cædmon; in prose they are Bede and King Alfred. **Bede** was a learned monk of the monastery at Jarrow, in Northumberland; his most noted work is the *Ecclesiastical History of England*, in which the story of Cædmon appears. This work was originally written in Latin, which was then the language usually used for

learned works. He wrote in Anglo-Saxon a translation of St. John's Gospel. This was the last work of his life, and as it progressed he grew weaker, so that it was necessary to have one of his pupils write as he dictated. On the last day of his life the pupil who was writing for him said, "Master, there is still one chapter wanting: does it trouble you to be asked questions?" — "It is no trouble, my son; take your pen and write quickly." At evening the boy said, "Dear master, there is yet one sentence unwritten." — "Write it quickly," he said. Soon the boy said, "It is finished." He replied, "You have spoken the truth, it is finished," and with a psalm upon his lips he passed away.

Bede was our first English historian; **King Alfred** (849–901), better known as Alfred the Great, was the first great English educator. When he came to the throne he saw with regret that, owing to the destruction of many monasteries by the Danes, learning was fast dying out. The common people knew no Latin, many of the priests were ignorant, and all the learning of the time was in the Latin tongue. To remedy this, Alfred had many books translated into Anglo-Saxon, and himself aided in the translations. In this way books on geography, history, philosophy, and theology were made accessible to the common people. Bede's *Ecclesiastical History* was one of the books translated. Under Alfred, too, a great advance was made in recording the history of the time. For many years a record had been kept, now known as the *Saxon Chronicle*. This, however, was brief and fragmentary; a year's history was compressed into a single line. Under Alfred's direction it became a full and spirited narrative, and it remains one of the great monuments of Anglo-Saxon prose.

It may be well to give here some idea of the Anglo-Saxon language, or Old English as it is sometimes called. The following lines are from *Beowulf*:

Beowulf wæs breame, blæd wide sprang,
Scyldes eafera, Scede-landum in.¹

This is not much like modern English. Not only are many of the words strange to us, but the grammatical structure is different. In the second line the word *Scyldes* is in the genitive case, while *landum* is a dative. Anglo-Saxon was like Latin or German in using various endings of a word to express relations which English expresses by prepositions, as shown in the translation.

How was this strange speech transformed into the English that we know? This was accomplished through the Norman Conquest. William of Normandy and his followers, who conquered the Anglo-Saxons in 1066, followed the example of the earlier invaders and settled in the country they had won. Like the Saxons, too, they brought with them their language and literature, and tried to make it the language of the land. Norman French was spoken at court, it was taught in schools, it was the language of the law courts, and of the ruling class as a whole. But the conquered Saxons clung stubbornly to their own speech, and for two hundred years after the Conquest, Anglo-Saxon continued to be spoken and written side by side with French. But the Saxon was obliged to learn some French words, and the Norman to learn some English, so gradually a new language grew up, a blending of the two. It had many Saxon words, but it had lost nearly all the Saxon grammatical endings; it had many French words, but these

¹ Beowulf was famous, his renown spread wide,
The son of Scyld, in Scandinavia land.

were often altered in form or in pronunciation; this language, made in the mouth, so to speak, was modern English. It took from the Saxon most names of common things, such as *man, house, wagon, stone*; from the French it took words expressing ideas which Norman civilization had introduced, such as *castle, chivalry, courtesy*; and many law terms, such as *damage, trespass, counsel, prisoner*. Often both the Saxon and the Norman name survived, as "*house*" and "*mansion*," "*king*" and "*monarch*," "*room*" and "*apartment*," "*ask*" and "*inquire*," so that the English language is particularly rich in synonyms, and has a larger vocabulary than any other language, ancient or modern. A further result of this blending of two languages was to give to English both the rugged strength of Saxon and some of the grace and polish of French. By the close of the fourteenth century the new language had been formed, it had become established as the language of the schools, of the law courts, and of the universities. It was a fit instrument for a great writer, and in Geoffrey Chaucer that writer was found.

READING FOR CHAPTER I

Beowulf has been translated by various authors. Verse translations are by J. M. Garnett (Ginn), J. L. Hall (Heath). Prose translations by C. B. Tinker (Newson), J. Earle (Clarendon Press), C. G. Child (Houghton), J. R. C. Hall (Macmillan). Selections are given in S. Brooke's *Early English Literature* (Macmillan).

Cædmon's Paraphrase is most accessible in S. H. Gurteen's *Epic of the Fall of Man* (Putnam). Extended selections are given in S. Brooke's *Early English Literature* (Macmillan).

Selections from Anglo-Saxon poetry are also found in Longfellow's *Poets and Poetry of Europe* (Houghton) and Morley's *English Writers*, vol. ii (Cassell).

Fuller treatment of the writers in this period may be found in B. Ten Brink's *Early English Literature* (Holt), S. Brooke's *Early English*

Literature (Macmillan), H. Morley's *English Writers*, vols. i and ii (Cassell). Garnett and Gosse's *History of English Literature*, vol. i (Macmillan), gives facsimiles of Anglo-Saxon manuscripts with quaint illustrations.

For changes in the language, see T. R. Lounsbury's *History of the English Language* (Holt) or O. F. Emerson's *English Language* (Macmillan).

CHAPTER II

CHAUCER AND HIS CONTEMPORARIES

Geoffrey Chaucer John Wiclif
Sir John de Mandeville

THE first great writer of the Anglo-Saxon period was a poet; the first great writer in modern English was also a poet.

Geoffrey Chaucer was born in London about 1340. His father was a wine merchant who had supplied the court, and Chaucer as a boy became a court page. He went to France with the royal army, was captured, ransomed, returned to England, and received a new court position; was sent to Italy and other countries on state business, married a lady of the court, was made controller of customs at



GEOFFREY CHAUCER

the port of London, became a member of Parliament, and after a full and successful life died in London in 1400. He is remembered, however, not as the successful man of affairs but as the first great English poet. In his early life at court he learned French and became familiar with the Norman-French literature of the time. This consisted chiefly of long narrative poems telling the adventures and

exploits of famous heroes. Some of these poems were based upon the story of the siege of Troy, others told of Alexander the Great, others of Charlemagne and his Twelve Peers, others of King Arthur and his Knights of the Round Table. Then there were many short poems dealing with love and chivalry, some of which Chaucer imitated in his earliest writings. When he went to Italy he learned to know another of the great literatures of the world. The poetry of Dante, of Petrarch, of Boccaccio, opened a new world to him; he read with delight, and under the influence of Italian writers he wrote a long narrative poem called *Troilus and Cressida*. In later life, however, he turned from French and Italian models and wrote his most original and greatest work, the *Canterbury Tales*.

The plan of the book is as follows: a company of pilgrims set out from London to journey to the tomb of Thomas à Becket at Canterbury. The poet represents himself as meeting this company at the Tabard Inn, in Southwark, a suburb of London. The host of the Tabard is so much pleased with the company that he offers to ride with them, and proposes that, to make the journey pleasanter, each person in the company shall tell four stories, two going and two returning, and upon their return the one who has told the best tale shall have a supper at the others' cost. This is agreed to, and the pilgrims ride forth. They are a diverse company: there is a knight, a farmer, a lawyer, a merchant, a monk, a parson, a pardoner, a student of Oxford, a miller, a weaver, a nun, a wife — twenty-nine in all, drawn from various classes of society. Each one tells a tale according to his nature. The Knight's tale is one of love and chivalry, the Prioress tells of the sufferings of one persecuted for his faith, the Miller has a coarse tale, the Parson preaches a sermon.

The tales are so well told that they rank among the best in English literature.

One of the shorter tales is that of the Pardoner, or seller of indulgences. He tells us that in Flanders there was once a company of young men who were given to drinking and gambling. One day as three of them sat drinking in a tavern, a corpse was carried past. They sent to inquire, and learned that it was a former companion of theirs, who had fallen in a pestilence, in which Death had claimed many victims. In their anger they take an oath to find out Death and slay him. They go forth from the tavern and presently meet an old man whom they greet roughly and demand that he show them where Death is. He replies that he had seen him in a field near by, sitting under a tree. They hasten there, and find a great heap of money, newly coined, at which they rejoice greatly. Finally one of them suggests that if they are found with their treasure they will be taken for thieves, so he proposes that two of them shall remain there to guard it, while the third goes to the town and brings a strong sack in which they may carry away the treasure by night, also some wine to cheer them at their work. Accordingly they draw lots to see which shall go, and the youngest is sent to town. As soon as he has gone, the one who proposed the plan tells his comrade that if it could only be managed that they two could divide the whole treasure between them, they could live in mirth all their lives. The other agrees to this, and the first then unfolds his plan. When the young man returns with the wine, one of his comrades is to wrestle with him in sport, and while his arms are upraised, the other is to stab him in the side. Then they will bury his body and make off with the treasure. This is agreed upon. Meanwhile the young man had been turning over in his mind the beauty of the

coins, and wishing that he might have them all for himself. So the Evil One suggests a means of accomplishing this. When he reaches the town he buys food and drink — three bottles of wine. Then he goes to an apothecary and asks for some poison, saying he wishes to kill some rats. He puts poison into two of the bottles, keeping the third sweet for his drinking. Then he hastens back to his comrades. They stab him as they had planned, then they sit down to drink, and opening the poisoned wine, drink of it, and die in great agony. So the tale ends. The Pardoner goes on to make the application of it, saying that it was the sin of avarice that brought these men to their death, and urges his hearers not to be avaricious, but to give freely to religious men like himself.

The *Canterbury Tales*, besides its merits as a work of literature, is highly valuable as a picture of English life of the period. Chaucer's busy career had made him familiar with his countrymen, both of high and low degree, and in the Prologue to the *Canterbury Tales*, where he describes the pilgrims, he draws a series of portraits that is unmatched in English literature. We are told the stature of the pilgrims, their dress, their complexion, the very ornaments they wore; we learn of their business and how they managed it; we see the poor parson who served a widely-scattered congregation faithfully, the jolly monk who was fonder of hunting than of praying, the lawyer always full of business, "and yet he seemed busier than he was," the Oxford student in his threadbare cloak, who spent all his money for books—all of these are typical characters, and drawn with such art that they live for us to-day.

Chaucer is the great name in English poetry of the fourteenth century; the title "father of English poetry" is his

without dispute. There were other English poets in his time but none who approached him in genius, and as the plan of this book excludes those writers who are of little or no importance to-day, it is not necessary to dwell upon other poetical productions.

In prose, the chief names in this period are Wiclif and Sir John de Mandeville. **John Wiclif** was a monk and a reformer. He wrote a number of pamphlets attacking the corruption that had grown up in the church, and in order that the common people might have a guide of their own in religious affairs he planned to have the Bible translated into English. Up to this time the only versions had been in Greek and Latin, which few but the priests could read. This translation was completed about 1380, Wiclif himself writing the New Testament and other scholars the Old.

The other famous prose writer of the period, **Sir John de Mandeville**, was really a Frenchman, but his work was early translated into English, and its great popularity in England justifies its classification among English books. This was the *Voyages and Travels of Sir John de Mandeville*. The author represents himself as one who has traveled in Eastern countries and seen many marvelous things. He tells us that the Ten Lost Tribes of Israel are shut up between the mountains of Scythia, and in the last day they shall be released. He says that in Africa there is a race of people who have but one foot, yet they can run very swiftly. When they are tired, they lie down and shelter themselves from the sun with their feet, which are so large that they shade the whole body. Part of this book appears to be a record of real travel, part of it is taken from other books, and a large part from the author's imagination. But the people of that day were not critical;

they were eager to hear travelers' tales, the more marvelous the better, so that the *Travels* was long a popular work.

READING FOR CHAPTER II

Chaucer. — From the *Canterbury Tales*, read the Prologue and one or more of the following: Pardoner's Tale, Man of Lawe's Tale, Clerk's Tale, Nun's Priest's Tale.

The *Canterbury Tales* are published in a single volume in the Globe¹ and Cambridge series. An inexpensive edition is the Astor. The chief tales, with modernized spelling, are in Everyman's Library. Selections are given in Ward's *English Poets*, vol. i, Chambers's *Cyclopedia of English Literature*, vol. i, Warner Library, and Manly's *English Poetry*.

Mandeville. — The *Voyages and Travels* are in the Library of English Classics and National Library, the latter in modernized spelling.

For fuller treatment of this period, see the references for Chap. I; also, J. J. Jusserand's *Literary History of the English People* (Putnam), W. J. Courthope's *History of English Poetry* (Macmillan), F. J. Snell, *The Age of Chaucer* (Macmillan), and A. W. Ward's *Chaucer* in the *English Men of Letters* series (Macmillan).

¹ For publisher and price of various editions, see p. 142.

CHAPTER III

THE FIFTEENTH CENTURY

Ballad Poetry Beginnings of the Drama
Malory's "Morte D'Arthur"

THE century after the death of Chaucer has no such great names as the preceding period. It was a time when civil war after civil war swept over the nation, and this, together with religious persecution, left the people little time to think of literature. Yet some genuine literature was produced, and preparation was made for the great revival of literature which followed in the next century. Perhaps the most important literary productions of the period were the **Popular Ballads**. These were short narrative poems, simple in language and in meter, which grew up, so to speak, among the people. No author's name is attached to any of them. A ballad would be composed by some unknown singer, and repeated after him by another, who would perhaps add a stanza or two, and so the song passed through change after change until the original poem may have almost disappeared. Many of these poems deal with the adventures of Robin Hood, a popular English outlaw, who with his band of merry men lay in wait in Sherwood forest. The rich merchant or abbot who fell into Robin's hands had to pay well for his release; the poor man was often set free with a present. The ballads tell of Robin Hood's skill in archery, recalling the famous chapter in *Ivanhoe*, where Robin Hood appears as Locksley.

Other ballads deal with the supernatural, telling strange ghost stories ; in others the story turns upon the solution of a riddle. Of this class a good example is the ballad of *King John and the Bishop*. The King accuses the Bishop of treason, and says that he must forfeit his head unless he can answer three questions. First, he must tell to a penny how much the King is worth ; second, he must tell how long it would take to ride around the world ; and finally, he must tell the King's thoughts. The Bishop goes home sorrowful. He meets an old shepherd, who asks why he is sad, and finally offers to go and answer the questions on the appointed day. Dressed in the Bishop's robes, he goes to the palace. The King asks how much he is worth, gold crown and all ; the shepherd replies, " Our Lord was sold for thirty pence, and you are worth twenty-nine, for you are worth a penny less than He." To the second question, how long it would take to ride around the world, the shepherd replies, " You must rise with the sun, and ride with him, and in twenty-four hours you will go round the world." Then the King asks what he is thinking at that moment ; the shepherd, throwing off his hood, says, " You think I am the Bishop of Canterbury, but I am only his shepherd, come to beg pardon for him and for me." Of course the King pardons them both.

Besides the ballad literature, we find in this period the beginnings of the English drama. Strange as it may seem, this had its origin in the church. The festivals of Christmas and Easter were observed with great ceremony in the Roman Catholic church. At Christmas they had a representation of the coming of the Three Wise Men, led by the star ; on Good Friday the monks would bury the crucifix in a tomb, and take it out on Easter morning, with monks or choir boys impersonating the three Marys

and the angel at the tomb. These representations grew so popular that it was necessary to hold them in the churchyard. Other scenes from Bible history were represented, and as these grew more like plays they passed out of the hands of the monks and were given by the guilds, or trades unions of the town.

These plays, called **Mystery Plays**, were given annually at many towns in England. As yet there were no theaters, so the various scenes were acted on huge platforms or floats drawn through the streets. The spectators assembled at various places in the town where the pageant was to pass. First appeared a float on which the Creation of Eve and the Fall of Man was represented. Adam lay sleeping, dressed in flesh-colored garments. The Creator approaches him, touches his side, Eve rises through a trap-door, and Adam wakes, rejoicing. Then the Creator withdraws. The serpent appears, talks to Eve, and persuades her to eat the apple. Then the angels of God come with swords and drive the pair forth. This concludes the first scene; a trumpet sounds, and the float moves forward to the next stopping-place, where the scene is repeated. Meantime a second float has been drawn in, and the actors have begun the scene of Noah's Flood. They do not keep closely to the Bible story; Noah's wife is represented as unwilling to enter the ark, and a humorous dialogue follows. The next scene presents the Sacrifice of Isaac, given by the butchers' guild; then follow the Nativity, the Crucifixion, and so on, until the procession closes with the Day of Judgment, with the Devil tossing lost souls into the mouth of hell.

These plays seem very crude to us. Like the ballads, their authorship is unknown; they were probably worked upon by many hands.

There was another class of plays popular at this time known as **Morality Plays**. These, as the name implies, aimed to teach a moral lesson. One of the best examples of this class is *Everyman*. In the opening of this play

There begynneth a treatyse how þe
fader of heuen sendeth dethe to sa-
mon every creature to come and
gyue a counte of theyr lyues in
this wo:ld; and is in maner
of a mo:all playe.



TITLE PAGE OF "EVERYMAN"

God is represented as looking down upon the world and seeing Everyman devoted to pleasure, and quite forgetting his Maker. So he sends his messenger, Death, to tell Everyman that he must make ready for a long journey. Everyman begs to have it put off, but Death says it may not be. Then Everyman asks if he must go alone, and Death replies that if he can find any one willing to go with him, he may have company. So Everyman asks his friend if he will do him a service. The friend promises everything; but when he learns what is required, he refuses. Everyman then appeals to his kindred; they will do anything else for him, but not this. Then he calls upon his wealth. Wealth replies that it is in sacks and piles, and may not stir. At last, in despair, he calls upon Good Deeds. She replies that she is so bound by his sins that she cannot stir. She tells him to seek Knowledge, who guides him to Confession and Penance. By this means Good Deeds is strengthened, and arises to go with Everyman. They set forth, accompanied by Beauty, Strength, Five Wits, and Knowledge. As they approach the grave Beauty leaves him first, then Strength, Five Wits,

and even Knowledge. Only Good Deeds goes with him on his long journey, to appear with him before God.

This play is of a higher order than the Mystery plays; the Morality plays were usually written by monks, who, perceiving the newly awakened interest in the drama, employed it as a means of moral and religious teaching. The Mystery and Morality plays accustomed the people to dramatic representations, trained many in the art of acting, and so prepared the way for the great development of the drama in the next century.

An important event in this period was the introduction of printing. In 1476 William Caxton, an Englishman who had learned the art of printing in Flanders, returned and set up a press in London. He published a long list of books, including the works of Chaucer and many translations from Latin and French authors.

One of the most important of Caxton's publications was the *Morte D'Arthur*, by **Sir Thomas Malory**. This dealt with the history of King Arthur and his Knights of the Round Table. For many years legends had been told about King Arthur, and, as usual with such tales, they grew as they passed from one to another of the narrators; the account of the mysterious birth of Arthur was added by one, the legend of the Holy Grail by another. The stories had been written in Latin and in French; Sir Thomas Malory first put them into English. This book Caxton published, he tells us, "that noble men may see and learn the noble acts of chivalry, the gentle and virtuous deeds that some knights used in those days, by which they came to honour; and how they that were vicious were often put to shame and rebuke." It is full of tales of chivalry, a treasure-house of romance from which in later days Tennyson drew freely for his *Idylls of the King*.

READING FOR CHAPTER III

Ballads. — *Sir Patrick Spens*; *Nut-brown Maid*; *Chevy Chase* (modern); *Robin Hood and Guy of Gisborne*; *Waly, Waly*; *King Estmere*; *Edom o' Gordon*; *Adam Bell*; *Heir of Linne*; *Fair Margaret*.

The best collection of ballads is G. L. Kittredge's in the Cambridge series.¹ Other collections are F. B. Gummere's *Old English Ballads* (Ginn), *Percy's Reliques* (Everyman's, and Astor ed.). Representative ballads are in Ward, vol. i; Chambers, vol. i; Warner; Oxford, and Manly.

Early English Drama. — *Everyman*, *Ralph Royster Doyster*.

Everyman is in A. W. Pollard's *English Miracle Plays* (Clarendon Press). *Ralph Royster Doyster* is in J. M. Manly's *Specimens of the pre-Shakesperian Drama* (Ginn) and separately in Temple Dramatists.

Malory. — From *Morte D'Arthur*, Bk. I, Chaps. IV–VII; Bk. II, Chaps. XIV–XIX; Bk. XIII, Chaps. I–XV; Bk. XXI, Chaps. I–VII.

The *Morte D'Arthur* is in the Library of English Classics (2 vols.), Globe (1 vol.), Everyman's Library (2 vols.), Temple (4 vols.). Selections in Athenæum and Riverside Literature series.

For fuller treatment of this period, see C. M. Gayley's *Plays of Our Forefathers* (Duffield), F. J. Snell's *The Age of Transition* (Macmillan), H. Morley's *English Writers*, vol. vii (Cassell).

¹ For publisher and price of various editions, see p. 142.

CHAPTER IV

THE ELIZABETHAN AGE

Edmund Spenser *William Shakespeare*
Christopher Marlowe *Ben Jonson*
Sir Francis Bacon

IN the preceding chapter we have spoken of some of the influences that prepared the way for Elizabethan literature. The early ballads had helped to create a taste for poetry among the masses of the people; the Mystery and Morality plays had done the same for the drama. The invention of printing had made books much cheaper, so that many more people read and owned books than before. But these influences are not sufficient to account for the wonderful literary achievement of the period. The fact is that England at this time shared in that general intellectual awakening of Europe that is known as the Renaissance, or Revival of Learning. This movement has a curious history. All through the Middle Ages the poetry of Homer, the works of Greek philosophers and dramatists, had been unknown to western Europe: the very language was almost forgotten. In Constantinople, however, there were Greek scholars who kept alive a knowledge of the language and who had manuscript copies of these great works. The fall of Constantinople in 1453 drove these scholars to Italy. They took with them their precious manuscripts, and so western scholars read for the first time some of the greatest books in the world. The

fame of the New Learning, as it was called, spread to England, and English scholars came to Italy to school, made copies of the manuscripts, and brought back to England the new-found treasure of Greek literature and Greek thought.

To the quickening influence of the Revival of Learning was added that of the Reformation, with its assertion of the right of independent judgment in religious affairs. This movement, which entered England from Germany at the same time the Renaissance influence came in from Italy, helped to set men's minds free. The combined influences of the Renaissance and the Reformation are seen in the literature of the time, and help to make the Elizabethan period perhaps the most important era in the whole history of English literature.

One of the early books of this period is a collection of poems known as *Tottel's Miscellany*. These poems are chiefly the work of **Sir Thomas Wyatt** and **Henry Howard**, Earl of Surrey. Wyatt and Surrey were two young men who had traveled in Italy. Admiring the Italian poetry of that time, which was far superior to the English in finish of style and perfection of form, they imitated the Italian writers in a series of songs and sonnets. In this book the sonnet and blank verse are used for the first time in English. When we remember that the sonnet has been a favorite form with some of our greatest poets, from Shakespeare to the present time, and that blank verse was the form in which Shakespeare's plays, Milton's *Paradise Lost*, and the greatest works of Browning and Tennyson were written, we see how important was the service rendered to English literature by these men.

Wyatt and Surrey, however, are reformers of poetry rather than great poets. The first illustrious name in poetry in this period is that of **Edmund Spenser** (1552-1599).

Spenser was a graduate of Cambridge University, where he remained seven years in study. When Lord Wilton was sent as Deputy to Ireland in 1580, Spenser went with him as secretary. He obtained an estate at Kilcolman, and here Sir Walter Raleigh visited him. To Raleigh he read the opening books of *The Faerie Queene*, and by Raleigh's advice he went to London to read the poem to the Queen, hoping for some substantial reward. Failing in this, he returned to Ireland, married an Irish lass, and wrote a glorious marriage hymn in her honor. Some years later an insurrection broke out in Ireland; Spenser's castle was sacked and the poet forced to seek refuge in England, where he died in poverty in 1599.

Spenser's first work of importance was *The Shepherd's Calendar*, written while he was a student at Cambridge. This is a series of twelve poems of rural life; the tale of the Oak and the Briar, in the February Eclogue, will repay reading.

But Spenser's fame rests upon his long narrative poem, *The Faerie Queene*. As planned, this was to contain twelve books. The Queen is represented as holding court for twelve days; on each day some distressed person comes to the court for help, and a knight is sent out by the Queen to undertake the adventure. The encounters of these knights with giants, dragons, and enchanters fill the twelve books of the poem. So much for the story. But the poem is also an allegory. Each of the twelve knights



A stylized signature of Edmund Spenser.

typifies a certain virtue. In the first book Sir Guyon, the hero, represents Holiness; the hero of the second book represents Temperance; of the third book, Chastity, and so on. The Queen herself represents Glory in general,



THE RED CROSS KNIGHT
From *The Faerie Queene*.

and Queen Elizabeth in particular. Thus a double meaning runs through the poem. Of the twelve books which the poem was to contain, Spenser wrote only six, and part of a seventh. Yet the several books are almost complete in themselves, and together they form one of the greatest achievements of English poetry. They show the influence of Italy in the choice of subject and manner of treatment. The Italian poet Ariosto had written a long narrative poem, *Orlando Furioso*, full of giants and dwarfs

and enchanted castles, written in musical verse. Spenser told a like tale, but the seriousness of the English race led him to introduce the allegory, and thus give his poem a moral significance which the other lacked. The influence of Italy is also seen in the delight in beauty for its own sake, which led him so to fill his poem with descriptive passages that it is like a great picture gallery. The verse form of the poem was Spenser's own invention, and has been known ever since as the Spenserian stanza. It consists of nine lines, rhyming *ab ab bc bc c*. The first eight lines have ten syllables each, the ninth line has twelve syllables, and this long line gathers up the music of the whole stanza to a noble close.

The two great poets of our early literature, Chaucer and Spenser, offer a sharp contrast. Chaucer, the energetic man of affairs, drew the world he saw about him, the men and women he met every day; he is our first great realist. Spenser, in his Irish exile, created a dream world of wondrous beauty; he is our great romantic poet. The rich music of his verse, the beauty of his descriptions, the wealth of his imagination, carry us with him into this world of dreams. Is it better, with Chaucer, to see things as they are, or, with Spenser, to see much more lovely things that never were? Each reader has his own answer: it is the good fortune of English literature to possess a great poet of each kind.

The great achievement of the Elizabethan age, however, was not in narrative but in dramatic poetry. In the preceding chapter we have traced the beginnings of the drama. The Miracle and Morality plays were gradually replaced by other productions. The early history of England was made the subject of plays which were known as Chronicle plays. University men, familiar with Latin and Greek plays, translated these and wrote others in imitation of the classic drama. The first regular English comedy was *Ralph Royster Doyster*, written about 1550 by Nicholas Udall, master of Eton school, and probably acted by his boys. The first regular English tragedy was *Gorbuduc*, by Sackville and Norton, about 1565. These plays are divided into acts and scenes, like modern plays; they have a definite plot, and they are written in better English than the old Miracle plays. Yet they are not great plays; they are remembered only because they were the first of their kind.

In the work of **Christopher Marlowe** (1564-1593) we find the drama a new, powerful, well-developed literary

form. Marlowe was a graduate of Cambridge University, a young, fiery spirit, who lived by his genius and died, slain in a brawl, before he was thirty. He left four great plays: *Tamburlaine the Great*, *Doctor Faustus*, *The Jew of Malta*, and *Edward II*. *Doctor Faustus* is based upon the old legend of a man who sells his soul to the



FAUSTUS AND MEPHISTOPHELES

From Marlowe's *Faustus*.

devil. In return, he gains knowledge beyond all other men: he can summon the spirits of the dead, talk with Alexander of his victories, and gaze upon the beauty of Helen of Troy. He travels about the world, and gains great fame by his knowledge, but after twenty-four years the time of the agreement expires, and the last scene of the play shows Faustus alone in his tower; a thunder-

storm rages without; he prays in vain for salvation, and shrieks in terror as the fiend comes to carry him away. The play is written with great power; it so impressed the German poet Goethe that he took from it the idea of his *Faust*, his greatest work. *The Jew of Malta*, another powerful tragedy, doubtless gave Shakespeare suggestions for his play, *The Merchant of Venice*; it is interesting to compare Shylock with the Barabas of Marlowe.

Marlowe was but one of a group of young men of talent who were writing plays at this time. John Lyly, Thomas Kyd, George Peele, Robert Greene, and others hold a place in the development of the drama, but their fame is eclipsed by that of their fellow-playwright Shakespeare.

William Shakespeare (1564-1616) was born in the village of Stratford-on-Avon, in Warwickshire, probably on April 23, 1564; at all events he was baptized April 26. His father, John Shakespeare, was a man of the middle class, a glover by trade. Shakespeare probably attended the grammar school in Stratford, which corresponded roughly to a high school of to-day. He did not go to the university. At eighteen he married Ann Hathaway, a woman eight years older than himself. A few years later we find him in London, where he attached himself to the theater, first as a prompter, then as an actor. There was a great demand for new plays, and Shakespeare first adapted and rewrote old plays for his company, then began to write plays of his own. He was successful both as actor and author. He bought a house and lands in Stratford, and about 1606 retired there, where he died in 1616. His career, outside of his writings, presents no startling or unusual features. He had not much education, at least school education. But the education that comes from contact with men and things he had in full measure.

As a boy in Stratford he stored his mind with images of country scenes, and from these memories he drew the thousands of exquisite touches of nature description in his works. He went to London as an impressionable youth, and there came in contact with the full current of English life in one of its greatest periods. In the taverns



SHAKESPEARE'S BIRTHPLACE

he would meet men who had fought with Raleigh or sailed round the world with Drake, or had helped defeat the Spanish Armada. The court of Elizabeth drew to itself the nobles, poets, wits, and adventurers of the kingdom; this brilliant society Shakespeare saw. His own company often acted at court. To him kings and queens, archbishops and earls, great captains and chief justices of England, were not mere names in the history book, but a part of the life he saw and knew. And so he wrote historical plays of such truth and vividness that from them

we may gain a better knowledge of England than from many histories.

His works comprise thirty-seven plays, two long narrative poems, *Venus and Adonis* and *Lucrece*, and about one hundred and fifty sonnets. The sonnets are among the



ANN HATHAWAY'S COTTAGE

most perfect things of their kind in English literature. They deal with a poet's love for a friend and for a woman; it has been conjectured that they reflect his own life.

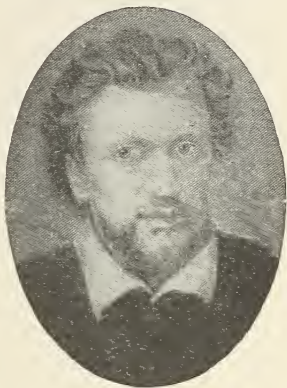
The plays may be divided into four groups, corresponding to periods in Shakespeare's dramatic development. In the first period, 1588–1594, we have old plays touched up by Shakespeare, such as *Titus Andronicus* and *King Henry VI*. His first purely original work was in comedy: *Love's Labour's Lost* and *The Comedy of Errors*. These are all apprentice work; but in the latter part of the period he wrote *Midsummer Night's Dream*, *Romeo and Juliet*, and *Richard III*—all before he was thirty. To the second

period, 1595–1600, belong the most famous of the comedies: *The Merchant of Venice*, *The Taming of the Shrew*, *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, and *As You Like It*. Here also are a group of great plays from English history: *Henry IV*, Parts I and II, and *Henry V*. The third period, 1601–1607, is that of the great tragedies: *Julius Cæsar*, *Hamlet*, *Othello*, *Macbeth*, and *King Lear*. The fourth period, 1608–1612, contains *Cymbeline*, *The Tempest*, and *The Winter's Tale*. The exact dates of the plays are difficult to determine, but the above grouping is generally accepted as correct. It shows us that Shakespeare, the master mind of all, proceeded just as other people do. He did not write great plays at first; he did not write plays at all until as an actor he learned what was needful to make a good play. When he did begin, his first work was no better than that of other men, sometimes not so good. He had genius, but it had to be developed by years of study and practice before he wrote his masterpieces.

And such masterpieces as they are! Whatever demand we may make upon poetry, he will satisfy us. In skillfully selecting from an old novel or history just the events that will make a capital plot; in creating characters that seem as real to us as actual persons; in the power to make us laugh or grieve at these imaginary people; in the art of saying things so well that his words are quoted every day; in the skill to put words together so musically that they sing themselves into our memories — in all these Shakespeare is the supreme poet, not only of English literature but of the world.

Contemporary with Shakespeare, and in the period immediately succeeding him, a number of dramatists produced plays. Webster, Jonson, Beaumont and Fletcher, Chapman, and others hold an honorable place. The great-

est of these was **Ben Jonson** (1573-1637), a friend of Shakespeare's, who is remembered by four great comedies: *Every Man in His Humour*, *Volpone*, *The Silent Woman*, and *The Alchemist*. Jonson's plays show great learning, but in genius they are inferior to Shakespeare's. His method was to conceive of characters ruled by some passion or whim, as in *The Alchemist*, the desire for gold; *The Silent Woman*, a horror of noise. The play is then built up around this characteristic. His plays repay reading, though they are no longer given on the stage.



Ben: Jonsonus.

Besides its poets and dramatists, the Elizabethan age produced a great prose writer, **Francis Bacon** (1561-1626). His father was one of the great statesmen at Elizabeth's court. Bacon became a lawyer, and speedily rose in his profession until he became Lord Chancellor, holding the highest judicial position in the kingdom. He was charged with accepting bribes, removed from office, and spent the remaining years of his life in retirement. At this time he wrote the greatest philosophical and scientific works of the age. These books, however, were written in Latin, as was the custom with works of learning. In English he wrote a small book of *Essays*, to which he owes his place in literature. The essays are short, sometimes only a page or two; the subjects are general: Revenge, Truth, Marriage, Death. The style is compressed; one pithy sentence follows another.



fr Bacon

As we read we seem to stand beside this man who had seen and been a part of the great world, and to hear his wise judgment on it all. The *Essays* has remained one of the most popular books of its kind in the language, and many of its sentences have passed into familiar quotation. "Reading maketh a full man;" "The remedy is worse than the disease;" "Knowledge is power," — such are the words of Bacon.

READING FOR CHAPTER IV

Spenser. — *Faerie Queene*, Bk. I, Cantos 1-4.

Spenser's poems are published in the Cambridge,¹ Globe, and Astor editions, the latter with modern spelling. Selections in Ward, vol. i; Warner, and Manly.

Marlowe. — *Doctor Faustus*, or *The Jew of Malta*.

Marlowe's plays are in the Mermaid series and Muses Library. *Doctor Faustus* is published separately in Temple Dramatists. *The Jew of Malta* is in W. R. Thayer's *Best Elizabethan Plays* (Ginn).

Shakespeare. — One play from each of the following groups:

Comedies: *Merchant of Venice*, *Midsummer Night's Dream*, *As You Like It*, *Tempest*.

Tragedies: *Julius Cæsar*, *Romeo and Juliet*, *Othello*, *King Lear*, *Macbeth*, *Hamlet*.

Historical Plays: *Henry V*, *Henry IV*, Parts I and II, *Richard II*.

Of the *Sonnets*, the following: Nos. 12, 18, 29, 30, 32, 33, 54, 55, 57, 60, 64, 65, 66, 70, 71, 73, 87, 94, 98, 99, 104, 106, 116.

¹ For publisher and price of various editions, see p. 142.

The most complete edition for study is the Variorum (Lippincott, \$ 4 per volume). Each play occupies a large volume, with full explanatory and critical matter. For the general reader, a good edition is the Temple, each play in a single small volume, with brief notes. A cheaper edition, in paper covers, is in the National Library (no notes). Editions complete in one volume, in very small type, are the Cambridge and Globe. Everyman's Library edition (3 vols.) is without notes.

Jonson. — One of the following: *Every Man in His Humour*, *The Alchemist*, *Volpone*.

Jonson's plays are in the Mermaid series (3 vols.). *The Alchemist* and *Every Man* are published separately in Temple Dramatists. *The Alchemist* is also in W. R. Thayer's *Six Elizabethan Plays* (Ginn).

Bacon. — Essays on *Truth*, *Adversity*, *Revenge*, *Great Place*, *Marriage*, *Atheism*, *Dispatch*, *Riches*, *Travel*, *Friendship*, *Studies*.

Bacon's *Essays* are in the Library of English Classics; also Temple, Everyman's, Handy Volume, and National Library.

For fuller treatment of the authors of this period. see G. Saintsbury's *History of Elizabethan Literature* (Macmillan), A. W. Ward's *History of English Dramatic Literature* (Macmillan), H. Morley's *English Writers*, vols. ix, x, xi (Cassell), F. L. Boas's *Shakespeare and His Predecessors* (Scribner), Seccombe and Allen's *Age of Shakespeare* (Macmillan), and the lives of Spenser, Shakespeare, and Bacon in *English Men of Letters* (Macmillan). Among the best books on Shakespeare are, for biography: Sidney Lee's *Life of Shakespeare* (Macmillan); for criticism: E. Dowden's *Shakespeare, His Mind and Art* (Harper), and A. C. Bradley's *Shakesperian Tragedy* (Macmillan).

CHAPTER V

THE PURITAN AND RESTORATION PERIODS

John Milton
John Bunyan

Robert Herrick
John Dryden

WHEN we pass from the age of Elizabeth to that of the Puritans, we find, as might be expected, a change in the literature. The temper of any period is reflected more or less clearly in the writings of the time. And the age which in politics sent a faithless king to the scaffold was the age which in literature produced the two greatest religious works in our language, *Paradise Lost* and *The Pilgrim's Progress*.

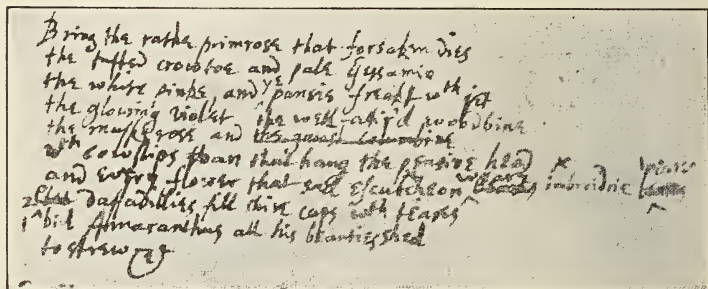


John Milton

John Milton (1608-1674) was the poet of the Puritan age. Born in London, of parents in good circumstances, he had every educational advantage the time afforded. As a boy he attended St. Paul's School, and had private tutors at home. As a young man he spent seven years at Christ's College, Cambridge, taking the degree of Master of Arts. Then he retired to his father's country place at Horton, near London, where he spent six years more in private study. To a friend who

asked him what he was doing he replied, "With God's help, I am preparing for immortality." He had already written several short poems that had won high praise, and believed that it was within his power to achieve greater things. It was customary for English gentlemen in that day to finish their education by foreign travel, and in 1638 Milton went abroad. He visited France and Italy, and was about to go to Greece when news came of the threatenings of civil war in England. He returned to his native land at once, thinking, as he tells us, that it was not proper for him to be traveling for pleasure abroad while his countrymen were fighting for liberty at home. His sympathies were on the side of the Parliament. He found means to serve the cause by writing pamphlets in its defense, and when the Commonwealth was established Milton was made Latin Secretary. It was his duty to translate into Latin all communications with other nations, and, more important, to prepare replies to the many attacks that were made in print, at home and abroad, upon the newly established government. For the next twenty years this man who had spent so long a time preparing to be a poet, wrote political prose. So diligently did he apply himself to this work that his eyes, previously weakened by over-study, were seriously affected. His physicians warned him that he must give his eyes rest or he would lose his sight. Just at this time a pamphlet appeared, written by a famous Dutch scholar, attacking the new government. Some one had to reply, and in all England there was no man so fit in scholarship and in zeal for the cause as Milton. He wrote a reply that made the Dutch scholar the laughing-stock of all Europe, but it cost Milton his eyesight. When Cromwell's government was finally overthrown, Milton was for a time

imprisoned. When he was set free, he saw his cause lost; his friends exiled or dead; himself old, poor, and blind. An ordinary man would have folded his hands and waited for the end; Milton calmly undertook the great task of his life, and wrote *Paradise Lost*. This was followed by another long poem, *Paradise Regained*, and a drama, *Samson Agonistes*. All these the blind poet was obliged to dictate, his daughters or friends acting as secretaries to read to him and write for him.



FACSIMILE OF MILTON'S DISCARDED MS. "LYCIDAS," LINES 142-151

Milton's poems fall naturally into two groups: the earlier poems, written while he was at Horton, and the great epics of his later life. The earlier poems include *L'Allegro* and *Il Penseroso*, companion poems containing exquisite descriptions of country scenes; *Comus*, a masque or short play; and *Lycidas*, an elegy upon a college friend. In all these the character of the poet may be traced. *L'Allegro* and *Il Penseroso* show his love of the beautiful, and his studious nature. *Comus*, a story of a lady who is captured by an enchanter but escapes unhurt, is built upon the thought that virtue will always triumph over evil; it reveals the religious side of Milton's nature. *Lycidas* contains a passionate outburst against the evils of

the church at that time, showing the zeal for righteousness which made Milton such an ardent defender of spiritual and political liberty. And when we add that these poems are composed with almost perfect art, it is easy to understand why they have been the delight of lovers of poetry for three centuries.

Yet it is upon the poems of his later period, and upon *Paradise Lost* in particular, that the fame of Milton chiefly rests. Milton, like Cædmon before him, used the Biblical narrative freely, adding to it as suited his needs. The action of the poem takes us far back in time, even beyond the creation of the world, showing us Heaven before the fall of Lucifer. On a certain day the Almighty summons all his hosts and announces that his Son is to rule in Heaven coequal with himself. This announcement arouses the jealousy of some of the archangels, Lucifer in particular, and he heads a revolt against the authority of the Almighty. A battle is fought; the rebel hosts are driven out of Heaven and fall through Chaos into the burning lakes of Hell. Here they take counsel what course to pursue. Some favor renewing the attack, others counsel submission. At last Beelzebub, prompted by Lucifer, reminds them of a prophecy in Heaven that a new world was to be created, and advises that they should seek this and revenge themselves upon God by doing evil to the new race he has created. This counsel finds favor, and Lucifer goes forth to seek through Chaos for the new world. He finds it, enters the Garden of Eden, and tempts Eve to her fall. The poem ends with the expulsion of Adam and Eve from Paradise.

The style of the poem is worthy of its lofty theme. Milton's studies had made him familiar with the great works of literature in other languages; he had before him the

models of Greece and Rome, and followed them worthily. His learning had made him master of a rich and varied vocabulary and sensitive to delicate shades of meaning. He was gifted by nature with a musical ear; he was a skilled performer on the organ, and his poetry, with its majestic harmonies, is like the sound of an organ in some great cathedral. Add to all this that Milton possessed an imagination that ranks him with the greatest poets of the

world, and it is easily seen why *Paradise Lost* stands alone. It is the one great achievement in epic poetry of the English-speaking race.



John Bunyan

In marked contrast to that of Milton is the life and work of **John Bunyan** (1628-1688), the other great Puritan name in our literature. Milton was one of the most learned men of his time; Bunyan never went beyond the grammar school. He was the son of a poor man, a tinker of Bedfordshire. His youth, he tells us, was wild, but early in life his conscience troubled him;

he saw visions and heard voices bidding him leave his sins. The story of his conversion he tells in a remarkable book called *Grace Abounding to the Chief of Sinners*. He followed his father's trade, and as he went about the country he preached to wayside congregations. Unlicensed preaching was contrary to law, and Bunyan was put into Bedford jail, where he remained a prisoner for twelve years. During this time he wrote his *Pilgrim's Progress*, which

was published in 1678. The repeal of the law against preaching set him free, and he resumed his exhortations in a chapel which was built for him at Bedford.

The Pilgrim's Progress tells of a man who learns that his native city is threatened with destruction, and goes out to seek safety. One directs him in one way, another in another. He passes through narrow and dangerous paths; is threatened by giants and wild beasts; but at last reaches a safe and happy land. Such is the main outline of the book. But through it all runs a double meaning: the wanderer's name is Christian, his false guide is Mr. Worldly-Wiseman, the true guide is Evangelist, and the country he finally reaches is the Celestial Country. The book is thus an allegory, and pictures the spiritual life of man. The language of the book, modeled upon that of the English Bible, is wonderfully direct and powerful. To this simplicity and strength of style Bunyan added narrative power of a high order. In other circumstances he might have been a great novelist. A third merit of the book is its absolute truth as a picture of spiritual experience. We all bear a burden, as Christian did; we all fall into the Slough of Despond at times, or are imprisoned in the castle of Giant Despair. In reading the book we recognize our own experiences, and as the heart of man is the same in all centuries, so this wonderful book never loses its power. It remains the greatest prose allegory in our literature, and one of the great allegories of the world.

Milton and Bunyan are the chief names of this period. There are a number of other writers, both in prose and verse, but our brief survey permits of the mention of only a few. **George Herbert** (1593-1633) is one of those who cannot be passed over. His little volume of religious

poems, *The Temple*, is full of verses of singular sweetness and charm. The quality of his work is seen in the following poem :

VIRTUE

Sweet day, so cool, so calm, so bright,
The bridal of the earth and sky,
Sweet dewes shall weep thy fall to-night,
For thou must die.

Sweet rose, whose hue, angry and brave,
Bids the rash gazer wipe his eye,
Thy root is ever in its grave
And thou must die.

Sweet spring, full of sweet days and roses,
A box where sweets compacted lie,
My music shows you have your closes,
And all must die.

Only a sweet and virtuous soul,
Like seasoned timber, never gives ;
But when the whole world turns to coal,
Then chiefly lives.

Another poet of this time was **Robert Herrick** (1591–

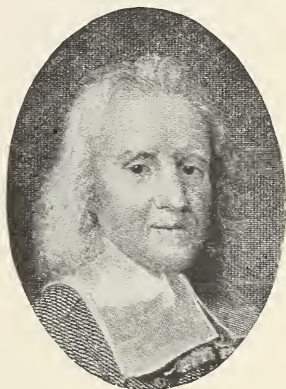
1674), a country parson who delighted in the sight of daffodils and primroses filled with dew, in country merrymakings, and in country superstitions about fairies. His brief poems on these subjects have the freshness and beauty of flowers. They were published in a volume called *Hesperides*. A second volume, *Noble Numbers*, contains poems on sacred themes that are worthy of their title.



ROBERT HERRICK

Our survey of the period will close with Izaak Walton (1593-1683). He lives in literature by his *Compleat Angler*, a book which, while intended for fishermen, is written in so quaint and delightful a vein, with its pictures of outdoor life and its touches of gentle humor, that it is read chiefly by those who seldom go a-fishing. The following is his description of the song of birds :

“As first the lark, when she means to rejoice, to cheer herself and those that hear her, she then quits the earth and sings as she ascends higher into the air ; and having ended her heavenly employment, grows then mute and sad to think she must descend to the dull earth, which she would not touch but for necessity. How do the blackbird and throssel, with their melodious voices, bid welcome to the cheerful spring, and in their fixed mouths warble forth such ditties as no art or instrument can reach to ! . . . But the nightingale, another of my airy creatures, breathes such sweet loud music out of her little instrumental throat that it might make mankind to think miracles are not ceased. He that at midnight, when the very laborer sleeps securely, should hear, as I have very often, the clear airs, the sweet descants, the natural rising and falling, the doubling and redoubling of her voice, might well be lifted above earth, and say : ‘ Lord, what music hast thou provided for the saints in heaven, when thou affordest bad men such music upon earth ! ’ ”



IZAAK WALTON

The law of action and reaction is curiously illustrated in the history of the seventeenth century. The Puritan age, with its theaters all closed and its strict Sabbath observance, was followed by the Restoration, when a pleasure-loving king set the fashion of dissolute living, and a great part of

the people followed his example. The literature of the period as usual reflected the changed attitude. In place of the serious and dignified poetry of Milton and Herbert we find poets occupying themselves with satire, or amusing the court with plays which reflected its own low moral standards. Samuel Butler ridiculed the Puritans in a clever poem called *Hudibras*. Some of his couplets are still remembered, as :

We grant although he had much wit
He was very shy of using it.

He could distinguish and divide
A hair 'twixt south and southwest side ;
On either side he could dispute,
Confute, change hands, and still confute.

Butler describes the Puritans as men who

Compound for sins they are inclined to
By damning those they have no mind to.

In some respects, however, the Restoration influenced English literature for good. The exiled King brought back with him from France a taste for French literature. At this time the literature of France was at the height of its achievement. Its prose writers, Pascal, Bossuet, and La Fontaine, had brought French prose to a far higher degree of perfection than had been attained by any writers in English. In the drama the names of Corneille and Racine in tragedy and Molière in comedy are still illustrious. This French literature was diligently read in England, and the study of such models helped in the development of English style.

This influence is seen in the work of the chief writer of the Restoration period, **John Dryden** (1631-1700). He

was a man of letters by occupation, and a very industrious one, turning out plays, poems, translations, criticisms, satires, odes—all of it good work, but none of it quite reaching the level of great work. He is best remembered as a poet by his *Absalom and Achitophel*, a political satire; and by his odes, especially *Alexander's Feast*. Most of his poetry was written in the iambic couplet, a form of verse which he brought to a greater perfection than any previous poet. His lines have been compared to the ring of a great bronze coin thrown down on marble. The famous verses upon Milton give his quality:



Jon: Dryden.

Three poets,¹ in three distant ages born,
Greece, Italy, and England did adorn.
The first in loftiness of thought surpassed,
The next in majesty, in both the last.
The force of Nature could no farther go;
To make a third, she joined the other two.

Dryden's prose writings were chiefly in the form of critical essays. His discussions of Shakespeare and earlier English poets rank him as the first great critic in our literature. The style of these essays, modeled upon the best French prose of the time, was different from that of earlier writers. Milton wrote sentences that were not seldom a page in length, and in construction were more like Latin

¹ Homer, Virgil, and Milton.

than English. Dryden's prose is clear, vigorous, straightforward; he is the first writer in the modern style.

One more book of this period remains to be noticed: Pepys's *Diary*. **Samuel Pepys** (1633-1703) was an important man of the time; he rose to be Secretary of the Admiralty under James II, and was President of the Royal Society. He kept his diary in shorthand, and wrote in it the minutest events of his life. The need of a million pounds for the royal navy is told, and the same page records that he had his wig mended, and went to church with his wife in her new light-colored silk gown, "which is very noble." At Pepys's death he left his diary to Magdalen College, Oxford; it was not transcribed and published until a century later. As a picture of the times it is full of interest, and as a revelation of the author's whole self, it is almost unique in English literature.

READING FOR CHAPTER V

Milton. — *Paradise Lost*, Books I and II; or Minor Poems: *L'Allegro*, *Il Penseroso*, *Comus*, and *Lycidas*.

Milton's poetical works are edited by D. Masson, 3 vols. (Macmillan). Single-volume editions are the Cambridge,¹ Globe, and Astor. *Paradise Lost* is published separately in Temple, Astor, and National. The minor poems (except *Comus*) and selections from *Paradise Lost* are in Ward, vol. ii; Manly; Oxford; Warner, and Chambers, vol. i. Minor poems also in Hales and Pancoast.

Bunyan. — *The Pilgrim's Progress*, Part I, or *Grace Abounding*.

The Pilgrim's Progress is published in Temple, Riverside, Everyman's, and Handy Volume series; *Grace Abounding* in National Library. Extracts in Craik, vol. iii.

Herrick. — *To Daffodils*, *To Primroses fill'd with Dew*, *Mad Maid's Song*, *His Poetrie His Pillar*, *To the Virgins*, *The Rock of Rubies*, *Cherry Ripe*, *To Anthea*, *A Thanksgiving to God*, *Corinna's Going*

¹ For publisher and price of various editions, see p. 142.

a-Maying, His Litany, Night-Piece to Julia, To Violets, To Dianeme, The Hag, To Blossoms, The White Island, To Keep a True Lent.

Herrick's poems are in Aldine (2 vols.), Muses, Everyman's, and Temple editions. Copious selections in Ward, vol. ii, and Oxford Book; briefer in Chambers, vol. i; Warner, and Manly.

Walton. — *Compleat Angler*, Chaps. II, IV, V.

This is published in Library English Classics; also Everyman's, Temple, and National. Brief extracts in Craik, vol. ii; Warner, and Pancoast.

Dryden. — *Alexander's Feast, Song for St. Cecilia's Day*, Sketches of Achitophel and Zimri in *Absalom and Achitophel*.

Dryden's poems are in Aldine edition (5 vols.), Albion (1 vol., F. Warne); Astor (1 vol.). Good selections given in Ward, vol. ii; Manly; Warner, and Pancoast.

For fuller treatment of authors in this period, see: J. H. B. Masterman's *The Age of Milton* (Macmillan), R. Garnett's *Age of Milton* (Macmillan), B. Wendell's *Temper of the Seventeenth Century in English Literature* (Scribner), E. Dowden's *Puritan and Anglican in English Literature* (Holt), and the lives of Milton, Bunyan, and Dryden in *English Men of Letters* series (Macmillan).

CHAPTER VI

THE CLASSICAL AGE

<i>Jonathan Swift</i>	<i>Richard Steele</i>	<i>Daniel Defoe</i>
<i>Joseph Addison</i>	<i>Alexander Pope</i>	<i>Samuel Richardson</i>
	<i>Henry Fielding</i>	

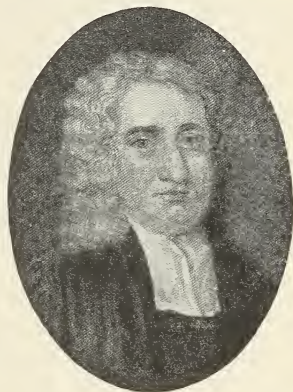
THE name "classical" is given to the literature of this period because it exhibits the qualities of restraint, of balance, of perfection of form, which characterize Greek and Latin literature. The writers of this period lacked the imagination of the Elizabethans; they were less original than the Puritan writers, but they excel them both in clearness and correctness. Now clearness and correctness are excellent things, and it was no doubt a wholesome discipline for English literature to be thus trained for half a century. But clearness and correctness we think of rather as belonging to prose than to poetry, and we shall not be surprised to find that this classical period was, indeed, an age of prose. Nearly all the great authors were prose writers; the only notable poet of the period was Pope. John Dryden, who was discussed in the preceding chapter, really belongs to the classical school, although in point of time he was somewhat earlier.

First in time, and among the first in genius of the writers of this period, is **Jonathan Swift** (1667-1745). He was born in Ireland, although of English parentage, and educated at Trinity College, Dublin. He served for a time as secretary to Sir William Temple, an English statesman,

and here met Esther Johnson, who was his closest friend. Seeking advancement, Swift entered the church. The religious controversies of the time called forth his first book, the *Tale of a Tub*. This dealt with the disputes between the Roman Catholics, the Church of England, and the Dissenters. It showed Swift's power as a satirist, but his satire cut the Church of England as well as the others. He became involved in politics, and for some years exerted great influence in the Tory party. As a reward he was made Dean of St. Patrick's in Dublin, and unwillingly left London. His party, however, soon went out of power, Esther Johnson died, and Swift sank into despondency, which ended in insanity and death.

His greatest book, *Gulliver's Travels*, was written after his fall from power. On the surface it is a tale for children; in reality it is a satire of the bitterest kind. It tells of a voyage to Lilliput,

where the men are but six inches high and the largest warships measure nine feet in length. It is a most diverting story, but when we read that among these people the highest positions at court are given to those who are most skillful in walking the tight-rope, and that a most bloody war was waged on the question whether an egg should be broken at the big or the little end, we see the satire on English political life. This satire deepens in the successive parts of the story, until in the last voyage he describes a country where the men, or Yahoos, live miserably in



Jonath: Swift.

holes, fighting over bits of metal, while horses rule the land.

A pleasanter side of Swift's nature is seen in his *Journal to Stella*. This is a series of letters, written almost daily while he was in London to Esther Johnson in Ireland.

Be you lords or be you earls,
You must write to naughty girls,

he says, and this is the way he writes. M D is his name for Stella.

Morning. O faith, you're impudent for presuming to write so soon, said I to myself this morning; who knows but there may be a letter from M D at the coffee-house! Well, you must know, and so I just now sent Patrick, and he brought me three letters, but not one from M D, no indeed, for I read all the superscriptions, and not one from M D. One I opened, it was from the Archbishop; t'other I opened, it was from Staunton; the third I took, and looked at the hand. "Whose hand is this?" says I, yes, says I "Whose hand is this?" Then there was wax between the folds: then I began to suspect; then I peeped; faith, it was Walls' hand after all: then I opened it in a rage, and then it was little M D's hand, dear little pretty charming M D's hand again.

Some writers assert that Swift and Stella were secretly married, but no conclusive evidence of this has been produced.

Joseph Addison (1672-1719), like Swift, mingled letters and politics. After his graduation at Oxford he wrote a poem celebrating the victory of the Duke of Marlborough at Blenheim, and was rewarded with an office. He rose rapidly to a seat in Parliament, married a lady of rank, and finally became Secretary of State. His chief contributions to literature, however, were not his political writings nor his stiff tragedy called *Cato*, but his essays contributed to *The Spectator*.

To discuss this we must turn first to Addison's friend, **Richard Steele** (1671-1729). Steele and Addison had been together as schoolboys and in college. But Steele left college to become a soldier, left the army to become a writer of political pamphlets, left politics for playwriting, and finally in 1709 conceived the idea of starting a weekly paper. This he called *The Tatler*. It contained, in addition to the news, a brief essay on some topic of current interest. Sometimes it was a review of a book, sometimes a humorous article on the fashions of the day, sometimes a story with a moral. This essay was the most popular part of the paper, and presently the news was dropped altogether. Addison was called in to write for the new journal. It succeeded so well that in 1711 Steele and Addison started a daily paper of a similar nature, and called it *The Spectator*. In the second number Steele sketched the character of Sir Roger de Coverley and other members of the Spectator Club, and in following numbers he and Addison completed the series now known as the *De Coverley Papers*. The success of *The Spectator* was remarkable. Of some numbers twenty thousand copies were sold. Not less remarkable was the influence the essays exerted upon the manners and morals of the time. For the authors frankly stated that their aim was to drive out vice and folly by making it ridiculous. For us to-day the essays are interesting as a picture of the time. They number nearly a thousand, and reflect



J. Addison.

almost every side of English social life. We learn of the amusements, the religious views, the popular books, the music, the very street cries of London. *The Spectator* and *The Tatler* are the joint work of Addison and Steele, with occasional papers by other writers. It is difficult to say whose part is the better. Addison's essays are perhaps more finished in style, Steele's more spontaneous and more genial in spirit. Together they share the credit of having developed a new literary form, the periodical essay.

In poetry the chief name in this period is that of **Alexander Pope** (1688-1744). He was born in London,



A. Pope

of Roman Catholic parentage. Consequently the universities were not open to him, and he was educated by tutors. In person he was dwarfish and deformed, but he possessed a keen and receptive mind. He began to write verse almost as a child, and soon became known as one of the chief literary figures of the time. After some early publications he undertook to translate Homer's *Iliad*; it was published by subscription, and brought the author £10,000.

He purchased a villa at Twickenham, near London, where he entertained Swift and other friends. He had a jealous nature, and was continually getting involved in literary quarrels. To revenge himself he wrote a long poem called *The Dunciad*, or epic of dunces, in which he satirized his adversaries without mercy. His chief works, in addition to those mentioned,

are the *Essay on Criticism*, *The Rape of the Lock*, and the *Essay on Man*. The first of these gives rules for writing and for criticising. Pope maintained that the chief merit of poetry lay not in the ideas expressed, but in the manner of expressing them ; or, as he puts it :

True wit is nature to advantage dressed,
What oft was thought, but ne'er so well expressed.

None of Pope's maxims for writing well are original ; he took them from Latin and from French critics, but he has expressed them so well that it is scarcely possible to improve them.

Words are like leaves, and where they most abound,
Much fruit of sense beneath is rarely found.

He says of the use of words :

Be not the first by whom the new are tried,
Nor yet the last to lay the old aside.

The Rape of the Lock, a narrative poem based upon the incident of a young lord cutting a lock of hair from a belle's head, is a brilliant picture of fashionable society of the time. The *Essay on Man* is a philosophical poem ; many of its lines are familiar, as :

Hope springs eternal in the human breast,
Man never is, but always to be, blest.

Honor and shame from no condition rise,
Act well your part, there all the honor lies.

Vice is a monster of so frightful mien,
As to be hated needs but to be seen ;
Yet, seen too oft, familiar with her face,
We first endure, then pity, then embrace.

Pope is the successor of Dryden in poetry; his work has the merits and the defects of the classical school. It is lacking in imagination; it has little originality; it is almost all cast in one mold,—the heroic couplet. But in perfection of literary form, in aptness of phrase, in pointed wit, it is unsurpassed. Pope is more quoted than any other English poet except Shakespeare.

The only other name of importance in the poetry of this period is Edward Young (1681–1765). He was an Oxford scholar, who is remembered as the author of *Night Thoughts*. This long poem is a series of musings on religious themes, usually gloomy in tone. In its day it was very popular; now it survives only in a few oft-quoted lines, such as :

Tired Nature's sweet restorer, gentle sleep.

Procrastination is the thief of time.

Blessings brighten as they take their flight.

One of the notable achievements in this period was the development of the novel. The novel, as distinguished from the romance, aims to give a picture of life as it really is. When we read a book like *Gulliver's Travels*, we know it is not true; when we read of Robinson Crusoe on his island, we may suspect that it is all a story, yet it might easily be true. There is nothing improbable in it, nothing that has not actually happened. A story of this kind we call a novel, and the credit of writing the first English novel belongs to **Daniel Defoe** (1659–1731). Defoe was one of the most prolific writers in English literature. Earlier than Steele he published a weekly paper, the *Review*, writing the entire contents himself. He wrote political pamphlets almost without number, and when one of these led to his being sentenced to stand in the pillory, he promptly wrote a *Hymn to the Pillory*. A short sketch

called *The True Relation of Mrs. Veal* showed his skill in inventing a story that read like a record of fact. He interviewed noted characters, — Jonathan Wild the highwayman and Captain Avery the pirate, — and wrote up their lives as a newspaper man does to-day. He heard the story of Alexander Selkirk, a sailor who had been wrecked on a desert isle in the Pacific; the incident appealed to his imagination, and *Robinson Crusoe* was the result. Its success led him to write other novels, *Captain Singleton*, *Moll Flanders*, etc.; but none of them equaled his first book. *Robinson Crusoe* is regarded as a book for young folks. It is; but it is also one of the great pieces of fiction in English literature. Its merit lies in its wonderful power of making fiction seem like truth. The little incidents of Crusoe's life on the island, the way he closed the door of his cave, his labor in making a boat, and his disappointment at finding when it was finished that he could not move it to the water, his terror at seeing the footprint in the sand, — all these are told so vividly and with such minute detail that they seem the record of real events.

A further step in the development of the novel was taken by **Samuel Richardson** (1689-1761). He was a London printer who as a young man had shown great talent for letter-writing. Several young ladies of his acquaintance got him to conduct their correspondence with their sweethearts. Some time later he was asked to pre-



Daniel Defoe

pare a sort of model letter-writer, and conceived the idea of telling a story in letters. The result was *Pamela*, his first novel. This met with such success that he followed it with two others, *Clarissa Harlowe* and *Sir Charles Grandison*,—all written in the form of letters. Richardson's novels are little read to-day. Their length—his masterpiece, *Clarissa Harlowe*, fills eight volumes—and the lack of variety in style are not to the taste of modern readers. Yet in one respect he was superior to Defoe; that is, in drawing character, particularly feminine character. His early experiences as a letter-writer, his later years when he was a petted guest at many a tea table, gave him a knowledge of women's minds and women's hearts such as few men possessed.

In his novels Richardson always aimed to teach a moral lesson. This lofty tone, and the profuse sentiment of his novels, provoked **Henry Fielding** (1707–1754) to write *Joseph Andrews* in ridicule of *Pamela*. But once begun, the story soon became more than a mere burlesque, and in this book and its greater successor, *Tom Jones*, the English novel reached its full development. Fielding's work is notable for the skillful construction of his plots, the way events in the lives of various persons are woven together to make a single story. He dropped the letter-writing method of Richardson, and told his stories as a novelist does to-day. His work has a coarseness which offends modern readers, but in this respect it was typical of the period. The novel, once developed, became so popular that many writers turned to it. Lawrence Sterne wrote *A Sentimental Journey* and *Tristram Shandy*; Tobias Smollett wrote *Humphrey Clinker* and *Roderick Random*; while at the close of the period we have Johnson's *Rasselas* and Goldsmith's *Vicar of Wakefield*, which will be considered later.

READING FOR CHAPTER VI

Swift. — *Gulliver's Travels: Voyage to Lilliput; and Journal to Stella*: Letters 10, 31, 63.

Gulliver's Travels is published in Temple, Riverside, Everyman's, and Handy Volume series.¹ The *Journal to Stella* is in the Universal Library. Selections in Craik, vol. iii; Warner; Pancoast, and Chambers, vol. ii.

Addison. — From the *Spectator*, the De Coverley Papers, or the following essays: Nos. 13, 25, 50, 102, 159, 173, 235, 247, 275, 281, 323.

The *Spectator* is in Everyman's Library (4 vols.). Selected essays in Athenæum and Handy Volume series. Selections in Craik, vol. iii, and Chambers, vol. ii.

Defoe. — *Robinson Crusoe*.

Robinson Crusoe is in Riverside, Everyman's, and Handy Volume series. Pancoast gives *The Apparition of Mrs. Veal*, one of Defoe's shorter tales.

Pope. — *Essay on Man*, Epistles I, II, and IV; and *Rape of the Lock*, or *Essay on Criticism*, and *The Universal Prayer*.

Pope's works are in Aldine series (3 vols.). Single-volume editions are Cambridge, Globe, and Astor. The *Essay on Man* is in National Library. Selections in Ward, vol. iii; Manly; Warner; Pancoast, and Chambers, vol. ii. *The Rape of the Lock* is in Hales.

Fuller treatment of the authors in this period is given in J. Dennis's *The Age of Pope* (Macmillan), E. Gosse's *History of Eighteenth Century Literature* (Macmillan), L. Stephen's *Hours in a Library* (Putnam), W. M. Thackeray's *English Humorists* (Holt), W. L. Cross's *Development of the English Novel* (Macmillan); also the lives of Swift, Addison, Defoe, Fielding, and Pope in *English Men of Letters* series (Macmillan).

¹ For publisher and price of various editions, see p. 142.

CHAPTER VII

THE AGE OF JOHNSON

<i>Samuel Johnson</i>	<i>Edmund Burke</i>	<i>James Thomson</i>
<i>Oliver Goldsmith</i>	<i>Edward Gibbon</i>	<i>Thomas Gray</i>

IN this period we see some of the tendencies of the classical age continued, and at the same time the beginning of a revolt against these tendencies, — a revolt that later produced the Romantic Movement.

The great name of the period is that of **Samuel Johnson** (1709–1784). He was the son of a bookseller of Lichfield, and grew up among books. He went to Oxford, but poverty obliged him to leave before taking his degree. He tried keeping a school, but without success, and finally went up to London with a pupil, David Garrick, to make his way by literature. He became a booksellers' hack, writing translations, pamphlets, reviews, whatever the publishers would pay for. He planned a *Dictionary of the English Language*, which when published in 1755 gave him considerable fame. He wrote a series of essays in the style of *The Spectator*, called *The Rambler*, and a story, *Rasselas*. His last important work was his *Lives of the Poets*, dealing with the chief writers of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. He died in 1784, and received the honor of a tomb in Westminster Abbey.

In his day Johnson was a sort of literary monarch; his praise of a book was enough to insure its sale. To-day his writings, with the exception of *Rasselas* and the

Lives of the Poets, are seldom read, and the changing standards of criticism make his judgments often strange to us. Yet Johnson is likely to be remembered as long as any name in our literature. He owes this singular immortality to the famous *Life*, written by his friend Boswell. James Boswell was Johnson's most ardent admirer; he followed him about, noting down his sayings and collecting anecdotes about him, for twenty years. In his book we see Johnson as he was in life: the huge form, in the snuff-colored coat with metal buttons, his wig slightly singed where he bent too far over the candle; we learn how many cups of tea he drank, and his curious habit of treasuring up bits of lemon peel; we are admitted to his conversations with his friends: Garrick the actor, Sir Joshua Reynolds the painter, Burke the orator, and Goldsmith the writer; we have Johnson's report of his interview with the King, and his statement of why he thrashed a bookseller. It is a record as detailed as Pepys's *Diary*, and as Dr. Johnson was a far greater man than Pepys, the result is a far greater book. It is the greatest biography in English literature.

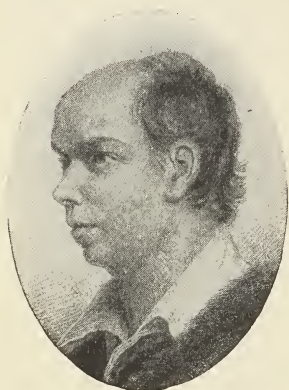


Sam. Johnson.

Closely associated with Johnson is **Oliver Goldsmith** (1728-1774). Goldsmith was an Irishman, with an Irish

talent for blundering, an Irish heart for friendship, and an Irish wit that helped him through the trials of a life spent as a bookseller's drudge. He was educated at Trinity College, Dublin, and later went abroad to study medicine. He wandered about the continent for a time; then, returning to England, tried to practice as a physician. Failing in this and other makeshifts, he finally found work with the booksellers. He wrote a series of periodical essays, after-

wards reprinted as *The Citizen of the World*. Two poems, *The Traveller* and *The Deserted Village*, gave him considerable reputation. His best-known work, *The Vicar of Wakefield*, has a curious history. Dr. Johnson received a message from Goldsmith asking him to come in haste. Going to Goldsmith's lodging, he found him held a prisoner by his landlady for not paying his rent. Johnson searched among Goldsmith's papers, found the manuscript of



Oliver Goldsmith

the novel, and taking it to a bookseller sold it for £60. Goldsmith's comedy, *She Stoops to Conquer*, brought him £400, but money always ran through Goldsmith's fingers, and he died heavily in debt. Goldsmith's work lies in several fields of literature, and in all he attained high distinction. His essays in *The Citizen of the World* stand comparison with those of Addison. His two poems, *The Traveller* and *The Deserted Village*, in their genuine feeling and truthful descriptions of nature, show a departure from the artificiality of the classical school. In *She Stoops to*

Conquer Goldsmith has written one of the great comedies of our literature; it still holds the stage, delighting audiences alike by the clever turns of the plot and the wit of the dialogue. *The Vicar of Wakefield* has taken its place among the classics of English fiction. Its charm is due in part to the humorously tender way in which Goldsmith portrays his characters, in part to its pictures of English rural life. Of Goldsmith's work as a whole, the verdict passed by Johnson long ago still stands: "Sir, he was a very great man."

Close to the work of Goldsmith in comedy we may place that of another young Irishman, Richard Brinsley Sheridan (1751-1816). At twenty-four he wrote *The Rivals*, and two years later *The School for Scandal*. It is sufficient praise to say that in the hundred years that have passed since his time English literature has produced no comedy worthy to stand beside these.

A century which created the novel and developed the periodical essay might be thought sufficiently distinguished in prose, but this period is notable also for the greatest of English orators, **Edmund Burke** (1729-1797). Burke, like Goldsmith and Sheridan, was of Irish descent. Born in Dublin and educated at Trinity College, he went to London to study law. But he read more literature than law, and, when his father cut off his allowance, turned to his pen for support. One of his most considerable productions was *The Annual Register*, a sort of political encyclopedia, published year by year, to which he was a chief contributor for thirty years. He entered Parliament as a Whig, and first distinguished himself by a speech favoring the repeal of the Stamp Act. He took a keen interest in American affairs, and on the eve of the Revolutionary War delivered his great speech *On Conciliation*

with America, in which he advocated the plan of removing all Parliamentary taxation, leaving it to the colonial assemblies to grant money as they thought proper. In 1788 he once more came forward as the champion of an oppressed people, the occasion being the impeachment of Warren Hastings for misgovernment in India. Burke



Edmund Burke

made one of his greatest speeches on this occasion, and though it failed of its immediate purpose, as Hastings was not convicted, the abuses against which Burke declaimed were never repeated. Toward the close of Burke's life a third great public question, the French Revolution, called forth his famous *Reflections on the Revolution in France*, and his *Letter to a Noble Lord*. In these Burke appeared as the champion of monarchy ; he saw in the Revolution only the utter

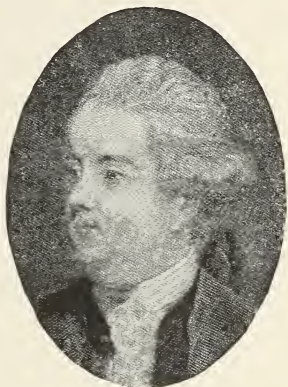
overthrow of every principle of established government, and used his utmost power to turn English feeling against it.

Burke presents the curious phenomenon of an orator who was almost a failure when he attempted to speak. His figure was ungainly, his voice harsh, his gestures awkward ; his rising to speak was the signal for so many members to leave that he was nicknamed "the dinner-bell of the House." Yet the same men who left when he spoke were eager to read his speeches when printed, for nowhere else was there such skill in argument supported by such stores of information ; nowhere else such power

of seizing the essential points of a great question and lighting them up with the fire of the imagination; nowhere else was there a man who added to a command of the resources of the language a mastery of the great principles of politics and government. John Morley well says of Burke's speeches: "They comprise the most perfect manual in our literature, or in any literature, for one who approaches the study of public affairs."

In one more department of literature, that of history, this period contains distinguished names. David Hume (1711-1776), a Scotch philosopher, published a *History of England*, from the beginning to the Revolution. His work has been superseded by that of later writers. Not so the work of **Edward Gibbon** (1737-1794), the historian of the Roman Empire. Gibbon's life affords a signal instance of what may be accomplished by a single devotion to

a great purpose. It was in 1764 that he formed the idea of writing his history; it was twelve years before the first volume was published, and twelve years more before the work was completed. In that time Gibbon had made himself master of his subject by reading absolutely everything that could throw light upon it. Gifted by nature with a logical mind, he was able to arrange this vast mass of material in true order and proportion. By diligent experiment and practice he developed a style suited to the



Gibbon.

dignity of his theme. As a result, his *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire* is still, after a hundred years, a standard work.

Gibbon concludes our survey of the prose of the period. Turning to the poets, we find signs that the classical school has had its day. A new school of poetry was soon to arise ; a new impulse, known as the Romantic Movement, was to give fresh inspiration to literature. The history of this movement belongs to the succeeding chapter, but the way was prepared for it by the poets of this age.

Of these the earliest was **James Thomson** (1700-1748), a Scotchman, a graduate of Edinburgh University, who is remembered as the author of *The Seasons*. The first part, *Winter*, was published in 1726, followed shortly after by *Summer*, *Spring*, and *Autumn*. These poems describe country scenes under the changing aspects of the year. In choice of subjects *The Seasons* is in marked contrast to the poetry of Dryden and Pope ; their interests were with the life of the town, and their subjects were taken chiefly from the society about them. In another respect the poem is significant. It is written in blank verse, not in the heroic couplet. This independence of the classical tradition was further shown in Thomson's *Castle of Indolence*, a long poem written in the Spenserian stanza. In the rich music of its verse, and the imaginative power displayed, it is a notable contrast to a poem like the *Essay on Man*.

Another poet of this period was **William Collins** (1721-1759). He was educated at Oxford, and for a time struggled along as a literary man in London. His period of work was brief ; his mind became weakened, and he died at thirty-five. He has left a slender volume of poems of a singular and delicate beauty. His odes, *To Evening*, *The*

Passions, and *On Highland Superstitions*, have a music that had been silent in English poetry for nearly a hundred years. He is the first great lyric poet since Robert Herrick. One of his odes is brief enough to quote here:

ODE

How sleep the brave, who sink to rest
By all their country's wishes blessed!
When Spring with dewy fingers cold
Returns to deck their hallowed mould,
She there shall dress a sweeter sod
Than fancy's feet have ever trod.

By fairy hands their knell is rung;
By forms unseen their dirge is sung;
There Honor comes, a pilgrim gray,
To bless the turf that wraps their clay;
And Freedom shall awhile repair
To dwell, a weeping hermit, there.

The best known of the poets of this period is **Thomas Gray** (1716-1771). Gray was fortunate in having means to live without becoming a bookseller's hack. A graduate of Cambridge University and later a professor there, he spent his life in study. He preferred reading books to writing them, and the amount of his literary work is surprisingly small. It comprises some very entertaining letters, a few essays, and a mere handful of poems. But one of these poems is probably the most famous short poem in English literature, the *Elegy in a Country Churchyard*. It was begun in 1742, but not published until 1751. Even then the poet was not satisfied with it, and in successive editions made changes for fifteen years. The poem is representative of the new movement in poetry in its subject, which is drawn from country life, and in its

tone of gentle melancholy, like a faint echo from Milton's *Il Penseroso*. In the tribute to the worth of these simple

Elegy, written in a Country Churchyard

The Curfew tolls the Knell of parting Day,
The lowing Herd wind' slowly o'er the Lea;
The Ploughman homeward plods his weary Way,
And leaves the World to Darkness & to me.

Now fades the glimmering Landscape on the Sight,
And all the Air a solemn Stillness holds,
Save where the Beetle wheels his droning Flight,
Or drowsy Sirexings lull the distant Notes.

Save that from yonder ivy-mantled Tower
The moping Owl does to the Moon complain
Of such, as wand'ring near her secret Bower
Molest her ancient solitary Reign.

REDUCED FACSIMILE OF MS. OF GRAY'S "ELEGY"

village people one hears the first breathings of a new note—the note of democracy—that later rang out bold and clear in Robert Burns.

READING FOR CHAPTER VII

Johnson.—*Rasselas*, or Boswell's *Life*, chapters covering 1763.

Rasselas is published in English Reading series (Holt); also in Universal and National Library.¹ Boswell's *Life* is in Library English Classics (3 vols.), Temple (6 vols.), Everyman's (2 vols.). Selections from Johnson in Craik, vol. iv; Chambers, vol. ii, and Warner (under Johnson and Boswell).

Goldsmith.—*Vicar of Wakefield*, or *She Stoops to Conquer*, or *The Traveller*, and *The Deserted Village*, or selected essays from *Citizen of the World*.

The *Vicar of Wakefield*, with Goldsmith's plays and poems complete in one volume, is in the Library of English Classics. *Vicar of Wakefield* separately in Everyman's, Temple, and Handy Volume series. Plays in

¹ For publisher and price of various editions, see p. 142.

Temple and National Library. Poems in Temple, Aldine, and Astor. *Citizen of the World* in Temple and Universal Library. *The Deserted Village* is in Pancoast, Manly, and Hales. Selections from essays in Craik, vol. iv, and Pancoast.

Sheridan.—*The Rivals, The School for Scandal.*

Sheridan's plays are published in Library of English Classics, Temple, Athenæum, Everyman's, Handy Volume, and National Library.

Burke.—*Speech on Conciliation, or Speech on American Taxation.*

Burke's Select Works are published in 3 vols. (Clarendon Press). There are numerous school editions of the *Speech on Conciliation*.

Thomson.—From *The Seasons*, Spring, ll. 145-175; Summer, ll. 350-423; Autumn, ll. 310-360 and 950-1002; Winter, ll. 223-265 and 323-390.

Thomson's poems are in Aldine (2 vols.), Muses (2 vols.), and Astor (1 vol.). Good selections in Ward, vol. iii; Manly; Warner; Pancoast, and Chambers, vol. ii.

Collins.—From the Odes: *To Evening, The Passions, Simplicity. Oriental Eclogues: II, Hassan; Dirge in Cymbeline, Ode on Highland Superstitions.*

Collins's poems are published in Aldine, Muses, and Athenæum series. Selections in Ward, vol. iii; Manly; Warner, and Chambers, vol. ii.

Gray.—*Elegy, Ode on Spring, Eton College, The Bard, On a Favorite Cat.*

Gray's poems are published in Aldine and Muses Library. Selections in Athenæum series. Representative poems in Pancoast; Manly; Oxford; Ward, vol. iii; Warner; Hales, and Chambers, vol. ii.

For fuller treatment of authors of this period, see: T. Secombe's *Age of Johnson* (Macmillan), L. Stephen's *Hours in a Library* (Putnam), M. O. W. Oliphant's *Literary History of England* (Macmillan), H. A. Beers's *English Romanticism, XVIII Century* (Holt). and lives of Johnson, Goldsmith, Sheridan, Burke, Gibbon, Gray, in *English Men of Letters* series (Macmillan).

CHAPTER VIII

THE AGE OF ROMANTICISM

<i>Robert Burns</i>	<i>Walter Scott</i>	<i>John Keats</i>
<i>S. T. Coleridge</i>	<i>George G. Byron</i>	<i>Charles Lamb</i>
<i>Wm. Wordsworth</i>	<i>Percy B. Shelley</i>	<i>Thomas de Quincey</i>

IN the preceding chapter we have traced the beginnings of the **Romantic Movement** as seen in a turning from town to country life, a new feeling for democracy, and a greater variety and freedom in the forms of verse. These tendencies were carried still further in the period now to be considered, and with others they make up the Romantic Movement. This reached its height in the writings of Wordsworth and Coleridge, but before that time we see the rising of the tide in Cowper, Blake, and Burns. One of the significant events of the time was the publication of a number of the early English and Scottish Ballads. This fine poetry had been almost forgotten for nearly a century. By chance Bishop Thomas Percy came into possession of an old manuscript containing about a hundred ballads, and published them in 1765 under the title *Reliques of Ancient English Poetry*. The effect of this book was remarkable. The short ballad stanzas were a form of poetry new to the age, and the simplicity of style was in sharp contrast to the stately, sometimes artificial, diction of the school of Pope.

The poet **William Cowper** (1731-1800) adopted the ballad measure for his humorous poem *John Gilpin*. His long

poem, *The Task*, is in blank verse; it shows a love for natural scenery as strong as Thomson's, and a greater skill in description. As a poet of nature he is the forerunner of Wordsworth.

William Blake (1757-1827) is a strange figure among the poets of the time. He believed himself to be inspired, and published strange books of poetical prophecy. He was an artist and engraver as well as a poet, and his books, instead of being printed from type, were engraved on copper plates, printed from these, and then the illustrations were colored by hand. This new process he said was supernaturally revealed to him. In this way he published three small volumes of lyrical poetry: *Poetical Sketches*, *Songs of Innocence*, and *Songs of Experience*. These poems are like nothing else of their time. Some have the simplicity of childhood, some tantalize us with hints of strange meanings just beyond our reach, some are pure bursts of music like bird notes. Blake was utterly independent of convention; in life, as in his poetry, he was guided from within, not from without. And in this breaking away from everything like rules he represents an important aspect of the Romantic Movement.

But the greatest of the early Romantic writers was **Robert Burns** (1759-1796). Burns was born in Ayrshire, Scotland. His father was a farmer in poor circumstances, and the boy got his education from the village schoolmaster. He early formed a taste for poetry, and almost as early fell in love with a peasant lass and wrote verses about her. Love and poetry continued to be his chief interests throughout life; unfortunately neither of them afforded the means of living. He tried farming without success, and decided to emigrate to the West Indies. To raise money for his passage he published a small volume of his poems. This

brought him an invitation to visit Edinburgh. He went, and was received as a lion by Edinburgh society. After two winters of this, Burns secured an appointment as exciseman, or inspector of liquor duties, and returned to Ayrshire. He married Jean Armour, one of his many loves, and settled down to combine farming with his inspectorship. But neither prospered. His duties as inspector threw him with wild companions ; habits of intoxication grew upon him, and his farm went to ruin. He died at thirty-seven, wrecked by hardships and excesses.

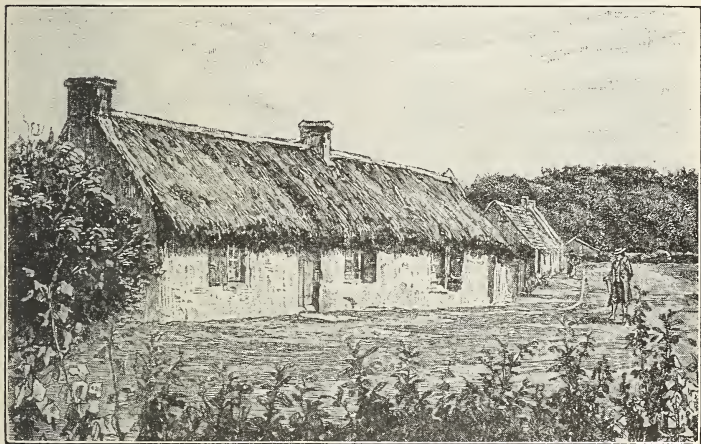


Robert Burns

Burns is the first poet of the common people in English literature. He was born among them, lived and worked and died among them, wrote his songs in their language, and built his monument in their hearts. He is loved by the Scotch people with a passionate devotion that is given to no other poet in no other land. And in other countries, wherever the English lan-

guage is spoken, the songs of Burns have the power to touch hearts which more cultivated poets leave unmoved. This power is due in part to the absolute sincerity of his poetry. He had a rich, strong nature, generous in its impulses, easily moved to pity or indignation, and his poetry is no mere mechanical verse-making, but the overflow of powerful feeling. He has pity for the field mouse turned up by his plow ; he sees the beauty of the mountain daisy ; he thrills with patriotism at the deeds of Bruce, and these become the subjects of his poetry. Again, Burns

had the power of expressing this feeling in words that sing. The distinguishing features of lyric poetry are genuine feeling and singing quality. Burns possessed both to such a degree that he has been called the greatest lyric poet in our literature. His songs are his best work, but close beside them stand *Tam O'Shanter*, with its rich humor, and *The Cotter's Saturday Night*, that finest picture of the do-



BIRTHPLACE OF ROBERT BURNS

mestic life of the Scotch peasant. Burns represents the Romantic Movement in many phases. His poetry deals with country life; his diction and his meters are not those of classical poets; his sympathy for the lower animals is apparent in many poems; and even more pronounced is his democratic spirit. When he sings,

Is there, for honest poverty,
That hangs his head, and a' that?
The coward slave, we pass him by,
We dare be poor for a' that!

For a' that, and a' that,
 Our toils obscure, and a' that,
 The rank is but the guinea's stamp,
 The man's the gowd for a' that,

he expresses what probably many a man had thought but no English poet before him had ever ventured to say.

*Sweet Thowret, pledge o' meikle love,
 And ward o' mony a prayer,
 That heart o' stane wad thou na move,
 Sae helpless, sweet & fair —
 November hisples o'er the lea,
 Chill on thy lovely form,
 And gane, alas! the sheltering tree,
 Should shield thee frae the storm.*

MS. POEM BY ROBERT BURNS

Samuel Taylor Coleridge (1772–1834), like Burns, was a man of genius who had little ability to make his way in the world. He was educated at Christ's Hospital School, London, and at Cambridge University. With Robert Southey, a friend and fellow-poet, he formed a scheme of going to America and establishing there a colony where all would be on an equality and all work together for the common good. The plan was never carried out, but it is characteristic of the new impulses of the time. Coleridge married and removed to Nether Stowey, in the Lake region of England. Here he was associated with Words-

worth, and in a single year (1799) produced his best poems: *The Ancient Mariner*, *Kubla Khan*, and the first part of *Christabel*. He visited Germany, and became deeply interested in philosophy. He continued to write, in prose and verse, producing some excellent criticism but no more great poems. He had become a slave to the opium habit, and his weakened will made it impossible for him to carry out the great books he planned. He holds a place in literature as poet and as critic. Of his poetry, it has well been said that all that he did excellently might be bound up in twenty pages, but it should be bound in pure gold. *The Ancient Mariner* is his greatest work. It deals with the supernatural: a story of how the slaying of a bird is avenged by spiritual powers. In the vividness of its successive pictures, now of a becalmed ship on a glassy sea, now of regions of Arctic ice, now of the Spectre Ship and its horrid crew, we see an imaginative power almost Miltonic. And in the tender and beautiful close,



S. T. Coleridge

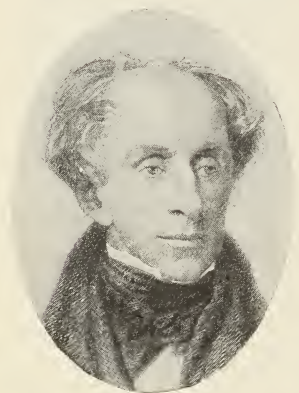
Farewell, farewell, but this I tell
 To thee, thou Wedding Guest,
 He prayeth well who loveth well
 Both man and bird and beast;

He prayeth best who loveth best
 All things, both great and small;
 For the dear God who loveth us
 He made and loveth all,

we see another side of the Romantic Movement, the new reverence for even the meanest of God's creatures.

Coleridge's critical work includes an extended discussion of the poetry of Wordsworth, published in his *Biographia Literaria*, and a volume of *Lectures on Shakespeare*. Both show critical power of the highest order.

William Wordsworth (1770-1850), Coleridge's fellow-poet, was more fortunate in the circumstances of his life



Wm Wordsworth

than most men of letters. He was born at Cockermouth, in Yorkshire, educated at Cambridge, traveled in France and Germany, and finally established himself at Rydal Mount in the Lake region of England, noted for the beauty of its natural scenery. He married a woman of fine intelligence, Mary Hutchinson, and was also fortunate in the companionship of his sister Dorothy, whose tastes were like his own. A fortunate legacy from a friend, and later a gov-

ernment position with light duties, supplied his simple wants and left him free to make poetry the serious occupation of his life. His first important work was a volume called *Lyrical Ballads*, the joint work of Wordsworth and Coleridge, which appeared in 1798. This book marks an epoch in English poetry. It contained Coleridge's *Ancient Mariner*, and a number of Wordsworth's poems, including the famous *Tintern Abbey*. In the preface Wordsworth explained his theory of poetry. His subjects, he said, were drawn from the ordinary life of persons living in rural

surroundings; he aimed to make these interesting by throwing over them the light of the imagination. The language of his poetry was not to be the artificial diction of the classical school, who spoke of country people as "nymphs" and "swains," and of morning as "Aurora," but it was the language of ordinary life. Many of his poems dealt with nature. To him nature was more than a thing to be described; it was something like a living presence, with power not only to delight but to mold character. He tells us that

One impulse from a vernal wood
May teach you more of man,
Of moral evil, and of good,
Than all the sages can.

He finds in nature the power to soothe and comfort the mind, even in recollection of past sights. He says of the daffodils in their beauty,

Ten thousand saw I at a glance,
Tossing their heads in sprightly dance. . . .
I gazed, and gazed, but little thought
What wealth the show to me had brought.

For oft, when on my couch I lie
In vacant or in pensive mood,
They flash upon that inward eye
Which is the bliss of solitude;
And then my heart with pleasure fills
And dances with the daffodils.

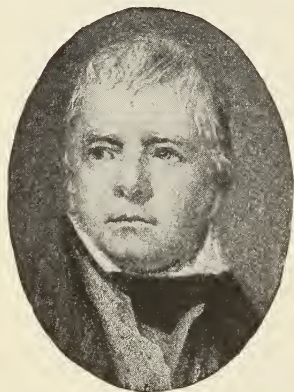
Through nature, he says, man is even led to God. This spiritual view of nature is Wordsworth's great contribution to English poetry. Recognition of his work came slowly, but it came at last, and in 1843 he was made Poet Laureate. He was one of the most voluminous of our great poets; his poems number nearly a thousand, some of them of con-

siderable length. But his work is very unequal, and his best poems, as Matthew Arnold's collection shows, may be contained in a single volume of moderate size.

A writer closely associated with Coleridge and Wordsworth, but of much less significance, was **Robert Southey** (1774-1843). He was a man of letters by profession, and wrote many volumes of prose and verse. His *Life of Nelson* is still regarded as a model of brief biography. Of his poetry, *The Curse of Kehama*, a long narrative poem based upon Hindu mythology, shows him at his best. It illustrates

the turning to new subjects which was one of the features of the Romantic Movement. Some of his shorter poems, such as the *Battle of Blenheim* and the *Stanzas written in his Library*, are better known than his more ambitious epics.

Neither Coleridge nor Wordsworth was popular in his day. The *Lyrical Ballads* were so different from the accepted kind of poetry that they puzzled most readers. The writer who made romantic poetry popular was



Walter Scott

Walter Scott (1771-1832). We are apt to think of Scott first as a novelist, but he turned to novel writing only after he had won fame as a poet. He was born in Edinburgh; his father was a lawyer, and sent his son to the University there that he might follow the same profession. He studied law and held several judicial offices, but his real interests were literary. He was very fond of the ballads of his native land, and his first publication was a collection

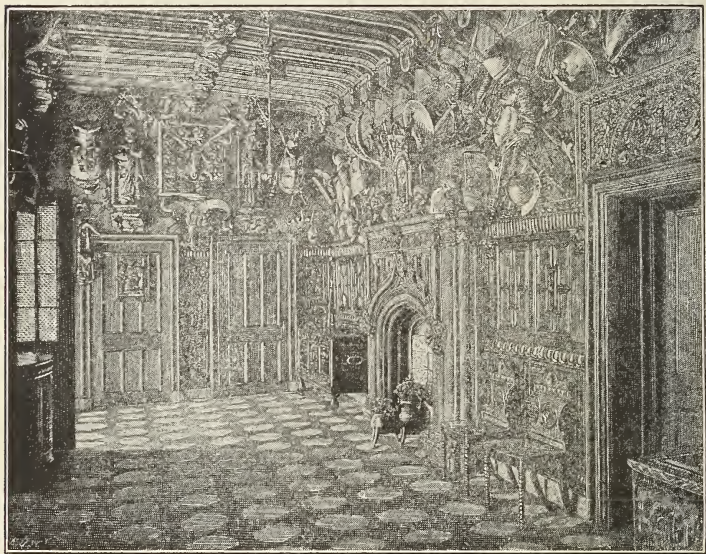
Sunset

The sun upon the Weirclaw hill
 In Ettrick's vale is sunning sweet
 The westland wind is hush and still
 The lake lies sleeping at my feet
 Yet not the landscape to mine eyes
 Bears the ~~sad~~ bright hues that even I have
 Through evening with the ^{his} richest dye
 Grown on the hills on Ettrick's shore.

With listless eye ^{both} along the plain
 I see Tured's silver current glide.
 And coldly mark the holy fane
 Of Melrose on an mound pride
 The quiet lake the balmy air
 The hill the stream the tower the tree
 Are they still such as once they were
 As is the dreary change on me

Alas! the warp'd and broken board
 How can it bear the painter's dye
 No the turf of stein'd and dunlop-chard
 How to the minstrel's tale reply
 To aching eyes such landscape lowers
 In furrish-pulse sea-gale blows-chill
 And Arab's or Ebers towers
 Down barren as the moulden hill -

of these, with some of his own added, called *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*. This was followed by *The Lay of the Last Minstrel*, a long tale in verse, a sort of modern ballad. Its success encouraged Scott to write others; *Marmion* and *The Lady of the Lake* made him the most popular poet of the time. After some years, however, the poems of Byron



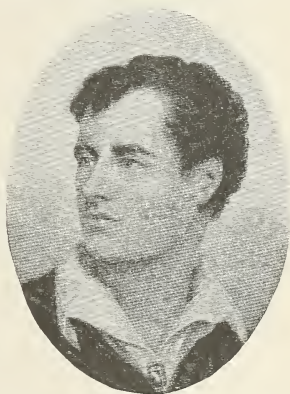
ENTRANCE HALL AT ABBOTSFORD

caught the public fancy, and Scott turned to fiction. The consideration of his novels belongs later in this chapter; it is sufficient to say here that they far outstripped his poems in popularity, and brought him a fortune in royalties. He was made a baronet, built a fine hall at Abbotsford, and entertained lavishly. But a publishing house in which he was a partner failed, with debts amounting to half a million. This sum Scott undertook to pay himself, and had actually

paid more than half when his mind gave way under the strain, and his death shortly followed.

His poetry, as has been said, made romantic poetry popular. His talent as a story-teller was evident in these narrative poems; their free swinging meter was well suited to his subjects, while the fine descriptions of Scottish scenery delighted many who had no patience with the calmer mood of Wordsworth.

George Gordon, **Lord Byron** (1788–1824), was a writer whose stormy and romantic poetry reflected the impulses of a passionate nature. At school and at his university, Cambridge, he was known for his pride, his self-will, and his violent temper. His earliest book of poems was severely criticised by the *Edinburgh Review*; he replied by a fierce satire upon the *Review*, its editors, its contributors, and all whom it praised. When he became of age, he went on an extended tour of Europe, visiting even Greece, Turkey, and the islands of the Mediterranean. The result was a long poem called *Childe Harold*. The hero, a young man who leaves England after a riotous life, is Byron himself. In his own words, the poet woke up one morning to find himself famous. The public was tired of Scott. The new poet, handsome, proud, romantic, noble, with an air of mysterious gloom, was a fascinating figure. Byron followed this success with a series of Oriental tales, such as *The Corsair* and *The Siege of Corinth*, full of



Byron

pirates, robber chieftains, and distressed beauties of the harem. He married an heiress, Miss Milbanke, who left him within a year. This aroused a storm of public indignation that drove Byron from England. The rest of his life was spent in Switzerland and Italy; he wrote profusely, and most of his best work was done at this time. The struggle of the Greeks for independence roused the better impulses of his nature; he went from Italy with arms and money, eager to lead troops in the field; but he was seized with fever and died at Missolonghi.

Byron's fame to-day is far less than in his own time, though still considerable. *Childe Harold* is a singular mingling of description and reflection; the poet stands on some famous spot, like the Coliseum or the field of Waterloo, his imagination kindles, and he describes the scene in picturesque and often passionate lines. It is a sort of glorified guide-book in verse, now and then rising to great poetry. His best shorter poems, *The Dream*, *Darkness*, *Mazeppa*, *The Prisoner of Chillon*, are more finished, and have a unity that is lacking in *Childe Harold*. *Don Juan* shows his power as a satirist. He wrote it smarting under the sentence of public opinion that had driven him into exile; he took savage pleasure in ridiculing the moral standards of the society that had condemned him. His poetry as a whole shows the strength and the weakness of the man himself. It has tremendous power; but this power is fitful, and the patient revision to make work perfect is lacking. It is passionately independent; it is also moody, and at times debased. In its fierce assertion of individualism, its defiance of convention, it expresses fully one side of the Romantic spirit.

We have seen the rise of this movement in the poets of the late eighteenth century; we have seen how Words-

worth and Coleridge strove in its behalf, and how finally in Scott and Byron it carried everything before it. To complete the story, it is necessary to notice the writings of two other poets, Shelley and Keats.

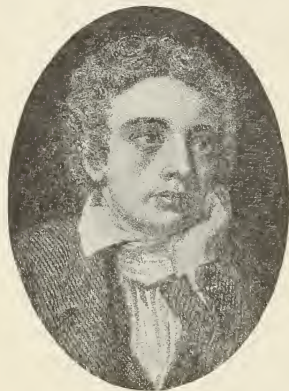
Percy Bysshe Shelley (1792-1822), while a schoolboy at Eton, was nicknamed "mad Shelley" by the boys who could not understand his shy, dreamy nature. At Oxford his protest against the narrow theological spirit of the place led to his expulsion. Almost at once he married Harriet Westbrook, a schoolgirl of sixteen. He interested himself in the wrongs of the Irish people, and wrote pamphlets in their behalf. He was full of great projects for reforming the world. An admirer of Byron, he followed him to Italy, where he lost his life in a sailing accident. His poetry is of various kinds. A dramatic poem, *Prometheus Unbound*, expresses with great beauty his dreams of a glorious future for humanity. A drama, *The Cenci*, is a work of much power. But it is as a lyrical poet that he reached his highest achievement. In *Adonais*, an elegy, he mourns the death of his friend Keats with a splendor of poetry that gives this a place beside *Lycidas* as one of the greatest of English elegies. His odes, *The West Wind*, *The Cloud*, *To a Skylark*, in their very titles suggest the ethereal nature of his poetry. His imagination was "all air and fire"; to him the cloud is alive, the moon an "orbed



P B Shelley

maiden with white fire laden." His poems have a music that is heard in no other poet. The quick throbbing lines of the ode *To a Skylark*, the solemn strains of *Adonais*, the flutelike melody of *To Night*, mark Shelley as one of the greatest singers.

John Keats (1795-1821), unlike the other poets of this group, was not a university man. His father kept a livery stable. The son was educated as a surgeon, and practiced his profession for several years. He studied poetry with delight, and published three slender volumes. These were very severely criticised in the *Quarterly Review*, and it was thought that these criticisms hastened Keats's death. In this belief Shelley wrote his *Adonais*, in which he called the critics murderers. It is now known that Keats's death was caused by consumption. His poetry is small in amount, but of precious quality. In *En-*



John Keats

dymion and *Hyperion*, two long narrative poems, he revives again the myths of ancient Greece, taking us back to a world of dewy freshness and beauty. The opening lines of *Endymion* are almost as well known as Shakespeare :

A thing of beauty is a joy forever ;
 Its loveliness increases ; it will never
 Pass into nothingness, but still will keep
 A bower quiet for us, and a sleep
 Full of sweet dreams and health, and quiet breathing.

The Eve of St. Agnes is a tale of two lovers, told with such richness of description, appealing to all the senses at once, that its beauty is almost cloying. His great odes, especially the *Ode on a Grecian Urn*, show the passionate quest for beauty seen in the lines quoted from *Endymion*. This is the key to all Keats's poetry, and in this he stands in marked contrast to Shelley. Much of Shelley's work was inspired by the desire to serve the world; he shows the influence of the Romantic Movement on its humanitarian side. In Keats the sole object is the creation of beauty, and his connection with the Romantic school is chiefly in such poems as *La Belle Dame sans Merci*, with its atmosphere of mediæval romance.

There remain two poets of lesser note who do not belong to the Romantic group: Moore and Campbell. **Thomas Moore** (1779-1852) was born in Dublin, educated at the university in that city, and going to London divided his time between the law and literature. He wrote some clever political satires, a number of songs, and several volumes in prose, of which a *Life of Byron* is the chief. *Lalla Rookh* is a narrative poem, like Byron's in having an Oriental setting, but substituting for the passion of Byron a sentimental note which was highly popular in its day. Moore is best remembered by his songs. His *Irish Melodies* and *National Airs* contain songs like *Oft in the Stilly Night*, which are excellent of their kind.

Thomas Campbell (1777-1844) was born in Glasgow, attended Glasgow University, and spent most of his life in Edinburgh. His poem *The Pleasures of Hope*, published when he was twenty-one, brought him some reputation, and he was able to support himself by literature. His *Gertrude of Wyoming* is a narrative poem based upon an incident of American history. He is known to-day by a

group of short poems, chiefly patriotic, including *Hohenlinden*, *The Battle of the Baltic*, and *Ye Mariners of England*. By virtue of these he holds a tiny but secure niche in the poetic hall of fame.

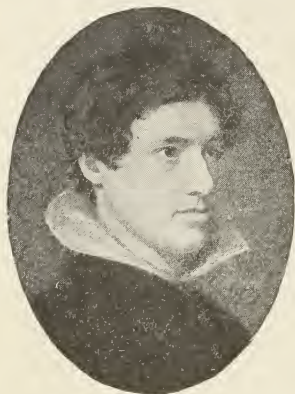
The Romantic period, in addition to its great poets, is noted for its novelists and essayists. The great novelist of the period, and one of the great novelists of all periods, was **Walter Scott**. It was a fortunate moment for English literature when he found in an old desk the manuscript of *Waverley*, begun years before, and decided to complete it. He was so doubtful of his success that he did not publish it over his own name. But he was not long in doubt. Since the days of Fielding there had been no great English novelist, and the public, always hungry for a story, seized eagerly upon *Waverley*. Stimulated by success, Scott produced novel after novel with astonishing rapidity. Some of his books were written in six weeks. In fifteen years he wrote twenty-five long novels, besides criticism, biography, poetry, and miscellaneous writings. The different characters in his stories number over a thousand; he has created more imaginary persons than any other author except Shakespeare. For convenience his novels may be divided into three groups. The first, beginning with *Waverley*, deals with Scottish life and character: among the best are *The Heart of Midlothian* and *The Bride of Lammermoor*. The second group deals with English history: *Ivanhoe* and *Kenilworth* are the chief of these. The third group deals with foreign history: *The Talisman* and *Quentin Durward* are among the best. Scott is the creator of the historical novel. His wide knowledge of history enabled him to give a faithful and lively picture of the past. Not only was he the first historical novelist, but he was the greatest. He had many followers,—in England,

in America, in Germany, in France, in Italy, — but none of them has equaled the master. His success is due partly to his narrative power; partly to his skill in description, giving a clear and often a splendid background for his characters; partly to his humor, especially in the Scottish stories; and partly to the wholesome, manly tone of all he wrote.

At the same time that Scott was opening a new field for fiction in the romantic past, **Jane Austen** (1775–1817) was developing the novel of domestic life. She was the daughter of a clergyman in a country village, and always lived in the country or in country towns. She knew intimately the society of these places, with their young people interested in balls, their elders in gossip and match making, and she has drawn this for us with exquisite skill. There are no hairbreadth escapes nor thrilling climaxes in her stories; the characters are people such as we meet every day; yet such is her art that the commonplace is made interesting. Scott paid a generous tribute to her, saying, “The big bow-wow style I can do myself, like any now going, but her delicate touch is beyond me.” She is the successor of Richardson as a realist, and in construction of plot she surpassed him. Her best novels are *Pride and Prejudice*, *Sense and Sensibility*, and *Emma*.

Among the essayists of the period two names are pre-eminent: Lamb and De Quincey. **Charles Lamb** (1775–1834) was the son of a poor London clerk. He was sent to Christ’s Hospital, a famous boys’ school, where he met Coleridge. He became a clerk, or, as we would say, a book-keeper, in the East India House, and was thus able to make literature a staff, not a crutch, for his support. There was a taint of insanity in the family, which showed itself in him only in certain eccentricities, but in his sister Mary it took a violent form. In one of her attacks she

killed her mother. Lamb devoted his life to the care of this sister, who appears in the *Essays* as Bridget Elia. When an outbreak was approaching, he would go with her to an asylum; after it was over, he brought her back to his home, where they lived among the books they both loved. In connection with his sister he wrote the *Tales from Shakespeare*, in which the stories of many plays are



Lamb

retold in simple prose. His favorite reading was in the plays of the Elizabethan dramatists, and he published a volume of *Specimens of English Dramatic Poets*, containing choice extracts with brief but admirable comments. His chief work, however, is in the two volumes called *Essays of Elia*. These were first published in magazines, and Lamb signed to them the name of a clerk in the office where he worked. The essays deal with all kinds of topics: there is a complaint of the decay of beggars in the city, a

chapter on ears, a dissertation on roast pig, criticism on actors of the time, and so on. They are short, as short as Bacon's essays, but entirely different in tone, for Lamb is among the great humorists. His style is unique. His familiarity with old writers led him to use their words, so that a modern thought often peeps out from quaint old dress. His sentences often take an unexpected turn, sometimes humorous, sometimes serious where one expected humor. His essays are among the best examples

we have of what are called personal essays, *i.e.* those in which the author reveals himself. We learn his fondness for old china, his dislike of Scotchmen, his favorite books and walks and games. And the personality thus revealed is so charming that he has been called the best beloved of English writers.

Thomas de Quincey (1785-1859), the "English opium-eater," was a strange, erratic being. As a boy he ran away from the Manchester Grammar School to find Coleridge, whom he so admired that he gave him a good part of his fortune. He went to Oxford later, and finally settled in the Lake region, near Grasmere. Asked to write the story of his life for a magazine, he produced the famous *Confessions of an Opium-Eater*. In the next twenty years he wrote a great number of articles, chiefly on literature and philosophy. One of his papers is entitled *Murder Considered as One of the Fine Arts*; it is a grimly



Thomas de Quincey

humorous account of certain celebrated crimes. *The Flight of a Tartar Tribe* is an example of his imaginative power; it purports to be a historical narrative, and really rests upon a basis of fact. But upon this basis De Quincey has built a fine superstructure of the imagination, adding details freely, until the finished account has the completeness of a great tragedy. His chief work is the *Confessions* and its sequel, the *Suspiria de Profundis* (Sighs from the Depths). In certain passages of these, where he

describes the dreams that came to him under the influence of opium, his style has a music that reminds one of the harmonies of Milton, and an imaginative power that is hardly surpassed in English prose. He wrote prose with the splendor and music of poetry.

READING FOR CHAPTER VIII

Blake. — Introduction to *Songs of Innocence*. Songs: "*How sweet I roamed*," "*My silks and fine array*," *The Lamb*, *Holy Thursday*, *Infant Joy*, *The Angel*, *The Tiger*, *Ah! Sunflower*, *Proverbs*, *The Crystal Cabinet*.

Blake's poems are in Aldine and Muses series.¹ Selections in Ward, vol. iii; Manly; Oxford, and Pancoast.

Cowper. — *To Mary*, *The Castaway*, *On Receipt of my Mother's Picture*, *John Gilpin's Ride*, *The Task*, Bk. IV.

Cowper's poems are published in Aldine (3 vols.), Astor (1 vol.), National Library (2 vols.). Selected poems in Temple and Athenæum. Representative selections in Ward, vol. iii; Chambers, vol. ii; Manly; Warner, and Pancoast.

Coleridge. — *Ancient Mariner*, *Christabel*, *Kubla Khan*, *Genevieve*, *Youth and Age*, *Hymn in the Valley of Chamouni*.

Coleridge's poems are in Globe, Muses, Everyman's, and Astor series. The *Lectures on Shakespeare* are in Everyman's Library. The *Ancient Mariner* complete and selections from other poems are in Page; Ward, vol. iv; Manly; Bronson; Oxford, and Pancoast. Poems and criticism in Chambers, vol. iii, and Warner.

Wordsworth. — *Daffodils*, *Reverie of Poor Susan*, *Lines Written in Early Spring*, *Expostulation and Reply*, *The Tables Turned*, *We are Seven*, *Michael*, *Hart-Leap Well*, "*Three years she grew*," *To the Cuckoo*, "*She was a Phantom of Delight*," *The Solitary Reaper*, *Yarrow Unvisited*, *Ode to Duty*, *Tintern Abbey*, *Intimations of Immortality*. Some of the Sonnets should be read, as: *To Sleep*, "*Two voices are there*," "*The world is too much with us*," "*Milton! thou shouldst be living*," etc.

¹ For publisher and price of various editions, see p. 142.

Wordsworth's poems are published in Aldine (7 vols.) and in 1 vol. (small type) in Globe, Cambridge, and Astor series. The best poems are in the volume of selections edited by Matthew Arnold (Golden Treasury). Other volumes of selections in Athenæum, and Everyman's Library. *Tintern Abbey*, the *Ode on Immortality*, and shorter poems are in Page; Ward, vol. iv; Manly; Warner; Oxford; Chambers, vol. iii, and Pancoast.

Scott.—Novels, one of the following: *Ivanhoe*, *Kenilworth*, *Old Mortality*, *Rob Roy*, *Guy Mannering*, *Quentin Durward*, *The Talisman*, *Heart of Midlothian*.

Narrative poems: *Marmion*, or *The Lady of the Lake*.

Shorter poems: *Hunting Song*, *Maid of Neidpath*, *Jock of Hazeldean*, *Nora's Vow*, *Pibroch of Donald Dhu*, *County Guy*, *The Barefooted Friar*.

Scott's poems are in the Aldine edition (5 vols.), and in a single volume (small type) in Cambridge, Globe, and Astor series. *Marmion* and *The Lady of the Lake* are in National Library, *The Lady of the Lake* also in Handy Volume. *Marmion* and other poems in Page; selections in Manly; Pancoast; Bronson, and Ward, vol. iv.

The novels are published in Everyman's Library and numerous other editions.

Byron.—Narrative poems: *Prisoner of Chillon*; *Mazeppa*; *Childe Harold*, canto III, stanzas 1-30 and 85-104, canto IV, stanzas 78-148 and 177-185. Lyrics, etc.: "*She walks in beauty*," "*When we two parted*," *The Destruction of Sennacherib*, *Maid of Athens*, *Stanzas for Music*, *The Isles of Greece*, *On this Day I Complete my Thirty-sixth Year*, *Darkness*.

Byron's poems are published with full notes and introductions in 6 vols. (Scribner). Editions in 1 vol. (small type) are Cambridge, Globe, and Astor. The best of Byron's poetry, selected by Matthew Arnold, is in a volume of the Golden Treasury series. Selected poems with full notes in English Readings. *Childe Harold* is published separately in Temple, Astor, Handy Volume, and National Library. Copious selections in Page; Ward, vol. iv; Warner; Bronson; Pancoast, and Manly.

Shelley.—*To Night*, *To a Skylark*, *The Cloud*, *The West Wind*, *Ozymandias*, *The Indian Serenade*, *To Jane*—*The Invitation*, *To Jane*

— *The Recollection, To ———, A Lament, Stanzas written in Dejection, The Sensitive Plant, Adonais.*

Shelley's poems are in Aldine edition (5 vols.), Everyman's (2 vols.). Single-volume editions are Oxford (Clarendon Press), Cambridge, Globe, Astor. Selected poems in Temple, Athenæum, Golden Treasury, Handy Volume, and National Library. *Adonais* and many of the odes are in Page; Ward, vol. iv; Warner; Manly; Bronson; Oxford, and Pancoast. *Adonais* also in Hales. Selected poems in Chambers, vol. iii.

Keats. — *The Eve of St. Agnes, Ode on a Grecian Urn, Ode to a Nightingale, La Belle Dame sans Merci, Fancy, To Autumn, "I stood tiptoe upon a little hill," "Bards of passion and of mirth."* Sonnets: *On Looking into Chapman's Homer, Last Sonnet, The Grasshopper and Cricket, The Human Seasons.*

Keats's poems are published in the Cambridge, Globe, Golden Treasury, Aldine, Temple, Muses, Astor, and Everyman's. Selected poems in Athenæum, Handy Volume, and National Library. *The Eve of St. Agnes* and other poems are in Page; Manly; Bronson; Oxford, and Pancoast; selections also in Ward, vol. iv, and Warner.

Lamb. — *Essays of Elia, Christ's Hospital Five and Thirty Years Ago, New-Year's Eve, Dream-Children, Dissertation upon Roast Pig, Poor Relations, Detached Thoughts on Books and Reading, The Superannuated Man, Old China.* Letters: To Coleridge, Sept. 27, 1796; Dec. 2, 1796; To Southey, July 28, 1798; To Coleridge, Aug. 6, 1800; To Manning, Dec. 27, 1800; To Wordsworth, Sept. 28, 1805.

Lamb's works, edited by Lucas, are published in 7 vols. (Putnam). The *Essays of Elia* are in Everyman's, Temple (2 vols.), and Universal Library. *Tales from Shakespeare* in Everyman's and Handy Volume. Brief selections from Lamb in Warner; Pancoast, and Chambers, vol. iii.

De Quincey. — From *Confessions of an Opium-Eater: The Pleasures of Opium, The Pains of Opium*; or *The English Mail Coach*, secs. II and III; or *Suspiria de Profundis: Savannah-la-Mar, and Levana.*

De Quincey's works are published in 12 vols. (Houghton). *The Confessions of an Opium-Eater* is in Temple, Everyman's, and Universal Library. *Murder as a Fine Art* and *The English Mail Coach* in National Library. Selections in Athenæum series. Brief extracts in Warner; Pancoast, and Chambers, vol. iii.

Burns. — Songs: "*Ae fond kiss*," "*O wert thou in the cauld blast*," "*John Anderson, my Jo*," *Highland Mary*, "*Is there, for honest poverty*," "*Ye flowery banks*," "*Green grow the rushes, O*," "*Of a' the airts*," "*Scots, wha hae wi Wallace bled*."

Poems of nature: *To a Mouse*, *To a Mountain Daisy*, *On seeing a Wounded Hare*.

Humor and satire: *Duncan Gray*, *To a Louse*, *Address to the Unco Guid*, *Address to the Deil*.

Narrative and reflective: *Tam o' Shanter*, *Epistle to a Young Friend*, *Cotter's Saturday Night*, *A Bard's Epitaph*.

Burns's poems are in Centenary edition (4 vols.) (Whittaker), in Temple classics (2 vols.); editions in one volume are Cambridge, Globe (includes Letters), Everyman's Library, and Astor. Selections from Burns in Athenæum series; also in Ward, vol. iv; Manly; Oxford; Pancoast, and Warner.

Fuller treatment of the authors in this period may be found in C. H. Herford's *The Age of Wordsworth* (Macmillan), H. A. Beers's *English Romanticism, XIX Century* (Holt), G. Saintsbury's *Nineteenth Century English Literature* (Macmillan), M. Arnold's *Essays in Criticism* (Macmillan), L. Stephen's *Hours in a Library* (Putnam), E. Dowden's *French Revolution and English Literature* (Scribner), W. Pater's *Appreciations* (Macmillan); also the lives of Burns, Coleridge, Wordsworth, Scott, Byron, Shelley, Keats, Lamb, De Quincey, and Jane Austen in *English Men of Letters* series (Macmillan).

CHAPTER IX

THE VICTORIAN ERA

<i>Alfred Tennyson</i>	<i>Thomas Carlyle</i>	<i>W. M. Thackeray</i>
<i>Robert Browning</i>	<i>John Ruskin</i>	<i>George Eliot</i>
<i>T. B. Macaulay</i>	<i>Charles Dickens</i>	<i>R. L. Stevenson</i>

THE name Victorian is applied to the period extending from 1830 to 1890, although Victoria did not come to the throne until 1837. It was a period of great changes in the social and political world, and these changes have been reflected in the literature. The social unrest, the protest against the hard and cheerless lot of the lower classes, is heard in poems like Hood's *Song of the Shirt* and Mrs. Browning's *Cry of the Children*; in Ruskin's essay, *Unto this Last*; in novels like Besant's *All Sorts and Conditions of Men*. Again, the diffusion of popular education, the establishing of public libraries, the cheapening of books, the multiplication of magazines and periodicals, have created a far larger reading public than in any previous era. And the literature produced in this period has been so great in amount, so varied in kind, and so excellent in nearly every kind, that the Victorian age stands beside the Elizabethan as one of the two greatest periods of our literary history. It will be convenient for our purposes to take up the different writers in groups, beginning with the poets. Of these there are two of the first rank, Tennyson and Browning.

Alfred Tennyson (1809–1892) was the son of a country clergyman in the village of Somersby, Lincolnshire. He had an early love for poetry, and in conjunction with his brother published some juvenile verses even before he went to college. At Cambridge University he took a prize for poetry, and formed a close friendship with Arthur Hallam. After leaving the university he lived for a time in London, then at various places in the country. He had few friends; his time was divided between his books and long, solitary walks, during which he composed much of his poetry. His first important book was the *Poems, chiefly Lyrical*, which appeared in 1830.



A handwritten signature of Alfred Tennyson in dark ink. The signature is stylized, with a large, flowing 'A' and 'T' that lead into the name 'Tennyson'.

In 1832 he published another small volume, containing among other poems *The Lady of Shalott* and *The May Queen*. This book was very severely criticised in the *Quarterly*, the same journal that had been so hard upon Keats. The next year the poet suffered a great shock in the death of his friend Hallam. For ten years he published nothing; then in 1842 appeared two volumes of poems. One of these contained his earlier poems, very carefully revised, and with many poems omitted. The changes showed that Tennyson had profited by criticism. The second volume was new work, including some of his best poems, such as *Ulysses*, *Locksley Hall*, the lyric *Break, break, break*, and *Morte D'Arthur*. From this time the greatness of Tennyson was recognized. In 1847 he published *The Princess*,

a long narrative poem dealing in a half-serious, half-humorous way with the question of the place of woman. In 1850 appeared *In Memoriam*, a long poem, or rather series of poems, called forth by the death of his friend Hallam. Two other events made this year memorable in his life: his marriage to Miss Emily Sellwood and his appointment as Poet Laureate, succeeding Wordsworth. Of the poems which he wrote in this official capacity, *The Charge of the Light Brigade* and the *Ode on the Duke of Wellington* are best known. In 1855 he published a long poem called *Maud*. It was the poet's favorite of his works, but has never been popular with his readers. In 1859 appeared four of the *Idylls of the King*, a series of narrative poems dealing with the legends of King Arthur and his Knights of the Round Table. Later the poet added others to the series, making twelve in all. Last of all, he attempted the dramatic form, writing six plays, but although Irving put *Becket* and *The Cup* on the stage, they were not successful. In 1884 he was raised to the peerage, with the title of Baron. He continued to write to the close of his life without any loss of poetic power; *Crossing the Bar* was written in his eighty-first year.

Theodore Watts, an English critic, has grouped poets into two classes: poets of energy and poets of art. The one class is noted for power, originality, creative ability; the other for perfection of workmanship, exquisite in every detail. Tennyson belongs among the poets of art. It was his custom to revise his poems with the greatest care. If we compare the earliest form of *The Lady of Shalott* with its present form, we shall find that scarcely half of the stanzas remain as first published. Whole passages are added, whole stanzas omitted, the order of the words is changed, — all showing the poet's anxious quest for perfec-

Bartholomew,
Freshwater,
Isle of Wight.

Tennyson

The Throstle.

"Summer is coming, Summer is coming.
I know it, I know it, I know it.
Light again, leap again, life again, love again.
Yes, my wild little poet.

Sing the new year in under the blue.
Last year you sang it as gladly.

"New, new, new, new!" Is it then so new
That you should carol so madly?

"Love again, song again, rest again, ^{again!} young
~~the~~ never a prophet so crazy!

And hardly a daisy as yet, like friends,
See, there is hardly a daisy.

"Here again here, here, here, happy year"
O warble, unchidden, unhidden.
Summer ^{is} coming, is coming, my dear,
And all the winters are hidden

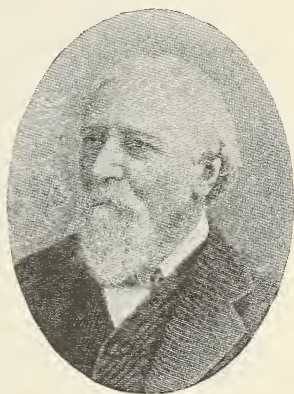
tion. He was gifted with a delicate ear for the fine harmonies of speech, and in his lyric poems beauty of expression and beauty of sound are wedded. Among his finest examples in this kind are the songs in *The Princess*, including *Sweet and Low* and *Tears, Idle Tears*. He was, like Milton, a diligent student of literature, and there are in his works many echoes of classical poets. But he studied nature as closely as he studied books. No poet, not even Wordsworth, saw more clearly or described more truly the appearance of nature. A pool reflecting the setting sun he describes as

Round as the red eye of an eagle-owl.

On almost every page may be found such examples of intimate and accurate knowledge of nature. His range is wide: he has written lyrical, narrative, and dramatic poetry. He can be delicately fanciful, as in *The Merman*, humorous, as in *The Northern Farmer*, or nobly indignant, as in *Maud*; he can express a nation's grief, as in the *Ode on the Duke of Wellington*, or treat the deepest problems of our life, as in the stanzas of *In Memoriam*. The final estimate of him will probably be that of E. C. Stedman, who calls him "all in all, the fullest representative of the refined, speculative, complex Victorian Age."

Robert Browning (1812-1889), who shares with Tennyson the highest place among the poets of this period, was born in Camberwell, a suburb of London. He was educated in private schools, and, guided by a father of literary tastes, read widely in ancient and modern literature. Before he was twelve he had written a little volume of poems which was never published. His early volumes, *Paracelsus* and *Sordello*, were almost unnoticed by the public, though they gained him recognition among his fellow-poets. In

1846 he married Elizabeth Barrett, who was already well known as a poet, and went to live in Italy. Here the next fifteen years of his life were spent, chiefly in Florence, in a wedded life that never lost its romance. In this period much of Browning's best work was done, including the volumes called *Dramatic Romances*, *Dramatic Lyrics*, and *Men and Women*. In 1861 Mrs. Browning died, and the poet returned to London, where he worked for some years on his great poem, *The Ring and the Book*. In the meantime his poetry had been gradually growing into public favor. Societies were formed for the study of his works, and honorary degrees were conferred upon him by the universities of Oxford and Cambridge. Like Tennyson he continued writing to the close, his last volume, *Asolando*, appearing in London on the day of his death.

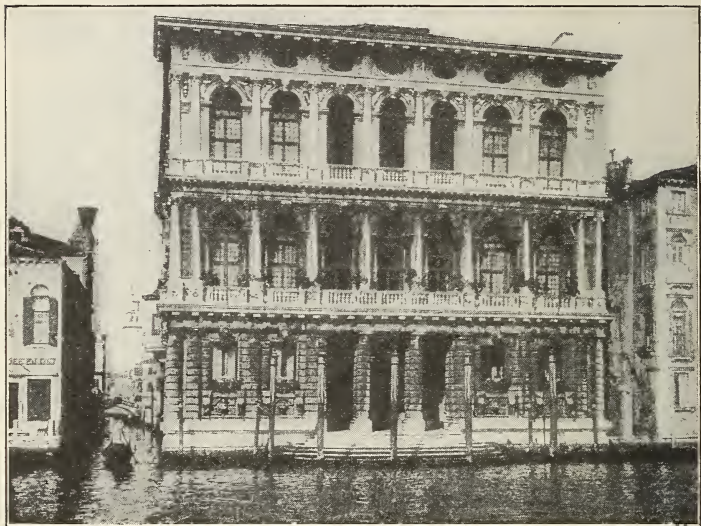


Robert Browning.

If Tennyson represents the poet of art, Browning stands for the poet of energy. In sheer bulk his work is greater than that of almost any other English poet. His masterpiece, *The Ring and the Book*, is twice as long as *Paradise Lost*. He is among the most original of our poets; he developed a new form of writing, the dramatic monologue, and achieved a style which is, fortunately, unique. He has been vigorously assailed, as vigorously defended, and while not the most read, is certainly the most discussed poet of the Victorian age. His lack of popularity is due to several things, the chief being that in form and

style he is so unlike other poets that at first he is puzzling.

The dramatic monologue is the form he usually employs. In this there is a single speaker, but we are made aware of the presence of others. The poem *My Last Duchess* is a good example of his method. It begins abruptly; the speaker is a Duke who is about to marry a second time;



BROWNING'S HOME IN VENICE

to the envoy who comes to arrange the marriage he gives a brief account of his last Duchess. In doing so he reveals, quite unconsciously, his own character: his love of art, his pride, his selfishness, and his cruelty. In this power to lay bare the very souls of his characters Browning stands without a rival. These characters are usually shown to us at some crisis in their lives, some supreme moment which reveals the real man. He is interested not

in events but in personalities; he does not tell stories but analyzes motives. Now this, however skillfully done, appeals to the thoughtful few, not to the many. In style, too, Browning's peculiarities repel at first. He makes no effort to sing lullabies to his readers, but rather stings their minds into activity with some abrupt or puzzling phrase. He said that he never intended his poetry to serve to an idle man as a substitute for a cigar after dinner; he must be wrestled with to get at his meaning. And what is the prize that one gains? In the first place, to read Browning is an intellectual tonic. The very difficulties stimulate mental activity. Again, once his poetry is grasped, it yields keen delight. He has a vividness of description that is like the lines of an etching; he can command at times a music as sweet as Tennyson's; he loves nature, and sings her praises like any lark. But these qualities are found in other poets. What is distinctive in Browning is his power of showing the hidden springs of motive which determine action, in analyzing character, — now a bishop, now an impostor, now a criminal, showing in each the man as he seems to others and the man as he is before God.

Subtlest assertor of the soul in song,

is the word of a brother poet. And in all this the mood of Browning is one of triumphant optimism. He holds that life is good; old age but completes youth, death is but the gateway to life, higher, fuller, than we have ever known. He is thus one of the great spiritual teachers of the age. In poems like *Rabbi Ben Ezra* and *Saul* he treats the theme of eternal life, not in the mood of half-doubt that is often heard in Tennyson, but affirming with splendid certainty,

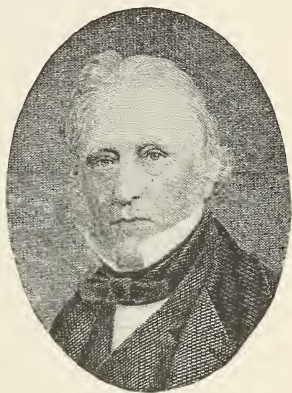
Thy soul and God stand sure.

Elizabeth Barrett Browning (1806–1861) was known as a poet earlier than her husband. The story of her marriage is one of the romantic chapters in English literature. In girlhood she had injured her spine, and was for years an invalid, occupied in study and writing, seeing but a few intimate friends. Robert Browning read and admired her poems, and sought to know her. Their friendship was opposed by her father, but Browning overcame all obstacles, planned a secret marriage, and carried his bride away to Italy. Here her health improved rapidly, and the two poets lived an almost ideal life, each an inspiration to the other. As a poet Mrs. Browning wrote best when under the influence of some strong feeling. *The Cry of the Children* is her plea for the poor little factory slaves in England; in *Casa Guidi Windows* she pours forth her sympathy for Italy in its struggle for freedom, and in the famous *Sonnets from the Portuguese* she tells the story of her own heart. So deep and intimate is this revelation that she attempted to conceal its real nature by giving it a title which suggested that the poems were merely a translation, but such was not the case. The *Sonnets* are her highest achievement in poetry, and are among the notable sonnet-sequences in English literature. With them should be read Browning's poem *One Word More*, addressed to his wife in dedicating to her a volume of his best poems.

Matthew Arnold (1822–1888) is chiefly known as an essayist, but he belongs among the poets as well. He was the son of Dr. Thomas Arnold, master of Rugby, known through Thomas Hughes's description in *Tom Brown's School Days*. After his education at Rugby and Oxford he became an inspector of schools. He was appointed Professor of Poetry at Oxford, which position

he held ten years. Among his principal poems are *The Forsaken Merman*, a delicately beautiful and imaginative poem, with a music such as one might fancy rings in sea bells; *Thyrsis*, a lament for his friend, Arthur Hugh Clough; and *Sohrab and Rustum*, a narrative poem. This deals with a famous hero of Persian legend; it tells an interesting story, and the closing passage is one of great beauty.

In prose writing the Victorian age has many great names; in the essay, in history, and in fiction its achievement has been notable. Of the essayists the chief are Macaulay, Carlyle, Ruskin, and Arnold. **Thomas Babington Macaulay** (1800–1859) was born in London of well-to-do parents, and, one might almost say, born a man of letters. He could read before he was three, and was writing poetry at eight. He read almost everything he could get hold of, and his marvelous memory enabled him to retain what he read almost in the words of the author. He once said that if by some catastrophe every copy of the *New Testament*, *The Pilgrim's Progress*, and *Paradise Lost* were destroyed, he could reproduce all three books from memory. At Cambridge University he speedily won distinction by his learning and his power as a debater. After leaving college a reverse in his father's circumstances obliged him to turn to writing for an income. In 1825 he published in the *Edinburgh Review* an essay on Milton which made him famous. He was sent to Par-

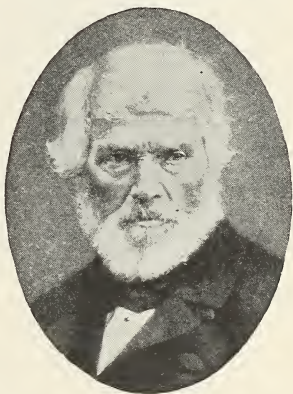


Macaulay

liament, and achieved success as an orator, rising to a place in the cabinet. But his interests were with literature, and he gladly welcomed the time when he could leave public office and undertake a work he had long planned, — a history of England. He did not live to complete this; in fact his *History* covers scarcely twenty years, yet its sale has been greater than any other work of the kind ever published. His writings include poetry, essays, and history. The *Lays of Ancient Rome* is a collection of stirring ballads, one of which, *Horatius*, has always been a favorite with young readers. His essays, chiefly on literary or historical topics, fill three volumes. Macaulay's great stores of information and his clear, forceful style made him easily the most popular essay writer of his time. In his *History of England* the same qualities made history almost as entertaining as fiction. His power of describing a scene or a personage is remarkable. His strong partisan feeling — he was a Whig — sometimes makes him a little unfair; but in the general grasp of his subject, in the power of handling a mass of details while keeping the main points clearly before you, and above all in the amazing fullness of his knowledge, his *History* is unique.

Thomas Carlyle (1795–1881), one of the most considerable men of letters of the period, was the son of a stonemason in the little Scotch village of Ecclefechan. But poverty never keeps a Scotch boy from an education, and in time young Thomas walked the ninety miles to Edinburgh and entered the university. After his course there he became a teacher; then tried, with little success, to write for magazines. He married Jane Welsh, a clever and ambitious woman, and soon after went to live at Craigenputtock, a place which he described as “the most

desolate spot in the British dominions." Here he studied hard, and wrote *Sartor Resartus*, his first notable book. Later he removed to London and there wrote most of his historical works, of which *The French Revolution* is the chief. He slowly won recognition as a writer, and in 1866 was honored by being elected Lord Rector of the University of Edinburgh. But in the same year his wife died, and her loss affected him deeply. His strength declined, and though he lived till 1881, he wrote nothing more of importance. His books fall naturally into two classes : histories and essays. The histories include *The French Revolution*, a *Life of Cromwell*, and the *History of Frederick the Great*. He had a wonderful power of making real and vivid these figures of the past. His imagination makes us see the French Revolution as if we crouched behind the barricades in the streets of Paris ; his "portrait-painting" eyes make the figures of Robespierre and Danton stand out boldly from his pages. Of his eight volumes of essays, the most significant are *Heroes and Hero-Worship* and *Sartor Resartus*. The central idea of *Heroes and Hero-Worship* is that "Universal history is at bottom the history of the great men who have worked here." This idea is developed by taking first the hero as divinity, as seen in the Norse Odin ; the hero as prophet, Mahomet ; as poet, Dante and Shakespeare ; as priest, Luther and Knox ; as man of letters, Johnson and



Thomas Carlyle

Burns ; as king, Cromwell and Napoleon. These studies of great men show Carlyle's power of entering into sympathy with men of widely different types and understanding them all. He describes people, as did Macaulay ; but while Macaulay tells with great exactness how people looked and what they did, Carlyle tells what they were. This power to go below the surface, to seek the reality beneath the outward appearance, is most clearly shown in *Sartor Resartus*, a strange, difficult, yet inspiring book. The title means The Tailor Re-tailored, and the book sets forth in a fantastic way a philosophy of clothes. Carlyle points out that the difference between a king and a beggar is largely one of clothes, and then develops the idea further : everything we see is but the symbol of what lies beneath it ; our bodies are but the clothes of the spirit, and the world itself is the Garment of God. The book purports to be a translation from the German, and this gives Carlyle an excuse for writing in a curious style, with sentences broken or inverted, new word-compounds, and frequent capitalization. One other point is noteworthy in Carlyle : his constant attitude of giving warning or advice. He saw the England of his time absorbed in commercial success, and following, he thought, false theories of economics, false ideals in society. Against these things he protested with all his power. He shares with Ruskin the honor of being one of the great reformers of the century.

John Ruskin (1819-1900), the third of the great essayists of the period, was born in London, the son of a wealthy wine merchant. He passed a strange childhood, having no young playmates, and being brought up very strictly. But his parents were fond of good books and good pictures ; they read aloud in the evenings, and the boy listened to Scott

and Shakespeare and Byron. In the summer they took journeys through England and Scotland, seeing the picturesque parts of the country and visiting the great picture galleries. At seventeen he was sent to Oxford. His parents intended him for the church, but the love of art was so strong in him that he determined to devote his life to study and criticism. His first book, *Modern Painters*, a work in five volumes, was largely a defense of Turner as the greatest of landscape painters; it showed that Ruskin was undoubtedly the greatest of English art critics, and led to his appointment as Professor of Fine Arts at Oxford. He made frequent visits to Italy, and in his *Seven Lamps of Architecture* and *Stones of Venice* he wrote of the principles of architecture as he had of painting. In these books he attempted to educate the British people to an appreciation of true art. But as he grew older he came to believe that art was not a thing that could be taught separately, but that it was the expression of the sound moral life of a nation. He saw, as Carlyle had seen, the mass of the English people indifferent to higher interests, worshipping "the Britannia of the Market-Place, the Goddess of Getting-On." No great art is possible from such a nation, he held, and so he turned aside from his favorite themes to become a social reformer, writing books in which he tried to set forth the true relation between workingmen



J Ruskin

and employers, the rights of property, and other economic questions. These volumes nearly all bore fantastic titles which gave no indication of their contents, such as *Fors Clavigera*, *Unto this Last*, and *Munera Pulveris*. But Ruskin did not confine his efforts to writing; he established libraries and art schools, he organized movements for better dwellings for the poor, and gave great sums of money to establish a coöperative community where art and industry should go together. His last book, *Præterita*, is the story of his own life.

Ruskin, like Carlyle, is a reformer, and the writings of most reformers are short-lived. Ruskin's work survives because he was more than a reformer. He possessed a remarkable power of description, particularly of objects in nature. He learned to draw as a child, and continued to make sketches all his life, thus cultivating a habit of close and accurate observation. His parents' training had given him an early love for beauty, in nature and in art. Add to this that he possessed the imagination of a poet, and it will be easy to understand why his descriptions of mountains, of clouds, of rock and flower and tree, are unequalled in the whole range of English literature. These descriptions are scattered through his *Modern Painters*; the best of them are collected into a single volume with the title *Frondes Agrestes*. No one who cares for the beauty of nature can afford to be ignorant of this book. Another of his shorter books is *Sesame and Lilies*, containing a famous lecture on how and what to read. *The Crown of Wild Olive* is a good introduction to Ruskin's ideas on modern business and society.

Matthew Arnold, whose poetry was discussed earlier in this chapter, has a place also as one of the distinctive essayists. He wrote on various topics, literature, national

ideals, and theology, — but his best work was in the field of literary criticism. He was familiar with the literatures of Greece, Rome, France, Germany, and Italy, besides that of England, and so was able to criticise literature comparatively, discussing the characteristics of French literature in general as compared to English literature, or comparing a noted English poem with a similar work in Greek or Italian. He wrote a number of brief essays on English poets of the Romantic school, such as Wordsworth, Byron, Shelley, and Keats. His *Essays in Criticism*, in two volumes, contain the best of his work; his *Discourses in America* has a noted article on Emerson.

Arnold closes our survey of the essayists. In history the Victorian age shows a marked advance over its predecessors. The work of Macaulay and Carlyle has already been mentioned. To these two other names should be added: Edward A. Freeman (1823–1892) and John Richard Green (1837–1883). Freeman chose for his field of investigation the Norman Conquest; he gave to it almost a lifetime of study, and the resulting *History of the Norman Conquest* is the standard work on that subject. Green was less of a profound scholar, but he had a picturesque way of writing history that made him more popular than any other historian except Macaulay. His *Short History of the English People* is for the general reader the best brief account of English history.

We have considered the poets, the essayists, and the historians of this era. In all these there are illustrious names, yet the most significant literary form of the period is none of these: it is fiction. This is due partly to the fact that this period contains three novelists, Dickens, Thackeray, and George Eliot, whose work has become classic. Partly owing to the success of these writers,

fiction has become by far the most widely-read form of literature. Reports of libraries show that considerably more than two thirds of all the books taken out are works of fiction. The novelist has taken advantage of this fact and made his story a means of appealing to popular sentiment to plead a cause or redress a wrong. Again, the field of fiction has grown vastly wider. In the eighteenth century an English novel was a story of English people, in England; in the nineteenth century it may be a story of Canada or Australia or India or the South Sea islands, introducing, along with English people, odd native types of character. Then too the range of subjects has grown broader. The earlier novels dealt with adventure or love-making or the ordinary social relations of the English middle class; in this period we have added the political novel, the study of crime, the religious novel, the novel of socialism, and the like. In a word, the whole complex civilization of our time, with its new social problems, its shifting religious beliefs, its new political questions, its wrongs and doubts, its hopes and plans for human betterment, — all are mirrored, more or less faithfully, in the fiction of the time.

In the early part of the period the chief names are those of **Edward Bulwer Lytton** (1803–1873) and **Charlotte Brontë**. Lytton serves to connect this period with the preceding, as he was a contemporary of Scott's. He wrote copiously and enjoyed great fame in his day; he is now remembered chiefly by his *Last Days of Pompeii*, a historical romance of the school of Scott. He wrote also two very successful plays, which still hold the stage: *Richelieu* and *The Lady of Lyons*. **Charlotte Brontë** (1816–1855), like Lytton, is known by a single book: *Jane Eyre*. Her home was in a desolate part of Yorkshire, and in her stories bleak moors, storm-tossed trees, and gloomy

mansions make a fit setting for the play of human passions she portrays. *Jane Eyre* is a girl such as no novelist before had ever chosen for a heroine: she is poor, plain, and a governess; the hero, if we may call him such, is equally unlike the typical hero of romance. Yet the story is one of unquestioned interest and power.

Charles Dickens (1812-1870) was the son of a poor clerk at Portsmouth. When Charles was nine, the family removed to London, and the next year the father was placed in prison for debt. The boy went to work in a warehouse, sleeping under the counter, and spending Sundays with his family in Marshalsea prison. Later he had a few years of schooling, and was employed as a lawyer's clerk. He studied shorthand and became a newspaper reporter. In this capacity he wrote humorous sketches of London life, and followed these with another series on a larger scale, called *The Pickwick Papers*. This book at once made him known. Novel after novel followed, and before he was thirty Dickens was the most popular writer of his generation. He was an incessant worker, editing magazines and giving public readings from his works, in addition to writing with great rapidity. The constant strain wore him out, and he died at fifty-eight. He was given the honor of a burial in Westminster Abbey.



Charles Dickens

Dickens is the novelist of the English lower classes. The upper class of English society he scarcely knew, and

his descriptions of them are poor. But the lower middle class, the small tradesmen and clerks, the butcher and baker and candlestick-maker, he knew by daily contact. And the class below this, the impostors, the petty thieves, the body-snatchers, these he knew too. Those Sundays in Marshalsea prison and the years of life in the poorest surroundings gave him the materials for *Little Dorrit* and *David Copperfield*. His first book, *Pickwick Papers*, was purely humorous; his second, *Oliver Twist*, was a melodrama, with the villain a bloody villain and the hero and heroine almost too good to be true. In his third book, *Nicholas Nickleby*, melodrama and humor were mingled, and this continued to be the method of Dickens. His characters, like those of a melodrama, are not quite the people of real life; they are worse, or better, or more amusing, than the people we know. For this reason Dickens is called a caricaturist, meaning that he exaggerates certain features. From this very fact his characters have come to stand for certain types: as Mr. Pecksniff for hypocrisy, Mr. Micawber for cheerful shiftlessness. The hardships of Dickens's early life gave him a keen sympathy for human suffering. When he became a novelist, he tried to right wrongs by calling public attention to them through his stories. The wretched conditions then existing in private boarding schools are shown in *Nicholas Nickleby*; the mismanagement of poorhouses in *Oliver Twist*. Dickens's stories usually have little plot; an exception to this is *The Tale of Two Cities*. This is his only historical novel; the two cities are London and Paris, at the time of the French Revolution. The group of shorter tales called *Christmas Stories*, including *The Cricket on the Hearth*, *The Chimes*, and *The Christmas Carol*, show Dickens's cheerful sentiment, his humor, and a touch of the fantastic which was characteristic of his work. Perhaps his

greatest strength lies in description. His books are a great picture gallery of odd, lovable, fantastic people, set in surroundings of tumble-down houses or quaint old inns; you hear the song of the teakettle or the moaning of the wind described as no other writer has described it; ghostlike shapes come and go; it is as if you were looking at a great theatrical spectacle, and you laugh or cry as you follow the play. He has amused and cheered the hearts of English readers as has no other writer of his time.

William Makepeace Thackeray (1811-1863), the second great novelist of the period, was born in Calcutta, the son of an English civil service official. He was taken to England as a child, and educated at the Charter House School and at Oxford. He studied law for a time; then went to Paris to study art. Reverses of fortune obliged him to earn his living, and he returned to London to write for newspapers and magazines. He was a contributor to *Punch*, the famous humorous weekly. Not until he was forty-five did he discover his true field, the novel. In *Vanity Fair*, a story of English society, he made his first success. This was followed by four other long novels, and by the volumes entitled *The Four Georges* and *English Humorists of the Eighteenth Century*. His home life was sad: early in his married life his wife's mind gave way, and she never recovered. His later years were cheered by the companionship of his daughter, now Mrs. Ritchie, who has edited his works.



Thackeray is the novelist of the upper class of English society, as Dickens is of the lower class. At college and afterwards his associates were professional men, men of letters, members of the aristocracy, and "society" people. When he became a novelist he described in *Vanity Fair* and *Pendennis* this world he knew. It was a brilliant world, with its witty, cultured people, its imposing social structure with royalty at the top, — a glittering spectacle indeed. Yet it was not altogether a lovely world; the best qualities of mind and heart counted for nothing beside social success. It had its impostors and cheats, and the lords and ladies, nay royalty itself, were sometimes very pitiful creatures. His comment upon it all is — *Vanity Fair*. In *Henry Esmond* he turned aside from the present day and drew a picture of life in the eighteenth century, a picture so true that it ranks as one of the greatest historical novels in English. In *The Newcomes*, a later novel, as if to make amends for his early satire on society, he drew a portrait at full length of a true-hearted, noble gentleman, Colonel Newcome. Thackeray learned the art of fiction from an earlier master, Henry Fielding. From him he adopted the practice of occasionally turning aside from the story to comment upon his characters, or to chat, as it were, with his readers on other topics. From Fielding, too, Thackeray learned the art of plot construction. Dickens's stories are apt to be rambling, and incidents are introduced which have little or no relation to the main story. But Thackeray's stories have a plot in the sense that a play has a plot. In his treatment of characters, also, Thackeray differs from Dickens. He does not exaggerate; he tries to make his people as much like those of real life as possible; the incidents in his stories appeal to us as probable and natural. From this faithfulness in making his mimic

world a true picture of the real world, Thackeray is classed among the great realists in fiction.

George Eliot (1819-1880), whose real name was Mary Ann Evans, is the third of the group of great novelists. She was born in Warwickshire, on a farm of which her father was manager, and her early years were passed among country people. She was a great reader, and since no colleges were open to women at that time, educated herself with the help of tutors. She could read seven languages, and was an eager student of science and philosophy. She wrote articles for the *Westminster Review*, and became one of its editors. This took her to London, where she met the leading intellectual men of the time. She became the wife of George Henry Lewes, and at his suggestion tried her hand at fiction, writing a series of sketches called *Scenes of Clerical Life*. Encouraged by the success of these she produced her first novel, *Adam Bede*. The freshness of this picture of rural life, the rich humor and the pathos of the story, delighted the novel-reading public and settled the question of George Eliot's career. Her next novel, *The Mill on the Floss*, contains much that is autobiographical; Maggie Tulliver, with her love for her books and for her big brother, is George Eliot herself. She traveled in Italy, and planned a great historical novel dealing with the time of Savonarola. After years of study the book was written: *Romola*. Of her later works, *Middlemarch* is the chief.



George Eliot

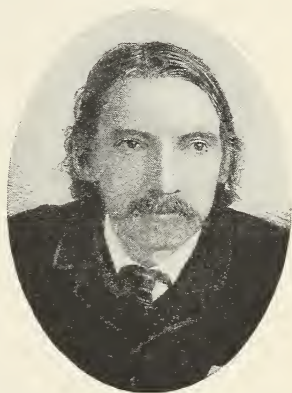
George Eliot is the novelist of English rural life. Like Dickens and Thackeray, she wrote best when dealing with the people and scenes she had known. *Silas Marner*, one of her shorter books, is typical of her work. In the first place, it impresses one as true to life. The events are probable, the characters such as one might find in many an English village. George Eliot is therefore a realist. Again, the chief interest in the book is not the story, but the development of character. Silas Marner, a young man of a trusting nature, is deeply wounded by the treachery of a friend. He goes to new surroundings, and there, shunned by every one, leads a lonely and selfish life. Suddenly and strongly this is broken by the coming of the child Eppie; in caring for her he is gradually brought back into sympathy with his fellow-men. There the book ends, for the character-development is complete. And finally, the book conveys a moral lesson. Godfrey Cass's weakness leads him to disown his child Eppie; in after years he tries to make amends and seeks to win the affection of his daughter, but it is too late. In all her books George Eliot teaches, quietly but not less convincingly, her belief that the transgression of moral laws brings its punishment not hereafter but in this life.

The three authors just discussed are the leading writers of fiction in this period. There are however many others, some of them too important to be passed over even in a brief survey. Such are Charles Reade, Anthony Trollope, Charles Kingsley, and Robert Louis Stevenson. **Charles Reade** (1814-1884) is likely to be remembered as the author of *The Cloister and the Hearth*, a historical novel which some critics place close to *Henry Esmond*. It is a remarkably vivid picture of life in Germany in the Middle Ages, and has the merit of strict historical accuracy.

Peg Woffington is a clever story of the stage. In *Never Too Late to Mend* Reade followed in the footsteps of Dickens, writing a novel with a purpose, in this case to expose the cruelties of prison discipline in England.

Anthony Trollope (1815-1882) may be called the novelist of English clerical life, or, more specifically, of the cathedral town. His best novels, *The Warden*, *Barchester Towers*, *Framley Parsonage*, and *The Last Chronicle of Barset*, deal with bishops and bishops' wives, archdeacons and poor curates, and all the society that centers about the established church. They are remarkable for their fidelity to English character. Hawthorne said of Trollope, "He is as English as a beefsteak."

Charles Kingsley (1819-1875), author of a number of books of indifferent merit, wrote two which are among the notable historical novels. *Hypatia* is a brilliant romance of Alexandria at the time that city was a world-capital. *Westward Ho!* is a stirring story of England at the time of the defeat of the Spanish Armada.



Robert Louis Stevenson

Robert Louis Stevenson (1850-1894) almost deserves a place among the essayists of the time. His early books, *An Inland Voyage* and *Travels with a Donkey*, are delightful sketches of travel. In *Virginibus Puerisque* he writes on various themes, from falling in love to the fear of death, with a grace and humor that suggest what a delightful talker he must have been. He achieved success in fiction with *Treasure Island*, a thrilling

story of adventure. *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde*, a curious and powerful story, deals with the two natures in man. The evil nature of Dr. Jekyll becomes a person, Mr. Hyde, and struggles fiercely for the mastery. The theme is a new one in fiction, and Stevenson's handling of it is intensely dramatic. *Kidnapped*, *David Balfour*, and *The Master of Ballantrae* are all romantic tales. Stevenson cares nothing about redressing social wrongs or teaching moral lessons or portraying life exactly as it is; he is neither reformer nor moralist nor realist. His purpose is to tell a good story; he is a romancer pure and simple.

Rudyard Kipling (1865-), one of the best-known writers of the present time, was born in Bombay, India, of English parents. Educated in England, a journalist in India, a traveler in Canada and South Africa, a resident for some years in the United States, he gained a wide knowledge of men and things. His first book, *Plain Tales from the Hills*, short stories of India, attracted attention by the freshness of its subject and by its crisp, graphic style. Other volumes of short stories, *In Black and White* and *Life's Handicap*, showed that Kipling knew his India, both native and European, and could make others see it, from its steaming rice fields and hot, queer-smelling jungles to the silent peaks of the Himalayas. He showed also the power to tell a story with a swiftness and directness that went straight to the mark. The two *Jungle Books* contain some of the most marvelous and fascinating beast stories ever written. His later books of short stories, *The Day's Work* and *Traffics and Discoveries*, show his remarkable power of imparting life to whatever he writes of. In *A Walking Delegate* the characters are the horses on a Vermont farm; in .007 they are locomotives, which under his hand become instinct with life. He has written several

novels. *Captains Courageous* is a favorite boys' book, while *Kim* is a vivid picture of native life in India.

In poetry also Kipling's achievement is noteworthy. *Barrack-Room Ballads* are the songs of the British soldier. Some of them, such as *Danny Deevee* and *Mandalay*, sing themselves into the memory forever. In the volume called *The Seven Seas* Kipling interpreted the lure, the might, and the tragedies of ocean as had not been done before in English poetry. In *The Five Nations* he is the poet of imperial England, chanting the glories of her world-wide sway and the praise of the great colonial nations who call England mother. Yet he realizes that power is not all, and in the solemn *Recessional*, with its burden "Lest we forget," he has written one of the great poems of Victorian England.

Kipling closes our survey of the Victorian era, and of the story of English literature. But the story itself is not finished; it is still being written. From the presses of publishers thousands of books are issued every year; the new poetry and plays and especially the new fiction is thrust upon us so persistently that we are in no danger of forgetting it. The danger is rather that in the flood of new books, so attractive to the eye, and so loudly proclaimed to be works of great genius, we may neglect the older writers upon whom time, the surest critic, has set his approval. When one tries to recall the popular novels of last year or the year before, and sees how soon they are forgotten, it is a satisfaction to turn again to the great masters, with the assurance that as long as the Anglo-Saxon race endures, these men who have interpreted its life in literature will endure also.

READING FOR CHAPTER IX

Tennyson. — Lyrics and descriptive poems: *Lady of Shalott*, *The Day Dream*, *Sir Lancelot and Queen Guinevere*, *Sir Galahad*, *Mariana*, songs from *The Princess*. Narrative: *Dora*, *Enoch Arden*, *Lancelot and Elaine* (in *Idylls*). Reflective poems: "*Break, break, break*," *The Poet*, *Ode on the Duke of Wellington*, *Merlin and the Gleam*, *Crossing the Bar*. From *In Memoriam*: Prelude and Secs. xi, xiv, xxvii, l-lv, lxvii, lxxiii, lxxxv, lxxxvi, xcvi, cvi, cxx, cxxx.

Tennyson's poems, with the author's notes, are published in 6 vols. (Macmillan). Single-volume editions are Globe, Cambridge, Astor.¹ Selected poems in Athenæum, Golden Treasury, Everyman's, Temple, Muses Library. *Idylls of the King* and *In Memoriam* are published separately in Handy Volume and Astor. Copious selections in Page; Warner; Manly; Bronson; Oxford; Pancoast, and Stedman.

Browning, Robert. — Narrative poems: *How they brought the Good News*, *The Pied Piper of Hamelin*, *Hervé Riel*, *The Flight of the Duchess*. Lyrical and dramatic: *Evelyn Hope*, *Garden Fancies: I*, *The Laboratory*, *The Lost Mistress*, *Meeting at Night*, *Love among the Ruins*, *The Last Ride Together*, *One Word More*, *Home-Thoughts, from Abroad*, *Home-Thoughts, from the Sea*, *The Lost Leader*, *My Star*, *Cavalier Tunes*. Character studies: *My Last Duchess*, *The Bishop Orders his Tomb*, *Andrea del Sarto*. Reflective poems: *Prospice*, *Abt Vogler*, *House*, *Epilogue to Asolando*, *Saul*, *Rabbi Ben Ezra*. Dramas: *Pippa Passes*.

Browning's poems, with notes and introductions, are published in 12 vols. (Crowell). Editions in very small type are the Globe (2 vols.) and Cambridge (1 vol.). Browning's own selections from his poems are published in Handy Volume and Astor. Other volumes of selections are in Temple, Muses, and Everyman's Library. Copious selections in Page; Manly; Warner; Stedman, and Pancoast.

Browning, E. B. — *The Sleep*, *Cowper's Grave*, *The House of Clouds*, *The Mask*, *The Cry of the Children*, *A Musical Instrument*, *Mother and Poet*, *Sonnets from the Portuguese*, especially Nos. i, v, x, xiv, xviii, xxviii, xxxviii, xlii.

Mrs. Browning's poems are published in Cambridge and Astor editions. Selected poems in Handy Volume. Page gives *Sonnets from*

¹ For publisher and price of various editions, see p. 142.

the Portuguese complete and other poems; selections also in Ward, vol. iv, Manly; Warner, and Stedman.

Arnold. — Poems: *Sohrab and Rustum*, *The Forsaken Merman*, *The Buried Life*, *Memorial Verses*, *Shakespeare, Requiescat*, *Worldly Place*, *Self-Dependence*, *A Wish*, *Rugby Chapel*. Essays: *On the Study of Poetry*, in *Essays in Criticism*, 2d series; also in Ward's *English Poets*, vol. i, Introduction, and in Pancoast's *English Prose*.

Arnold's poems are in Globe, Muses, and Astor series; selected poems in Temple. The *Essays* are in Eversley series (Macmillan), and in Everyman's Library. Selections from poetry in Page; Manly; Bronson; Warner; Oxford; Stedman, and Pancoast.

Macaulay. — Essays: *Life of Johnson* and *Lord Clive*, or *John Bunyan* and *Warren Hastings*. *History of England*, vol. i, Chap. III. Poems: *Lays of Ancient Rome: Horatius, Virginia*.

Macaulay's works are published in 8 vols. (Longman). The *Essays* are in Temple (5 vols.) and Everyman's Library (2 vols.). The *History* is in Everyman's Library (3 vols.). *Lays of Ancient Rome* in Temple and National Library. Extracts from Macaulay's prose in Craik, vol. iv, and Warner.

Carlyle. — *Heroes and Hero-Worship*, Lecture V, or *Sartor Resartus*, Bk. I, Chap. III; Bk. II, Chaps. VII and IX.

Both these books are in Athenæum, Temple, Everyman's, Universal, and Handy Volume series. Selections from Carlyle in Warner. Carlyle's complete works are published in 30 vols. (Scribner).

Ruskin. — *Sesame and Lilies*, Lecture I; *Crown of Wild Olive*, Introduction and Lecture I. *Fronde Agrestes*, Secs. III and IV.

Ruskin's works are published in 20 vols., Brantwood edition (Longman). *Sesame and Lilies* in Everyman's and Handy Volume series; *Crown of Wild Olive* and *Fronde Agrestes* in Handy Volume. *Modern Painters* in Everyman's Library. Selections from Ruskin, in Students' series (Sanborn) and Standard Classics (Ginn); also in Warner.

Dickens. — One of the following: *David Copperfield*, *Pickwick Papers*, *Nicholas Nickleby*, *Dombey and Son*, *Oliver Twist*, *Tale of Two Cities*, *Old Curiosity Shop*, *Our Mutual Friend*.

There are many editions of Dickens, an inexpensive one is in Everyman's Library. The Standard edition (Macmillan, 20 vols.) is illustrated.

Thackeray. — One of the following: *Vanity Fair*, *Pendennis*, *The Virginians*, *Henry Esmond*, *The Newcomes*.

The biographical edition of Thackeray has introductions by Thackeray's daughter (Harper, 13 vols.). *Henry Esmond* and *Vanity Fair* are in Everyman's and Temple.

Eliot. — One of the following: *Silas Marner*, *Mill on the Floss*, *Adam Bede*, *Middlemarch*.

George Eliot's works are published in 12 vols. (Harper). *Adam Bede* and *Silas Marner* are in Temple and Everyman's. *Romola* also in Everyman's.

Stevenson. — Novels, one of the following: *Treasure Island*, *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde*, *Master of Ballantrae*, *Kidnapped*. Essays: *Virginibus Puerisque*. Poems: *Child's Garden of Verses*.

Stevenson's works, with biographical introductions by his wife, are published in 25 vols. (Scribner). *Treasure Island* is in Everyman's. The poems are in Handy Volume and Astor series.

Kipling. — Prose: From *The Phantom Rickshaw*: *The Man who would be King*. From *The Jungle Book*: *Kaa's Hunting*. From *The Day's Work*: .007, *The Brushwood Boy*. Poems: *Barrack-Room Ballads*, *The Seven Seas*.

Kipling's complete works are published in 20 vols., Outward Bound edition (Scribner) ; also in Swastika edition (Doubleday, Page).

For fuller treatment of the writers in this period, see E. C. Stedman's *Victorian Poets* (Houghton), G. Saintsbury's *Nineteenth Century English Literature* (Macmillan), F. Harrison's *Early Victorian Literature* (Lane), W. C. Brownell's *Victorian Prose Masters* (Scribner), H. Walker's *The Age of Tennyson* (Macmillan). For Tennyson: S. Brooke's *Tennyson, His Art and His Relation to Modern Life* (Putnam), H. Van Dyke's *The Poetry of Tennyson* (Scribner), and the *Memoir* by A. Hallam Tennyson (Macmillan). For Browning: Alexander's *Introduction to Browning* (Ginn), E. Dowden's *Studies in Literature* (Scribner), G. W. Cooke's *Guidebook to Browning* (Houghton). See also lives of Tennyson, Browning, Macaulay, Carlyle, Ruskin, Dickens, Thackeray, and Eliot in *English Men of Letters* series (Macmillan).

QUOTATIONS FOR MEMORIZING

GEOFFREY CHAUCER

Truth is the highest thing that man may kepe.
Canterbury Tales.

Full wise is he that can himselven knowe.
Canterbury Tales.

Joy of this world for time will not abide ;
Fro day to day it chaungeth as the tide.
Canterbury Tales.

EDMUND SPENSER

The noblest mind the best contentment has.
Faerie Queene.

For he that strives to touch a star,
Oft stumbles at a straw.
Shepherd's Calendar.

CHRISTOPHER MARLOWE

Honor is purchased by the deeds we do.
Hero and Leander.

Epitaph

Weep not for Mortimer,
That scorns the world, and as a traveler
Goes to discover countries yet unknown.
Edward II.

O, thou art fairer than the evening air.
Clad in the beauty of a thousand stars.
Doctor Faustus.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

The fashion wears out more apparel than the man.

Much Ado about Nothing.

O, it is excellent

To have a giant's strength, but it is tyrannous

To use it like a giant.

Measure for Measure.

Every one can master a grief but he that has it.

Much Ado about Nothing.

Nought's had, all's spent,

Where our desire is got without content.

Macbeth.

Give sorrow words; the grief that does not speak

Whispers the o'er-fraught heart and bids it break.

Macbeth.

I count myself in nothing else so happy

As in a soul remembering my good friends.

Richard II.

Sweet are the uses of adversity,

Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous,

Wears yet a precious jewel in his head;

And this our life, exempt from public haunt,

Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,

Sermons in stones, and good in everything.

As You Like It.

Full many a glorious morning have I seen

Flatter the mountain tops with sovereign eye;

Kissing with golden face the meadows green,

Gilding pale streams with heavenly alchemy.

Sonnets.

He is well paid that is well satisfied.

Merchant of Venice.

O gentlemen, the time of life is short !
To spend that shortness basely were too long
If life did ride upon a dial's point,
Still ending at the arrival of an hour.

Henry IV, Part I.

How poor are they that have not patience!

Othello.

For sweetest things turn sourest by their deeds,
Lilies that fester smell far worse than weeds.

Sonnets.

All things are ready if our minds be so.

Henry V.

My words fly up, my thoughts remain below ;
Words without thoughts never to Heaven go.

Hamlet.

Our doubts are traitors,
And make us lose the good we oft might win
By fearing to attempt.

Measure for Measure.

Young men's love then lies
Not truly in their hearts but in their eyes.

Romeo and Juliet.

Rich gifts wax poor when givers prove unkind.

Hamlet.

Night's candles are burnt out, and jocund day
Stands tiptoe on the misty mountain tops.

Romeo and Juliet.

The course of true love never did run smooth.

Midsummer Night's Dream.

How far that little candle throws his beams !
So shines a good deed in a naughty world.

Merchant of Venice.

All the world's a stage,
And all the men and women merely players.
They have their exits and their entrances,
And one man in his time plays many parts.

As You Like It.

Cowards die many times before their deaths,
The valiant never taste of death but once.

Julius Cæsar.

Had I but served my God with half the zeal
I served my king, he would not in mine age
Have left me naked to mine enemies.

King Henry VIII.

Neither a borrower nor a lender be ;
For loan oft loses both itself and friend,
And borrowing dulls the edge of husbandry.
This above all : to thine own self be true,
And it must follow, as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man.

Hamlet.

There is a tide in the affairs of men
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune ;
Omitted, all the voyage of their life
Is bound in shallows and in miseries.

Julius Cæsar.

These our actors,
As I foretold you, were all spirits, and
Are melted into air, into thin air ;
And, like the baseless fabric of this vision,
The cloud-capped towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve,
And, like this insubstantial pageant faded,
Leave not a rack behind. We are such stuff
As dreams are made on ; and our little life
Is rounded with a sleep.

The Tempest.

BEN JONSON

Here was she wont to go! and here! and here!
 Just where these daisies, pinks and violets grow;
 The world may find the Spring by following her,
 For other print her airy steps ne'er left.
 Her treading would not bend a blade of grass,
 Or shake the downy bluebell from his stalk!
 But like the soft west wind she shot along
 And where she went, the flowers took thickest root,
 As she had sowed them with her odorous foot.

The Sad Shepherd.

FRANCIS BACON

I have often thought upon death, and I find it the least of all evils.

Essays: Of Death.

Revenge is a kind of wild justice, which the more man's nature runs to, the more ought law to weed it out.

Essays: Of Revenge.

Virtue is like a rich stone, — best plain set.

Essays: Of Beauty.

Men in great place are thrice servants, — servants of the sovereign or state, servants of fame, and servants of business.

Essays: Of Great Place.

Some books are to be tasted, others swallowed, and some few to be chewed and digested.

Essays: Of Studies.

Reading maketh a full man, conference a ready man, and writing an exact man.

Essays: Of Studies.

IZAACK WALTON

Angling is somewhat like poetry, — men are to be born so.

The Compleat Angler.

Angling may be said to be so like the mathematics that it can never be fully learnt.

The Compleat Angler.

JOHN MILTON

He that has light within his own clear breast
 May sit i' the center and enjoy bright day ;
 But he that hides a dark soul and foul thoughts
 Benighted walks under the midday sun ;
 Himself is his own dungeon.

Comus.

Mortals, that would follow me,
 Love Virtue, she alone is free ;
 She can teach you how to climb
 Higher than the sphery chime ;
 Or, if Virtue feeble were,
 Heaven itself would stoop to her.

Comus.

God doth not need
 Either man's work or his own gifts ; who best
 Bear his mild yoke, they serve him best. His state
 Is kingly ; thousands at his bidding speed,
 And post o'er land and ocean without rest ;
 They also serve who only stand and wait.

Sonnet : On His Blindness.

Come and trip it as you go
 On the light fantastic toe.

L' Allegro.

I walk unseen
 On the dry smooth-shaven green
 To behold the wandering moon
 Riding near her highest noon,
 Like one that had been led astray
 Through the heavens' wide pathless way ;
 And oft, as if her head she bowed,
 Stooping through a fleecy cloud.

Il Penseroso.

The mind is its own place, and in itself
 Can make a heaven of hell, a hell of heaven.

Paradise Lost.

With grave

Aspect he rose, and in his rising seemed
 A pillar of state ; deep on his front engraven
 Deliberation sat, and public care ;
 And princely counsel in his face yet shone,
 Majestic though in ruin : sage he stood,
 With Atalantean shoulders, fit to bear
 The weight of mightiest monarchies ; his look
 Drew audience and attention still as night
 Or summer's noontide air.

Paradise Lost.

ROBERT HERRICK

Night Piece : To Julia

Her eyes the glow-worm lend thee,
 The shooting stars attend thee ;
 And the Elves also,
 Whose little eyes glow
 Like the sparks of fire, befriend thee.

No Will-o'-the-wisp mislight thee,
 Nor snake nor slow-worm bite thee,
 But on, on thy way
 Without making a stay,
 Since ghost there's none to affright thee.

Let not the dark thee cumber ;
 What though the moon does slumber ?
 The stars of the night
 Will lend thee their light
 Like tapers clear without number.

GEORGE HERBERT

Dare to be true : nothing can need a lie ;
 A fault which needs it most grows two thereby.

The Church Porch.

JOHN DRYDEN

Errors like straws upon the surface flow ;
 He who would search for pearls must dive below.
All for Love.

Great wits are sure to madness near allied,
 And thin partitions do their bounds divide.
Absalom and Achitophel.

Better to hunt in fields for health unbought
 Than fee the doctor for a nauseous draught.
 The wise for cure on exercise depend ;
 God never made his work for man to mend.
Epistle to J. Dryden.

JONATHAN SWIFT

Censure is the tax a man pays to the public for becoming eminent.

Thoughts.
 'Tis an old maxim in the schools
 That flattery's the food of fools ;
 Yet now and then your men of wit
 Will condescend to take a bit.
Cadenus and Vanessa.

Every man desires to live long, but no man would be old.
Thoughts.

The reason why so few marriages are happy is because young ladies spend their time in making nets, not in making cages.
Thoughts.

And he gave it for his opinion, that whoever could make two ears of corn or two blades of grass to grow upon a spot of ground where only one grew before, would deserve better of mankind and do more essential service to his country than the whole race of politicians put together.

Gulliver's Travels.

JOSEPH ADDISON

Sunday clears away the rust of the whole week.

Spectator.

A good conscience is to the soul what health is to the body.

Spectator.

Books are the legacies that a great genius leaves to mankind.

Spectator.

The truth of it is, a woman seldom asks advice before she has bought her wedding gown.

Spectator.

'Tis not in mortals to command success,
But we'll do more, Sempronius, we'll deserve it.

Cato.

The soul, secured in her existence, smiles
At the drawn dagger and defies its point.
The stars shall fade away, the sun himself
Grow dim with age, and Nature sink in years ;
But thou shalt flourish in immortal youth,
Unhurt amidst the war of elements,
The wrecks of matter, and the crush of worlds.

Cato.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH

In arguing, too, the parson owned his skill,
For e'en though vanquished he could argue still ;
While words of learned length and thundering sound
Amaz'd the gazing rustics rang'd around ;
And still they gazed, and still the wonder grew
That one small head could carry all he knew.

The Deserted Village.

The first time I read an excellent book, it is to me just as if I had gained a new friend ; when I read over a book I have perused before, it resembles the meeting with an old one.

Essays.

ALEXANDER POPE

'Tis with our judgments as our watches, none
Go just alike, yet each believes his own.

Essay on Criticism.

To observations which ourselves we make
We grow more partial for th' observer's sake.

Moral Essays.

'Tis education forms the common mind;
Just as the twig is bent the tree's inclined.

Moral Essays.

Heaven from all creatures hides the book of Fate,
All but the page prescribed, the present state.

Essay on Man.

All are but parts of one stupendous whole,
Whose body Nature is, and God the soul.

Essay on Man.

Know then thyself, presume not God to scan;
The proper study of mankind is Man.

Essay on Man.

Vice is a monster of so frightful mien,
As to be hated, needs but to be seen:
Yet seen too oft, familiar with her face,
We first endure, then pity, then embrace.

Essay on Man.

True ease in writing comes from art, not chance,
As those move easiest who have learned to dance.

Essay on Criticism.

If to her share some female errors fall,
Look on her face, and you'll forget them all.

The Rape of the Lock.

SAMUEL JOHNSON

It is worth a thousand pounds a year to have the habit of looking on the bright side of things.

Boswell's Life of Johnson.

Nothing will ever be attempted if all possible objections must be first overcome.

Rasselas.

To him that lives well, every form of life is good.

Rasselas.

Cultivate your mind, if you happen to have one.

Letters.

Knowledge is of two kinds : we know a subject ourselves or we know where we can find information upon it.

Boswell's Life of Johnson.

Always remember that the fate of the unfortunate may become your own.

Rasselas.

WILLIAM COWPER

An idler is a watch that wants both hands,
As useless if it goes as if it stands.

Retirement.

Knowledge is proud that he has learned so much ;
Wisdom is humble that he knows no more.

The Task.

I would not enter on my list of friends
(Though graced with polished manners and fine sense,
Yet wanting sensibility) the man
Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm.

The Task.

How much a dunce that has been sent to roam
Excels a dunce that has been kept at home.

Progress of Error.

WILLIAM BLAKE

The fox condemns the trap, not himself.

Proverbs.

There is a moment in each day that Satan cannot find.

Proverbs.

I give you the end of a golden string,
Only wind it into a ball ;
It will lead you in at Heaven's gate
Built in Jerusalem wall.

Fragments.

THOMAS GRAY

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Await alike the inevitable hour,
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.
Elegy in a Country Churchyard.

Full many a gem of purest ray serene
The dark unfathomed caves of ocean bear ;
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.
Elegy in a Country Churchyard.

Do you not think the mind has more room in it than most people
seem to think, if you will but furnish the apartments?

Letters.

On Milton

He pass'd the flaming bounds of place and time :
The living throne, the sapphire blaze,
Where angels tremble while they gaze,
He saw ; but blasted with excess of light,
Closed his eyes in endless night.

The Progress of Poesy.

ROBERT BURNS

But human bodies are sic fools,
For a' their colleges and schools,
That when nae real ills perplex them,
They make enow themselves to vex them.

The Twa Dogs.

Had we never loved sae kindly,
Had we never loved sae blindly,
Never met, or never parted,
We had ne'er been broken-hearted!

Ae Fond Kiss.

To catch Dame Fortune's golden smile
Assiduous wait upon her,
And gather gear by every wile
That's justified by honor.
Not for to hide it in a hedge
Not for a train-attendant,
But for the glorious privilege
Of being independent.

Letter to a Young Friend.

A prince can make a belted knight,
A marquis, duke, and a' that;
But an honest man's aboon his might,
Guid faith, he maunna fa'¹ that.

For a' That and a' That.

To see her is to love her,
And love but her forever;
For nature made her what she is,
And ne'er made sic another!

Bonnie Lesley.

But pleasures are like poppies spread,
You seize the flower, its bloom is shed;
Or like the snowflake in the river,
A moment white, then melts forever.

Tam o' Shanter.

¹ May not claim.

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE

Epitaph on an Infant

Ere sin could blight or sorrow fade,
 Death came with kindly care ;
 The opening bud to Heaven conveyed,
 And bade it blossom there.

To a Lady

I have heard of reasons manifold
 Why Love must needs be blind,
 But this the best of all I hold —
 His eyes are in his mind.

What outward form and features are
 He guesseth but in part ;
 But what within is good and fair
 He seeth with the heart.

I wish our clever young poets would remember my homely definitions of prose and poetry, that is : prose, words in their best order ; poetry, the best words in their best order.

Lectures on Shakespeare.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

She dwelt among the untrodden ways

She dwelt among the untrodden ways
 Beside the springs of Dove,
 A maid whom there were none to praise,
 And very few to love ;

A violet by a mossy stone
 Half-hidden from the eye !
 Fair as a star, when only one
 Is shining in the sky.

She lived alone, and few could know
 When Lucy ceased to be ;
 But she is in her grave, and, O,
 The difference to me !

The primal duties shine aloft like stars ;
The charities that soothe and heal and bless
Are scattered at the feet of man like flowers.

The Excursion.

That best portion of a good man's life —
His little, nameless, unremembered acts
Of kindness and of love.

Personal Talk.

My heart leaps up when I behold
A rainbow in the sky ;
So was it when my life began,
So is it now I am a man,
So be it when I shall grow old,
Or let me die.

My Heart leaps Up.

A creature not too bright or good
For human nature's daily food ;
For transient sorrows, simple wiles,
Praise, blame, love, kisses, tears and smiles.

She was a Phantom of Delight.

Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting :
The soul that rises with us, our life's star,
Hath elsewhere had its setting,
And cometh from afar.
Not in entire forgetfulness,
And not in utter nakedness,
But trailing clouds of glory, do we come
From God, who is our home :
Heaven lies about us in our infancy.

Ode on Immortality.

To me the meanest flower that blows can give
Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears.

Ode on Immortality.

A man he seems of cheerful yesterdays
And confident to-morrows.

The Excursion.

CHARLES LAMB

The greatest pleasure I know is to do a good action by stealth and have it found out by accident.

Letters.

The human species, according to the best theory I can form of it, is composed of two distinct races: the men who borrow and the men who lend.

Essays of Elia.

Presents, I often say, endear absents.

Essays of Elia.

SIR WALTER SCOTT

Oh what a tangled web we weave
When first we practice to deceive!

Marmion.

Breathes there the man with soul so dead
Who never to himself hath said
This is my own, my native land!

* * * * *

If such there breathe, go, mark him well!
For him no minstrel raptures swell;
High though his titles, proud his name,
Boundless his wealth as wish can claim,—
Despite those titles, power, and pelf,
The wretch, concentered all in self,
Living, shall forfeit fair renown,
And, doubly dying, shall go down
To the vile dust from whence he sprung
Unwept, unhonored, and unsung.

Marmion.

Oh, many a shaft at random sent
Finds mark the archer little meant!
And many a word at random spoken
May soothe or wound a heart that's broken!

The Lady of the Lake.

GEORGE GORDON BYRON

Here's a sigh to those who love me,
And a smile to those who hate;
And whatever sky's above me,
Here's a heart for every fate.

To Thomas Moore.

'Tis sweet to hear the watch-dog's honest bark
Bay deep-mouthed welcome as we draw near home;
'Tis sweet to know there is an eye will mark
Our coming, and look brighter when we come.

Don Juan.

Who would be free, themselves must strike the blow.

Childe Harold.

I've seen your stormy seas and stormy women,
And pity lovers rather more than seamen.

Don Juan.

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY

We look before and after,
And pine for what is not;
Our sincerest laughter
With some pain is fraught;
Our sweetest songs are those that tell of saddest thought.

To a Skylark.

Poetry is the record of the best and happiest moments of the happiest and best minds.

A Defence of Poetry.

Peace, peace! He is not dead, he doth not sleep;
He hath awakened from the dream of life.
'Tis we who lost in stormy visions, keep
With phantoms an unprofitable strife.
He has outsoared the shadows of our night;
Envy and calumny, and hate and pain,
And that unrest which men miscall delight,
Can touch him not and torture not again.

Adonais.

JOHN KEATS

The great end
Of poetry, that it should be a friend
To soothe the cares and lift the thoughts of men.

Sleep and Poetry.

Beauty is truth, truth beauty, — that is all
Ye know on earth, and all ye need to know.

Ode on a Grecian Urn.

WILLIAM M. THACKERAY

A man is seldom more manly than when he is what you call unmanned.

English Humourists.

We view the world with our own eyes, each of us ; and we make from within us the world we see.

English Humourists.

“ ’Tis not the dying for a faith that’s so hard, Master Harry, — every man of every nation has done that, — ’tis the living up to it that is difficult.”

Henry Esmond.

THOMAS CARLYLE

Great men are punctuation marks in the text of time.

Inscription at Winchester School.

Sarcasm I now see to be in general the language of the devil.

Sartor Resartus.

The end of man is an Action, and not a Thought.

Sartor Resartus.

The history of the world is but the Biography of great men.

Heroes and Hero-Worship.

The greatest of faults is to be conscious of none.

Heroes and Hero-Worship.

Do the Duty which lies nearest thee, which thou knowest to be a Duty ! Thy second Duty will already have become clearer.

Sartor Resartus.

We are all poets when we read a poem well.

Heroes and Hero-Worship.

All that mankind has done, thought, gained, or been: it is lying in magic preservation in the pages of books.

Heroes and Hero-Worship.

MATTHEW ARNOLD

For we are all, like swimmers in a sea,
Poised on the top of a huge wave of fate,
Which hangs uncertain to which side to fall.
And whether it will heave us up to land,
Or whether it will roll us out to sea,
Back out to sea, to the deep wave of death,
We know not, and no search will make us know;
Only the event will teach us in its hour.

Sohrab and Rustum.

We have to turn to poetry to interpret life for us.

Essays in Criticism.

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING

Behind no prison grate, she said,
Which slurs the sunshine half a mile,
Live captives so uncomforted
As souls behind a smile.

The Mask.

There's nothing low
In love, when love the lowest: meanest creatures
Who love God, God accepts while loving so.

Sonnets from the Portuguese.

Mark, there. We get no good
By being ungenerous, even to a book,
And calculating profits — so much help
From so much reading. It is rather when
We gloriously forget ourselves, and plunge
Soul-forward, headlong, into a book's profound,
Impassioned for its beauty and salt of truth, —
'Tis then we get the right good from a book.

Aurora Leigh.

ROBERT BROWNING

Have you found your life distasteful?
 My life did and does smack sweet.
 Was your youth of pleasure wasteful?
 Mine I saved and hold complete.

I find earth not gray but rosy,
 Heaven not grim, but fair of hue.
 Do I stoop? I pluck a posy.
 Do I stand and stare? All's blue.

At the "Mermaid."

'Tis not what man does which exalts him, but what man would do!
Saul.

My own hope is, a sun will pierce
 The thickest cloud earth ever stretched;
 That, after Last, returns the First,
 Though a wide compass round be fetched;
 That what began best, can't end worst,
 Nor what God blessed once, prove accurst.

Apparent Failure.

I count life just a stuff
 To try the soul's strength on.

In a Balcony.

Sorrow is hard to bear, and doubt is slow to clear,
 Each sufferer says his say, his scheme of the weal or woe;
 But God has a few of us whom he whispers in the ear;
 The rest may reason and welcome, 'tis we musicians know.

Abt Vogler.

When the fight begins within himself,
 A man's worth something.

Bishop Blougram's Apology.

All service ranks the same with God,
 With God, whose puppets, best and worst,
 Are we: there is no last nor first.

Pippa Passes.

JOHN RUSKIN

If in our moments of utter insipidity we turn to the sky as a last resource, which of its phenomena do we speak of? One says it has been wet; and another, it has been windy; and another, it has been warm. Who among the whole chattering crowd can tell me of the forms and the precipices of the chain of tall white mountains that girded the horizon at noon yesterday? Who saw the narrow sunbeam that came out of the South and smote upon their summits until they melted and mouldered away in a dust of blue rain? Who saw the dance of the dead clouds when the sunlight left them last night and the west wind blew them before it like withered leaves? All has passed away, unregretted as unseen.

Fronde Agrestes.

Life being very short and the quiet hours of it few, we ought to waste none of them reading valueless books.

Sesame and Lilies.

GEORGE ELIOT

Our tongues are little triggers which have usually been pulled before general intentions can be brought to bear.

Middlemarch.

The golden moments in the stream of life rush past us, and we see nothing but sand; the angels come to visit us, and we only know them when they are gone.

Scenes of Clerical Life.

However strong a man's resolution may be, it costs him something to carry it out, now and then. We may determine not to gather any cherries, and keep our hands sturdily in our pockets, but we can't prevent our mouths from watering.

Adam Bede.

Old men's eyes are like old men's memories, they are strongest for things a long way off.

Romola.

The only failure a man ought to fear is failure in cleaving to the purpose he sees to be best.

Felix Holt.

We are apt to measure ourselves by our aspirations instead of our performances.

Conversations.

In the old days there were angels who came and took men by the hand and led them away from the City of Destruction. We see no white-winged angels now. But yet men are led away from threatening destruction: a hand is put into theirs which leads them forth gently towards a calm and bright land, so that they no more look backward; and the hand may be a little child's.

Silas Marner.

ALFRED TENNYSON

Yet I doubt not through the ages one increasing purpose runs,
And the thoughts of man are widened with the process of the suns.

Locksley Hall.

I am a part of all that I have met.

Ulysses.

Howe'er it be, it seems to me,
'Tis only noble to be good.
Kind hearts are more than coronets,
And simple faith than Norman blood.

Lady Clara Vere de Vere.

Love took up the harp of Life, and smote on all the chords with might;
Smote the chord of Self, that, trembling, passed in music out of sight.

Locksley Hall.

I held it truth, with him who sings
To one clear harp in divers tones,
That men may rise on stepping-stones
Of their dead selves to higher things.

In Memoriam.

He makes no friend who never made a foe.

Idylls of the King.

God's finger touched him, and he slept.

In Memoriam.

The poet in a golden clime was born,
Dowered with the hate of hate, the scorn of scorn,
The love of love.

The Poet.

Self-reverence, self-knowledge, self-control, —
These three alone lead life to sovereign power.

Ænone.

This is truth the poet sings,
That a sorrow's crown of sorrow is remembering happier things.
Locksley Hall.

A lie which is all a lie may be met and fought with outright;
But a lie which is part a truth is a harder matter to fight.

The Grandmother.

So many worlds, so much to do,
So little done, such things to be.

In Memoriam.

If thou shouldst never see my face again,
Pray for my soul. More things are wrought by prayer
Than this world dreams of. Wherefore let thy voice
Rise like a fountain for me night and day.
For what are men better than sheep or goats
That nourish a blind life within the brain,
If, knowing God, they lift not hands of prayer
Both for themselves and those who call them friend.
For so the whole round earth is every way
Bound by gold chains about the feet of God.

Idylls of the King.

BOOKS AND EDITIONS REFERRED TO IN READING LISTS

VOLUMES OF SELECTIONS

Bronson, W. C., *English Poems, Nineteenth Century*. Selections from the chief writers only, with brief notes. Other volumes to follow, covering earlier periods. 1 vol., \$1. University of Chicago Press.

Chambers's *Cyclopaedia of English Literature*. Three large volumes, containing biographical and critical accounts of nearly all English writers, with brief extracts from their works. Illustrated with portraits. Set, 3 vols., \$15. J. B. Lippincott Co., Phila.

Craik, H., *English Prose*. Includes writers from fourteenth century to present time, giving selections, with biographical and critical prefaces. A companion set to Ward's *English Poets*, but less valuable, as the selections are seldom complete. 5 vols., \$1.10 per volume. Macmillan Co., N. Y.

Hales, J. W., *Longer English Poems*. Selections from Spenser to Keats, with notes. 1 vol., \$1.10. Macmillan Co., N. Y.

Manly, J. M., *English Poetry, 1170-1892*. Gives in a single large volume sufficient selections to represent the whole course of English poetry. No notes nor biographies. The best single-volume collection. \$1.50. Ginn & Co., Boston.

Oxford Book of English Verse. Selections, chiefly lyrical, from 1250-1900, chosen by A. T. Quiller-Couch. No notes. 1 vol., \$1.90. Clarendon Press, N. Y.

Page, C. H., *British Poets of the Nineteenth Century*. Includes only the chief writers, but gives nearly 100 pages of selections from each author. Valuable also for the lists of reference books in biography and criticism for each author. 1 vol., \$2. B. H. Sanborn, Boston.

Pancoast, H. S., *Standard English Poems*. From Spenser to Tennyson; full notes. 1 vol., \$1.50. Henry Holt & Co., N. Y.

——— *Standard English Prose*. From Bacon to Stevenson, with notes. 1 vol., \$1.50. Henry Holt & Co., N. Y.

Stedman, E. C., *Victorian Anthology*. Includes English, Irish, and Colonial poetry of the period; several hundred authors represented, usually by several short poems. Brief biographies in Appendix. Valuable as showing range and quality of Victorian poetry. 1 vol., \$2.50. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.

Ward, A. W., *English Poets*. Covers English poetry from Chaucer to — but not including — the Victorian period. Biographical and critical introductions by eminent critics. Selections full and well chosen. A valuable collection. 4 vols., \$1 per volume. Macmillan Co., N. Y.

Warner, C. D., *Library of World's Best Literature*. Covers foreign as well as English and American literature. Extracts from all authors, prefaced by brief biography and criticism. Many portraits. 30 vols. R. S. Peale and J. A. Hill, N. Y.

STANDARD EDITIONS OF ENGLISH AUTHORS

Aldine Poets. Includes nearly all English poets except Victorian writers. Complete editions, with biographical introductions. 70 vols., 75 cents per volume. Macmillan Co., N. Y.

Athenæum Press Series. Complete works and volumes of selections, carefully edited, with introductions, notes, and bibliographies. Excellent where it is desired to make careful study of an author. 30 vols., 60 cents to \$1.40 per volume. Ginn & Co., Boston.

Astor Poets. English and American poets, usually complete editions, with portrait and introduction. 95 vols., 60 cents per volume. T. Y. Crowell & Co., N. Y.

Cambridge Poets. English and American poets, complete works, with engraved portrait and introduction. A desirable library edition. 20 vols., \$2 per volume. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.

Everyman's Library. Classic works in English and foreign literature, with brief introductions. One of the best cheap editions. 300 vols., 35 cents per volume. E. P. Dutton & Co., N. Y.

Globe Poets. The chief English poets in single-volume, small-type editions, with portrait, introduction, and notes. 19 vols., \$1.75 per volume. Macmillan Co., N. Y.

Handy Volume Classics. Includes poetry and prose. The volumes are small, but clearly printed; brief introductions, no notes. 175 vols., 35 cents per volume. T. Y. Crowell & Co., N. Y.

Library of English Classics. Standard English prose works. Large, well-printed volumes, with editorial introductions. A good library edition. 17 vols., \$1.50 per volume. Macmillan Co., N. Y.

Mermaid Series. English dramatists of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. Best plays of each writer, with introduction and notes. 26 vols., \$1 per volume. Charles Scribner's Sons, N. Y.

Muses Library. English poets, in small volumes uniform with Universal Library, small type; good editorial introductions. 40 vols., 40 cents per volume. E. P. Dutton & Co., N. Y.

National Library. Standard prose and poetry in pocket volumes, small type, with introductions, no notes. 215 vols. Paper, 10 cents per volume; cloth, 20 cents. Cassell & Co., N. Y.

Temple Classics. Attractive pocket editions of standard works, English and foreign. Introductions and brief notes. A desirable edition. 230 vols., 50 cents per volume. Macmillan Co., N. Y.

Temple Dramatists. Includes Shakespeare and other English and European dramatic writers. Each play in a single volume, with introduction and notes. 70 vols., 50 cents per volume. Macmillan Co., N. Y.

Universal Library. Standard works in handy forms, small type. 90 vols., 40 cents per volume. E. P. Dutton & Co., N. Y.

AMERICAN LITERATURE

CHAPTER I

THE COLONIAL WRITERS

John Smith

Cotton Mather

Jonathan Edwards

IN its beginning American literature was merely an offshoot of English literature. It has come to be much more than that to-day, but we are dealing with its origin. The early English colonists in America were, many of them, graduates of the universities; they brought with them English books and English ideas. It was simply the transplanting of English culture to a new soil. The very earliest books written in America hardly belong to American literature at all; they are books by Englishmen who wrote while they were away from home.



Jo Smith.

Such is the case with the book that has been called the earliest in American literature, the *True Relation* of Captain **John Smith** (1580-1631). The full title of this book is *The True Relation of Such Occurrences and Accidents of Note as Hath Happened in*

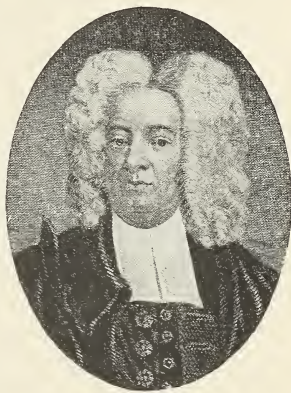
Virginia. Smith was a typical adventurer of the time of Queen Elizabeth. He left home a boy of fifteen and wandered through many lands. On a voyage to Italy he was thrown into the sea as a heretic by a company of pilgrims, who declared they should have no good weather while he was on board. In Turkey he overcame three champions in single combat and cut off their heads. His *True Relation* tells of his deeds in America as explorer and Indian fighter. The story of his romantic rescue by Pocahontas is one of the incidents he relates. A few other books were produced in Virginia, but like the *True Relation* they were the work of Englishmen.

In New England, however, we find books written by men who had become citizens of the new country. The early literature of the New England colonies falls into two classes: historical and theological. The historical writing is chiefly in the form of journals or diaries, in which the founding of the nation is told by the founders themselves. Such books are William Bradford's *History of Plymouth* and John Winthrop's *History of New England*. In these we see the intensely religious character of the people. The Puritan Sabbath began at sundown on Saturday; the drowning of a child in a well is spoken of as a just punishment upon the father for working after sundown Saturday. A woman who reproached the elders of the church had a cleft stick put upon her tongue for half an hour. A drunkard was ordered to wear a red D about his neck for a year, an incident which Hawthorne adapted in *The Scarlet Letter*.

The theological writings fill many volumes. The ministers were well educated, trained in composition by writing four sermons a week, and some of them produced books with alarming facility. Cotton Mather is credited with

over four hundred volumes, some of them still unpublished. Yet very little of all this theological writing belongs to literature; none of it is read to-day except by the curious. One of the remarkable books of this class is John Eliot's *Indian Bible*. Eliot was a Puritan divine who held that the Indians were descendants of the Ten Lost Tribes of Israel, and devoted his life to the attempt to Christianize them. To this end he learned their language and translated the whole Bible into Algonquin. This was the first time that the Indian speech had been reduced to writing, and Eliot's was the first Bible printed in America.

The most distinguished religious writers of the time were Cotton Mather and Jonathan Edwards. **Cotton Mather** (1663-1728) was the third of a line of famous New England preachers and a man of mighty achievements. He entered Harvard College at eleven, was preaching at seventeen, and as pastor of the North Church of Boston exercised greater influence than the governor of the colony. He knew seven languages; some of his books are written in English, some in French, some in Spanish, some in Algonquin, while he quotes Greek and Hebrew frequently.



Cotton Mather

His great work is the *Magnalia Christi Americana*, or *Ecclesiastical History of New England*. This is a huge book, filling over a thousand folio pages. It contains the lives of eminent New England ministers; a history of Harvard College, which was founded to train men for the

ministry; and accounts of the battles of the church with its enemies, among whom Mather counted witches, Indians, and Quakers. The *Magnalia* is to American literature what Bede's *Ecclesiastical History* is to English literature.

A second work of Mather's was *The Wonders of the Invisible World*, in which witchcraft was fully treated. Mather believed that the American continent was the special home of the Devil, where he had reigned without any interference for ages. The setting up of the church in the land had angered the Devil terribly. He had come in person to wage war against it, and by means of witchcraft to confound even the godly ones. It all seems absurd enough now; but Mather and other leaders of the people were terribly in earnest, and to their influence is due in large part the witchcraft trials at Salem, with their tragic ending.

Jonathan Edwards (1703-1758) was a man of great intellectual power. He graduated from Yale College at seventeen; was a tutor there; then pastor of a church at Northampton, Mass., and later president of Princeton College. He was a wonderful preacher. The rigid doctrines of Calvinism were set forth by him with such force and vividness that his hearers trembled and wept under his words. His most famous sermon is called *Sinners in the Hands of an Angry God*. To the power of his preaching is due one of the greatest religious movements in America, the Great Awakening, as it is called. This revival movement began in Edwards's church, and in 1740-1745 spread all over the colonies, and even to England and Scotland.

Edwards's chief work was a philosophical treatise *On the Freedom of the Will*. This was written to justify the doctrines of Calvinism by pure reasoning. He maintained that the will was not free, since in every decision there was a

weighing of motives, and the choice was always made on the side where the motives were strongest. The will then is like a pair of balances that tips down on the heavier side, and cannot be said to be free. This is only a part of Edwards's system of philosophy. His book stands alone as the one great contribution to philosophy made in America.

To sum up the literary achievement of the Colonial period, it may be said that the colonists produced books but not literature. There was much written, but none of it had the symmetry of form, the grace of style, and the permanent human interest which make books live. The reason for this is not far to seek. The hardships of pioneer life, the struggle for existence in a new land, absorbed the energies of the people. The ministers were about the only class of people who had time for writing, and their writing was not for any purpose so frivolous as the production of literature. But in the following period we shall see a wider range of intellectual activity.

READING FOR CHAPTER I

The writings of John Smith, Cotton Mather, and Jonathan Edwards are not easy to find, except in large libraries. Sufficient extracts from these writers are given in Trent's *Colonial Prose and Poetry*¹ and in the Stedman-Hutchison *Library of American Literature*.

For fuller treatment of this period, see C. F. Richardson's *American Literature*, vol. i (Putnam); D. G. Mitchell's *American Lands and Letters*, vol. i (Scribner); M. C. Tyler's *History of American Literature during the Colonial Time* (Putnam).

¹ For publisher and price of books referred to, see p. 278.

CHAPTER II

THE REVOLUTIONARY WRITERS

<i>Patrick Henry</i>	<i>Alexander Hamilton</i>
<i>Thomas Jefferson</i>	<i>Philip Freneau</i>
<i>Benjamin Franklin</i>	

THE Revolutionary period is used here to include more than the period of actual war. It covers the years preceding the Revolution, when orators and writers were spreading abroad ideas of independence, and it continues some years later, when the nation was gradually shaping its present form of government. Roughly speaking, the period extends from 1765 to 1800.

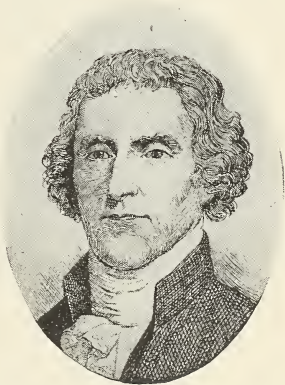
As might be supposed, the writing in this period was largely political. This is the time when American oratory began. The issues at stake were felt by thoughtful men to be of tremendous importance; yet there were many of the colonists who did not realize this, and others who feared that in a union they would lose some selfish advantage. To awaken men to the importance of the crisis, to arouse in them the spirit of sacrifice for their country's sake, was a work that could not be done by cold print and paper; the message must pass direct from man to man, aided by the flashing eye, the earnest tone, and the impassioned gesture which enforce the words of the orator. How **Patrick Henry's** (1736-1799) hearers must have thrilled to hear him in the Virginia convention in 1775:

"Let us not deceive ourselves longer. We have done everything that could be done to avert the storm which is now coming on. We have petitioned, we have remonstrated, we have prostrated ourselves before

the Throne. . . . Our petitions have been slighted; our remonstrances have produced additional violence and insult; our supplications have been disregarded, and we have been spurned with contempt from the foot of the Throne. In vain, after these things, may we indulge the fond hope of peace and reconciliation. There is no longer any room for hope. If we wish to be free . . . we must fight! I repeat it, we must fight. An appeal to arms and to the God of Hosts is all that is left to us. . . . There is no retreat but in submission and slavery. Our chains are forged; their clanking may be heard on the plains of Boston. The war is inevitable—and let it come! . . . Gentlemen may cry Peace, peace,—but there is no peace. The war is actually begun. The next gale that sweeps from the north will bring to our ears the clash of resounding arms. Our brethren are already in the field. Why are we here idle? . . . Is life so dear or peace so sweet as to be purchased at the price of chains and slavery? Forbid it, Almighty God! I know not what course others may take, but as for me, give me liberty or give me death!"

James Otis of Massachusetts was another orator of the time; his speeches are compared to a flame of fire. To the stirring appeals of the orators were added clear, logical arguments in the form of political pamphlets. Samuel Adams, one of the most prolific writers of this kind of literature, has been called the organizer of the Revolution. When the Tories wrote pamphlets in opposition, he turned upon them so fiercely that, as one of his opponents said, every word stung like a horned snake.

Most famous of all the political writings of the time is the *Declaration of Independence*. This was chiefly the work of **Thomas Jefferson** (1743–1826). Its dignified



Th. Jefferson

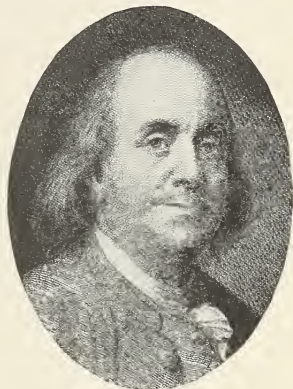
style was suited to the weighty message it conveyed, and its statements form the creed of our political liberties.

Another statesman of the period was **Alexander Hamilton** (1757-1804). In connection with others he wrote a series of papers called *The Federalist*. These set forth the principles of our Constitution with such clearness and logic that they are still studied by those who would understand the principles of our government.

In the troubled times of the Revolution one would not expect to find much attention given to poetry. A number of political ballads were written, and some more ambitious works, but they had little poetic merit. One writer of the time, however, was entitled to the name of poet. This was **Philip Freneau** (1752-1832). He was a graduate of Princeton College; he became an editor, and attacked the British in stinging satirical poems. But he found time also to write some delicate and beautiful poetry on other themes, such as *The Wild Honeysuckle*, *Eutaw Springs*, and *The Honey Bee*. Freneau's sheaf of verse is a slender one, yet by virtue of it he holds a place as our earliest American poet.

We have considered the oratory, the political writing, and the poetry of this period, but the chief writer of the time, and indeed one of the chief figures in American literature, remains to be mentioned. This is **Benjamin Franklin** (1706-1790). The story of his life we have in his own words, for he has left us an *Autobiography* which is one of the most famous ever written. He was born in Boston, Jan. 17, 1706, the son of a soap-maker. When he was ten years old, he was taken from school to help his father. This ended his school-days, but not his education. He was passionately fond of reading, and his first earnings were spent for a copy of Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress*.

He got a volume of Addison's *Spectator* and was so much delighted with it that he used it as a means of learning to write. He would read an essay and make notes of the ideas expressed. Some time afterwards he would take these notes and write out the ideas in his own words, then compare his work with the original. In this way he formed a style almost as clear and pleasing as Addison's own. He had now left his father's shop and become an apprentice to his brother James, a printer. He soon learned his trade, and determined to set up for himself in Philadelphia. He landed there, a lad of seventeen, with a capital of less than two dollars. But he had health, good habits, and strong intelligence, and soon made a place for himself. In 1726 he set up his own printing office in Philadelphia, and three years later began to publish



Benjamin Franklin

The Pennsylvania Gazette. His busy, practical mind was constantly devising schemes to benefit his fellow-men. As a plan of self-education he organized a debating club among his companions. This afterwards developed into the American Philosophical Society. He drew up the plan for an academy which afterwards became the University of Pennsylvania. As Postmaster-general he greatly improved the postal service and for the first time made it profitable. Yet with all this activity he kept up his study, especially along scientific lines. His famous experiment with a kite demonstrated that lightning and electricity

are the same; he followed this by inventing the lightning rod. His talents were soon demanded in his country's service. He was sent to England to oppose the Stamp Act, and labored for years to show the British Parliament the political blunders they were making in their treatment of the colonies. After the Revolution, at the critical period of our country's history, he was sent to France, and there did much to win for us the sympathy and assistance of that nation.

Franklin was scientist, inventor, philanthropist, statesman, and man of letters. His writings are merely incidents in his busy life, yet they hold an important place in our literature. He is best known to-day by his *Autobiography*. It is not only one of the chief books in American literature, but one of the great autobiographies of the world. It tells, simply and interestingly, the life story of a great American. In his own day, Franklin was known as the author and publisher of *Poor Richard's Almanac*. The almanac, which contained the calendar, with the days of holding court and fast days, phases of the moon, the tides, and predictions of the weather, was an indispensable book in most households. Franklin, with his practical turn of mind, inserted in his almanacs many maxims and wise sayings, thus carrying lessons of thrift and prudence into thousands of homes. These maxims, some of which were original, some old sayings adapted by Franklin, were later collected into a short discourse entitled *Father Abraham's Speech*. This was published in England as *The Way to Wealth*, and was translated into French, Spanish, German, Italian, Portuguese, Dutch, Russian, Gaelic, and Greek. Some of Poor Richard's maxims are :

One to-day is worth ten to-morrows.

God helps them who help themselves.

Keep thy shop, and thy shop will keep thee.
He that drinks fast pays slow.
Three may keep a secret, if two of them are dead.

READING FOR CHAPTER II

Extracts from the writings of Patrick Henry, Thomas Jefferson, and Alexander Hamilton are given in Warner,¹ in Brewer's *World's Best Orations*, Reed's *Modern Eloquence*, and in *Library of American Literature*.

Freneau. — Selected poems in Stedman's *American Anthology*, and *Library of American Literature*.

Franklin. — The *Autobiography* should be read. A good edition is that edited by Bigelow (Elia Series: G. P. Putnam). Inexpensive editions are in Cassell's National Library and Handy Volume Classics.

Poor Richard's Almanac is published in the Remarque series (Caldwell). *Father Abraham's Speech* is in Trent.

For fuller treatment of the writers in this period, see Barrett Wendell's *Literary History of America* (Scribner), W. P. Trent's *American Literature* (Appleton), M. C. Tyler's *Literary History of the American Revolution* (Putnam), C. F. Richardson's *American Literature*, vol. i (Putnam), and D. G. Mitchell's *American Lands and Letters* (Scribner). There is a good life of Franklin in the *American Men of Letters* series (Houghton).

¹ For publisher and price of books referred to, see p. 278.

CHAPTER III

THE KNICKERBOCKER SCHOOL

Washington Irving *J. Fenimore Cooper*
William Cullen Bryant

THE preceding chapters dealt with the literature of the Colonial and Revolutionary periods; this chapter takes up the second stage of our literary development, the Period of Achievement, from 1809 to 1869. Although this covers less than a fourth of our country's history, it includes nearly all of our chief writers. It is therefore impossible to treat it in a single chapter, as was done with the early periods. A convenient way of taking up the authors of this period is to arrange them in groups according to the section of the country in which their work belongs.

The earliest of these groups had its center in New York City, in the first quarter of the nineteenth century; it includes Irving, Drake, Halleck, Bryant, and Cooper. Most of these writers were contributors to the old *Knickerbocker Magazine*, and they are known as the Knickerbocker School.

The central figure in the group is **Washington Irving** (1783-1859). He was the son of a Scotch sailor who had gone into business in New York City. He was born April 3, 1783, just as Washington, with the patriot troops, entered the city, so it was natural that he should be named after the great man. As a boy his health was delicate, which

caused his schooling to be irregular. He was intensely fond of reading, and of taking long rambles with his gun along the banks of the Hudson and among the Catskill Mountains, regions which he was later to make famous in *The Legend of Sleepy Hollow* and *Rip Van Winkle*. He entered a law office, but read more literature than law, and tried his hand at a series of essays in the style of Addison's *Spectator*. In 1804 he was sent to Europe to improve his health by travel. He remained a year and a half, visiting France, Italy, and England, and this contact with the civilization and culture of the Old World was an important part of his education.

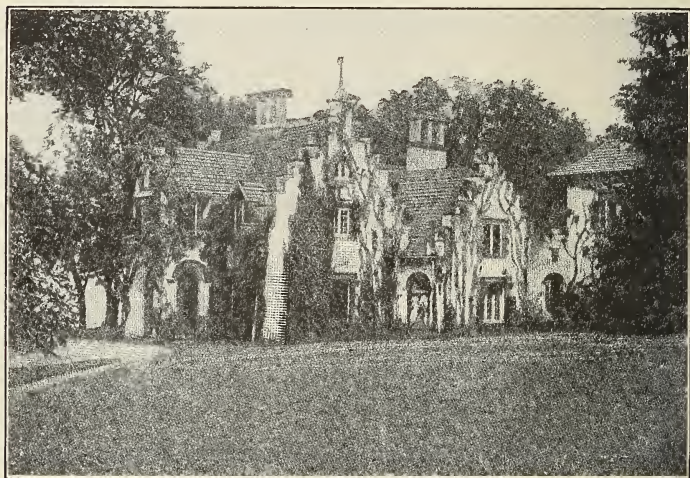
Soon after his return he began his *Knickerbocker's History of New York*. This was at first intended as a mere burlesque of a recent dull book on the same subject, but as Irving fairly entered upon the story of New York under Dutch rule, the sub-



Washington Irving.

ject proved so fascinating that the book grew into an independent work. It was at once successful, and brought Irving into fame. For some years thereafter he wrote nothing more, and perhaps the *History* would have been his only work if a change in his circumstances had not ordered differently. The failure of his father's business led him to turn to his pen as a means of support. He went to England, and there wrote and published *The Sketch Book*. This was eagerly read by the British public, and Irving found himself famous in two countries. He was appointed

secretary to the American legation in Spain, and his three years' residence there gave him material for several historical works dealing with the discovery of America, and a volume of romantic stories called *The Alhambra*. He returned to America and purchased a home near Tarrytown, N. Y. It was a quaint Dutch house, once the home of a Van Tassell; Irving christened it Sunnyside, and settled



SUNNYSIDE

down here in the quiet of Sleepy Hollow. Here he wrote his *Life of Goldsmith* and *Life of Washington*, completing the latter only a short time before his death.

Irving is the first noted American man of letters. To Franklin writing was but an incident in a busy career; to Irving it was the chief interest and the chief occupation of his life. His work is entirely in prose; it falls into three classes: essays, short stories, and historical writings, including biography. He began with essays in the style of

Addison; then in *Knickerbocker's History of New York* wrote a mock-serious history. This picture of New York City when it was New Amsterdam, with its burghers as round and placid as their own cabbages, smoking their long clay pipes and saying nothing; a town where the burgomasters were chosen by weight, shows us Irving as the first great humorist in our literature. He has been compared to Swift, but the likeness is not a close one. Swift often uses irony or sarcasm; his wit bites like acid. Irving, on the contrary, is always genial; you laugh at his old Dutchmen, but the laugh has no mockery in it, and the descendants of those very people have adopted the name that Irving gave them and are proud of belonging to the "old Knickerbocker families."

The *Sketch Book* is Irving's best single work. It contains some admirable pictures of English rural life, and its description of Westminster Abbey is famous. *The Legend of Sleepy Hollow* and *Rip Van Winkle* show Irving as a master of the short story, and are the first notable contributions to fiction produced in America. It is noteworthy that both these stories are founded on old traditions; here as in the *History of New York* Irving does his best when he has some material in history or legend to work upon, which his imagination shapes into new form and fills with life.

This is what he has done in *The Alhambra*, which is a mingling of description and legend, dealing with the period when the Moors were the rulers of Spain. Tales of buried treasure, of enchanted princesses, and statues that come to life, are framed in by picturesque descriptions of Moorish palaces. His *Tales of a Traveler* is a series of narratives, the scenes laid in various countries. It is not equal to *The Alhambra* or *The Sketch Book*.

Of Irving's biographical works the best is his *Life of*

Goldsmith. In the improvident, generous, warm-hearted Irishman, Irving found a type dear to his heart, and his biography is written with sympathy and knowledge. Irving's historical works are gracefully written, but they do not take high rank as histories.

Perhaps Irving's surest title to fame is as the creator of Rip Van Winkle. It is no small thing to have added a new figure to the world's gallery of imaginary portraits. There, with Don Quixote and Hamlet, with Falstaff and Doctor Primrose, as clear as any, stands the figure of Rip Van Winkle, drawn by the American artist, Washington Irving.

With Irving it is convenient to associate two minor poets who lived and worked in New York City: **Fitz-Greene Halleck** (1790-1867) and **Joseph Rodman Drake** (1795-1820). A spirited poem of Halleck's called *Marco Bozzaris* has often been declaimed in schoolrooms, and his poem on *Burns* contains some good stanzas. Drake was the finer poet of the two. His most artistic work is *The Culprit Fay*. It was written after a conversation with Cooper, Halleck, and others, who maintained that American streams afforded no such material for poetry as did those of the old world, with their many legends. Drake opposed this view, and in three days produced this graceful fairy tale in verse, with its scenes in the Highlands of the Hudson. Another of Drake's poems, *The American Flag*, is among our best poems of patriotism. Drake's early death cut short work that might have given him an important place in American literature. His friend Halleck mourned his loss in the tender lines beginning :

Green be the turf above thee,
Friend of my better days ;
None knew thee but to love thee,
None named thee but to praise.

We have noted that with Irving American fiction fairly began, in the form of the short story. The first novelist who handled plot and character on a large scale, like Scott's, was **James Fenimore Cooper** (1789-1851). Cooper was born in Burlington, N.J., Sept. 15, 1789. His father owned a large tract of land in the central part of New York state, where Cooperstown now stands, and to this he removed with his family when Fenimore was less than two years old. In this little settlement, with forests all about, where wild beasts and Indians were the sole inhabitants, he grew to boyhood. He was sent to school at Albany, and later to Yale. An independence of spirit which early showed itself led to his dismissal from Yale for some slight offense. Desirous of an active life, he went to sea, and later obtained a place as midshipman in the navy. Then came marriage and settling down as a country gentleman in Westchester county, New York.

One day while reading a poor English novel he threw it down with the remark that he could do better himself. His wife dared him to try, and he set to work. The result was *Precaution*, a novel perhaps better than the English one, but quite inferior to Cooper's later work. The scene of this story was laid in England. Cooper's friends urged him to write a novel of American scenes and characters. They pointed out what Scott was doing for Scotland, and wished him to do a like service for America. So he took a story he had heard



J. Fenimore Cooper

John Jay tell, and from it developed *The Spy*. The scene was in Westchester county; the period that of the Revolutionary War. Before the story had been published three months it had gone into three editions, and had been dramatized. It was quickly reprinted in England and translated into French. There was no longer any doubt as to whether Cooper could write as good a novel as an Englishman; the question was whether any Englishman, save Scott, could write as good a novel as Cooper.

His next story was *The Pioneers*, in which he described the scenes of his childhood on Otsego Lake. *The Pilot*, like his first novel, was the result of an argument; he wrote it to show that the life of the sea had in it sufficient material for fiction. He was a rapid worker, and composed thirty-two novels, in addition to a *History of the Navy* and much miscellaneous writing.

Cooper's best works are his historical novels, his sea stories, and his stories of frontier life, known as the *Leather-Stocking Tales*. Of the historical novels *The Spy* is the best, and after three-quarters of a century it remains the one great novel dealing with the period of the Revolution. The sea stories include *The Pilot*, *The Red Rover*, *The Two Admirals*, and *Wing and Wing*. Cooper practically created the story of the sea. His early experience as a sailor enabled him to write as one who knew every rope on a ship, and who had seen the ocean in all its moods of storm and calm.

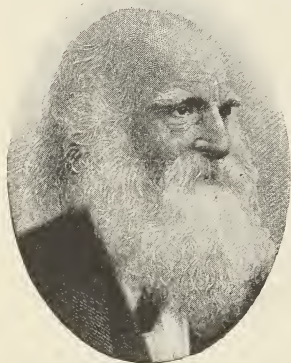
The *Leather-Stocking Tales* include *The Deerslayer*, *The Last of the Mohicans*, *The Pathfinder*, *The Pioneers*, and *The Prairie*. They are given a certain unity by the appearance of one character in them all: the scout, Natty Bumppo, known also as Hawkeye, Deerslayer, and Leather-Stocking. This character has been called

Cooper's great contribution to fiction. He represents an important figure in American history: the pioneer, the first white man who pushed forward into the wilderness and made possible the expansion of our nation. The story of the pioneer has been told in historical form in Roosevelt's *The Winning of the West*; but its best presentation in fiction is in the *Leather-Stocking Tales*.

Cooper's strength lies in vigorous narrative power and in description. His character drawing is often weak, especially in dealing with women. In humor he is not successful. But in his own field, the telling of stories of adventure by sea and land, he is hardly surpassed.

If the Knickerbocker group had contained no names besides those of Irving and Cooper, it would still be distinguished. But it produced a third author worthy of a place beside these: **William Cullen Bryant** (1794-1878). Though Bryant belongs to the New York group, his early life was spent in New England. He was born at Cummington, Mass., Nov. 3, 1794. His father was a physician and an occasional writer of poetry. The boy had access to a good library; he read much, and early tried his hand at rhyming. He was sent to Williams College, but his father could not afford to keep him there, so he left college to study law. He kept on reading literature, however, and was particularly fond of Spenser's *Faerie Queene* and the poetry of Wordsworth. One day his father found in the boy's desk a sheet of paper containing *Thanatopsis*. Delighted with the poem, he sent it to the *North American Review*. The editor at first hesitated to publish it, doubting that such poetry had been written by any American; it was published in September, 1817. In 1821 appeared a slender volume of poems, Bryant's first book. Urged by his friends, the poet finally

gave up law for literature, and in 1825 removed to New York to become the editor of a new magazine. This periodical was short-lived; Bryant then obtained a position on the New York *Evening Post*, and soon became its editor-in-chief. He made the paper stand for what was best in American life; he insisted that its news should be truthful and that it should be written in pure English. For fifty



William Cullen Bryant

years as editor he upheld these principles, and did perhaps more than any other man to dignify American journalism. In his later years he was regarded as the foremost citizen of New York, and was frequently called upon to speak on public occasions.

In Bryant's poetry one sees clearly the influences of his early surroundings. Western Massachusetts is a region of great natural beauty; its lakes, rivers,

and mountains compare not unfavorably with the famous lake country of England. Here Bryant gained that strong love of nature which is the inspiration of many of his best poems. The very titles, *The Fringed Gentian*, *The Yellow Violet*, *The Planting of the Apple Tree*, *Green River*, show how he turned again and again to this theme. The famous *Lines to a Waterfowl* were composed one evening as he was walking across the hills to a village where he expected to begin the practice of law. The sense of religious trust expressed in the last stanza is characteristic of Bryant.

This brings us to another feature of his poetry: its

meditative character. This is best seen in his most famous poem, *Thanatopsis*. The title means a view of death. The poet meditates upon the fact that death is universal, and closes with this fine passage :

So live, that when thy summons comes to join
The innumerable caravan, which moves
To that mysterious realm, where each shall take
His chamber in the silent halls of death,
Thou go not, like the quarry slave at night,
Scourged to his dungeon, but, sustained and soothed
By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave
Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.

Very much of Bryant's poetry is in this serious key. He has no humor, and rarely writes anything that stirs the blood. But such poems as *Thanatopsis*, *The Past*, and *A Forest Hymn* inspire the reader with a feeling as though he were walking through a vast cathedral. His later work in poetry was a translation of Homer's *Iliad* and *Odyssey*. It is a curious fact that his poetry shows no development ; he wrote as well and almost as maturely at twenty as at seventy.

Bryant has been called the father of American poetry, and deserves the title. There were poets before him, such as Freneau, who occasionally struck a note of true poetry, but in Bryant we have a writer all of whose work is poetry, and much of it of a high order. He was our first poet to deal adequately with the beauty of nature ; he had a remarkable command of blank verse, and in the moral and religious tone of his poetry he represents the spirit of Puritan New England.

READING FOR CHAPTER III

Irving. — In the *Sketch Book*, the following: *Rip Van Winkle*, *Westminster Abbey*, *The Stage Coach*, *The Legend of Sleepy Hollow*, *Christmas Eve*, *Christmas Day*, *The Christmas Dinner*.

Knickerbocker's History of New York; Bk. III, Chaps. I-IV.

The Alhambra: Palace of the Alhambra, Court of Lions, The Moor's Legacy, The Rose of the Alhambra.

Irving's complete works are published in 24 vols., Geoffrey Crayon edition (Putnam). *The Sketch Book* is in Everyman's Library.¹ *Knickerbocker's New York* is in Cassell's National Library (2 vols.).

Cooper. — At least one of these should be read: *The Spy*, *The Deerslayer*, *The Last of the Mohicans*, *The Prairie*, *The Pioneers*, *The Pilot*.

Cooper's complete works, with introductions by Susan Fenimore Cooper, are published in 32 vols. (Houghton). *The Leather-Stocking Tales* (5 vols.) are in Everyman's.

Bryant. — *Thanatopsis*, *To a Waterfowl*, *A Forest Hymn*, *The Death of the Flowers*, *To the Fringed Gentian*, *Song of Marion's Men*, *The Antiquity of Freedom*, *The Planting of the Apple Tree*, *Robert of Lincoln*, *Sella*, *The Flood of Years*.

Bryant's works are published in 4 vols. The poems are in 1 vol. (Appleton). Copious selections from Bryant are given in Page's *Chief American Poets*; selections also in Warner, *Library of American Literature*, and Stedman.

For fuller treatment of the writers of this group, see the references given at the end of Chap. II, and in addition E. C. Stedman's *Poets of America*; also the lives of Bryant, Cooper, and Irving in the *American Men of Letters* series (Houghton).

¹ For publisher and price of books referred to, see p. 278.

CHAPTER IV

THE NEW ENGLAND GROUP—POETS AND ESSAYISTS

Ralph Waldo Emerson

James Russell Lowell

Henry W. Longfellow

Oliver Wendell Holmes

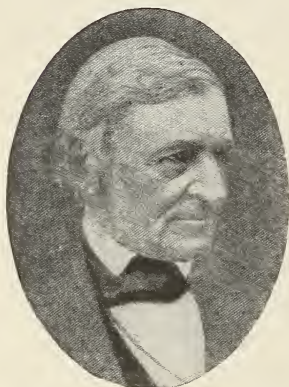
John G. Whittier

Henry D. Thoreau

AMERICAN literature began in Philadelphia with Franklin; then New York State produced three great writers, Irving, Cooper, and Bryant. About 1835 the literary center of the country shifted to New England, and the writers of this group—Emerson, Longfellow, Hawthorne, Lowell, Holmes, and Whittier—remain the great names in our literature. It will be convenient to treat these writers in two groups, discussing the poets and essayists in the present chapter, the writers of fiction, orators, and historians in the next. It should be kept in mind, however, that these two chapters do not represent different periods of time. The chief work of all these New England authors was done between 1835 and 1870.

Ralph Waldo Emerson (1803–1882) was the earliest of the New England group to attain distinction. He was born in Boston, May 25, 1803. His father was a clergyman, who died when Ralph was a child, leaving the family to struggle with poverty. Ralph went to Harvard, paying part of his expenses by waiting at table in the college dining-hall. After graduation he taught for a few years; then entered the ministry, as his ancestors for six generations had done. But he came to hold different views from those of his church, and quietly

resigned his charge. He spent the next years in Europe, where he met Coleridge and Wordsworth, and visited Carlyle in his lonely home at Craigenputtock. Returning to America, he took up his residence at Concord,



R. Waldo Emerson

Mass. His days were passed in study, in long walks, and in writing. He lectured frequently, in Boston and elsewhere. In 1836 he published his first book, *Nature*; it found but few readers. But he was reaching a larger and larger audience through his lectures, which were given in many cities. In 1837 he delivered an address at Harvard on *The American Scholar*, which is one of his greatest public utterances. In 1841 he published the first volume of his *Essays*,

and some years later his *Poems*. Carlyle and his other English friends wished him to come to England and lecture; he did so, and afterwards published his addresses under the title *Representative Men*. His impressions of England were recorded in a second book, *English Traits*. The slavery question was now becoming prominent, and Emerson unhesitatingly took his stand with the opponents of slavery, though this step cost him some lecture engagements which he could ill afford to lose. He continued lecturing and writing until 1870, when his strength began to fail. He died in 1882.

Emerson's work includes both prose and poetry. His poetry has never been generally popular; it has passages of exquisite beauty, but it is often obscure. He had no

ear for music, and his verse lacks the singing quality. Yet some of his shorter poems, such as *Rhodora*, the *Concord Hymn*, and *Days*, have a rare excellence.

His prose writings, which fill nine volumes, are all in the form of essays, and belong to the class known as reflective essays. He does not describe places, as Irving did in the *Sketch Book*, nor draw imaginary characters, as



EMERSON'S HOME, CONCORD, MASS.

Addison had done in the *De Coverley Papers*, but he chooses general subjects, such as History, Friendship, Compensation, and gives us his thoughts on these. Sometimes he is not easy reading; sometimes you can see no connection between one sentence and the next; but light will flash out a moment later, and you will be more than repaid for the delay. His nature was singularly pure, and his mental vision keen; he seemed to see through the disguises of the world, and penetrate to the soul beneath; so that in reading

him you learn to look at things in a new light, to see truths that you had not suspected. He is thus one of the most inspiring writers in our literature. So noted a critic as Matthew Arnold calls Emerson's *Essays* the most important work done in prose in our language during the nineteenth century.

Emerson is one of the most quotable of authors. He had the power of putting his thought into short, pithy sentences, as had Franklin before him, but Emerson's thoughts are not Franklin's thoughts. Franklin's maxims are nearly all concerned with the wisdom of this world; if you follow him, you will be prosperous. Emerson goes beyond this, — he is a spiritual leader, and one of the greatest of his time. The following sentences are from his essays:

The only way to have a friend is to be one.

Crime and punishment grow out of one stem.

Life is not so short but there is always time for courtesy.

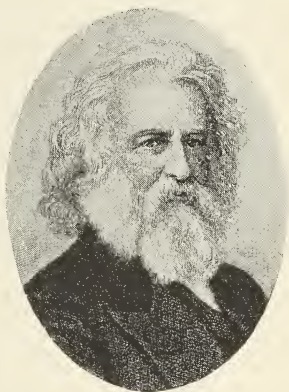
Want is a growing giant whom the coat of Have was never large enough to cover.

Write it on your heart that every day is the best day of the year.

That only which we have within us can we see without. If we meet no gods, it is because we harbor none.

Emerson is chiefly known by his prose; the next writer of the New England group is a poet, — Longfellow. **Henry Wadsworth Longfellow** (1807–1882) was born in Portland, Me., Feb. 27, 1807. His father was a lawyer of Portland, his mother a descendant of Priscilla Alden, whom the poet was to commemorate in *Miles Standish*. Portland, with its pine-clad hills and its beautiful harbor, was a fit place for a poet's boyhood, and how deeply it impressed Longfellow is seen in his poem *My Lost Youth*.

He early showed a taste for literature ; at twelve he read with great delight Irving's *Sketch Book*, then just published, and at thirteen he wrote verses which were printed in the Portland paper. In 1822 he was sent to Bowdoin College, where Nathaniel Hawthorne was one of his classmates, and Franklin Pierce, later President Pierce, was a student. In 1824 he wrote to his father, "I most eagerly aspire after future eminence in literature ; my whole soul burns most ardently for it, and my earthly thought centers in it." His father sympathized with him, but pointed out that literature was a very uncertain means of support and suggested the law. Fortunately a way was opened, for the authorities of Bowdoin College decided to introduce the modern languages in their course, and offered Longfellow the professorship if he would prepare himself for it. So in 1826 he sailed for Europe, where he remained three years, studying the languages and literature of Germany, France, Spain, and Italy. Returning to America, he took up his work as a teacher with enthusiasm, writing text-books and making many translations that he might reveal the beauties of foreign literature to his countrymen.



H. W. Longfellow

His work at Bowdoin was so successful that in 1834 he was called to a similar position at Harvard. Again he went abroad for study, and in 1835 his first great sorrow came to him, the death of his wife, the "being beauteous" of his poem *Footsteps of Angels*. In 1836 he took up his

work at Harvard, work which he continued for nearly twenty years.

In the meantime his pen was not idle. The *Voices of the Night* appeared in 1839, and in 1841 *Ballads and Other Poems*, which contained *The Wreck of the Hesperus*, *The Rainy Day*, *The Village Blacksmith*, and *Excelsior*. His first long poem, *Evangeline*, appeared in 1847, and from this time Longfellow was easily the most popular American poet. In 1843 he married Miss Frances Appleton and made his home in the Craigie house, Cambridge, which is now known as the Longfellow house. Feeling that his college work interfered with his writing, he resigned his professorship in 1854. The next year he published *The Song of Hiawatha*, a re-telling of Indian legends, written in a peculiar meter which Longfellow imitated from the Swedish.

In 1861 the poet suffered a second bereavement in the death of his wife. How deeply he suffered is shown in the fine sonnet, *The Cross of Snow*. Feeling incapable for a time of original composition, he turned to translation as a relief for his thoughts, and completed a version of Dante's *Divine Comedy*. In 1868 he went abroad again, receiving the highest honors from the universities of Oxford and Cambridge. The rest of his life was spent peacefully in his Cambridge home, which had already become a place of pilgrimage for the lovers of the poet. Schoolboys from Boston, admirers seeking the poet's autograph, young writers asking for advice or assistance, came by scores, and all met with a gracious reception from the good white poet. He died peacefully March 24, 1884. His death was mourned by the English-speaking world. His bust stands in Westminster Abbey, London; and his grave in Mount Auburn Cemetery, Cambridge, always has flowers upon it.

Sand Proof to
 Henry W. Longfellow.
 Cambridge

The Fifth Psalm
 A Midwiche Mass — for the Dying year

I.
 Yes, the year is growing old,
 And his eye is pale and blood,
 Death, with frosty hands and cold,

Plucks the old man by the beard,

Sorely sorely!

It is difficult to criticise where we love, and Longfellow is certainly the best loved of American poets. His poetry has its shortcomings: he is less original than Poe, less ardently patriotic than Lowell. Yet his poetry touches the heart as Poe's never does, and his fame, in life and death, is far wider than Lowell's. He is beyond dispute the most popular of our poets, and it is said that in England he is better known than Tennyson.

Of the three main classes of poetry, — lyric, narrative, and dramatic, — he has attempted all, though not with equal success. His dramatic poems were chiefly the work of his later years; they include *The Golden Legend* and *The Divine Tragedy*. The poet himself preferred these to his other work, but his readers do not agree with him. In narrative poetry Longfellow has probably achieved his greatest success. Short poems like *The Wreck of the Hesperus*, *The Skeleton in Armor*, and *Paul Revere's Ride* have a directness and vigor that have long made them favorites. In longer narratives, such as *Evangeline*, he shows his mastery of descriptive writing and his power to touch the emotions. It is interesting to learn that the story of *Evangeline* was suggested to Longfellow by Hawthorne, who had thought of writing a romance upon it. In *Miles Standish* we get glimpses of Longfellow's humor, a thing he rarely allowed to creep into his poetry. *Hiawatha* is, of course, not a faithful picture of Indian life, but rather a beautiful fancy of that life as it might have been. In this idealizing of the Indian we find a characteristic of Longfellow. He always looked for the best in literature and in life; he preferred not to see the darker side, and seldom touched it in his poetry.

To lyric poetry — that which deals with emotion — belongs much of Longfellow's best-known work. It is inter-

esting to note how many of these poems convey a lesson. In *The Rainy Day* it is that of resignation :

Be still, sad heart! and cease repining ;
Behind the clouds is the sun still shining ;
Thy fate is the common fate of all,
Into each life some rain must fall,
Some days must be dark and dreary.

In *The Builders* he emphasizes the importance of honest, faithful fulfillment of our daily task :

All are architects of Fate,
Working in these walls of Time ;
Some with massive deeds and great,
Some with ornaments of rhyme.

For the structure that we raise
Time is with materials filled ;
Our to-days and yesterdays
Are the blocks with which we build.

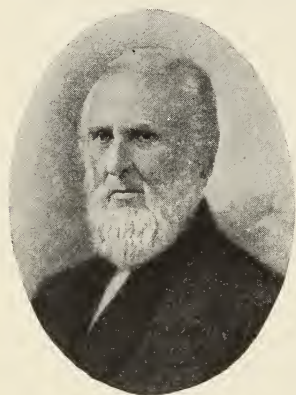
Let us do our work as well,
Both the unseen and the seen ;
Make the house, where Gods may dwell,
Beautiful, entire, and clean.

Excelsior is the poem of aspiration ; the *Psalm of Life* has a noble message of courage and hope. At times we all feel the need of such lessons as these. Many poets have tried to teach them, but Longfellow has done it so simply and so musically that for many readers he is their chosen poet. Others are more highly praised by critics, but none more loved by their readers.

John Greenleaf Whittier (1807-1892), the next in this group of New England poets, was born in East Haverhill, Mass., Dec. 17, 1807. The year of his birth is the same as Longfellow's, but the circumstances of the two

men were very different. Longfellow was the son of cultured parents, and received all the advantages that education and foreign travel could bestow; Whittier was the son of a Quaker farmer, who was scarcely able to send his son to the village school. But there were a few books in his father's house, or borrowed from neighbors, that it was almost an education to read. The Bible was one of these books; another was Burns's poems, and later came

Shakespeare and Scott, though his Quaker conscience at first troubled him as to whether he ought to read these books.



John G. Whittier

It was Burns that made Whittier a poet. He was a boy of fourteen when he first read Burns; he had never dreamed that poetry could be written by a farmer's boy, and on the homely subjects that Burns chose. If it was possible in Scotland, why not in Massachusetts? So he wrote verses of his own, which his sister sent to

a newspaper. The editor, who was William Lloyd Garrison, thought so well of the poems that he came to see the author. He found a blushing, shy, country boy, to whom he talked kindly, urging him to get some education. The boy managed to get a year's schooling at an academy, paying his way by making slippers. Aided by Mr. Garrison, he then secured a place on a newspaper in Boston, and later held editorial positions in Hartford and Philadelphia. He had written enough poetry by this time to fill a small volume, but little of this early work is important.

About 1833, however, he found a subject that called forth all his powers. This was the anti-slavery movement. It took courage to be an abolitionist in those days, and Whittier's advocacy of the cause at once closed the columns of many periodicals to his poems. When he was editing *The Freeman* in Philadelphia, his office was sacked and burned by a mob and his life threatened. But week after week he sent forth poems which roused the conscience of the nation. His *Expostulation, Summons to the North, Massachusetts to Virginia*, — "burning lyrics," as Lowell calls them, — entitle him to be called the poet of freedom.

In 1840 his health obliged him to give up his work on *The Freeman*, and he removed to Amesbury, Mass., which was henceforth his home. He never married, but the companionship of his sister made his home pleasant. He continued to write in defense of his chosen cause, and during the war cheered the soul of the North by poems like *Barbara Frietchie*.

When the war had settled the question of slavery, Whittier turned once more to the quiet scenes of boyhood that had been the subject of his early verse, and wrote *Snow-Bound*. The success of this poem, almost as great as that of *Evangeline*, relieved Whittier from his straitened circumstances, for although he was widely known as a poet, much of his verse brought him little or nothing; it was his gift to the cause. From this time he lived quietly at Amesbury, from time to time publishing a slender volume of poems. He clung to his Quaker coat and Quaker ways; he never attended a theater, and disliked "society," much preferring to talk with his neighbors in the village. He died Sept. 7, 1892. His last words were: "My — love — to — the — world."

Whittier's work may be considered as belonging to two

periods. In the first he is the poet of the anti-slavery movement. Much of the verse of this period was of necessity hastily written; there was no time to polish lines when a trumpet-call was needed. But the fierce flame of moral indignation that burns in many of his lyrics more than atones for slight faults. When Webster, in his famous *Seventh-of-March Speech*, disappointed many of his admirers by coming out as an advocate of slavery, Whittier wrote the poem *Ichabod*. It is like the tolling of a great bell for a departed hero. Perhaps the finest poem of this group is one called *Laus Deo!* (Praise be to God!) It was written at the news of the adoption of the amendment abolishing slavery. Stirred to the depths of his nature by this, he wrote:

It is done!
 Clang of bell and roar of gun
 Send the tidings up and down.
 How the belfries rock and reel!
 How the great guns, peal on peal,
 Fling the joy from town to town. . . .

Blotted out!
 All within and all about
 Shall a fresher life begin;
 Freer breathe the universe
 As it rolls its heavy curse
 On the dead and buried sin!

It is done!
 In the circuit of the sun
 Shall the sound thereof go forth.
 It shall bid the sad rejoice,
 It shall give the dumb a voice,
 It shall belt with joy the earth!

Ring and swing
 Bells of joy! On morning's wing
 Send the sound of praise abroad!

With a noise of broken chains
Tell the nations that He reigns,
Who alone is Lord and God!

The Civil War closed the first period of Whittier's poetic work. He now turned to more peaceful themes, and won new laurels as the poet of New England rural life. He had occasionally written on this theme before; the fine poem, *The Barefoot Boy*, was published in 1856. It is a poem which only a country boy can appreciate. *Snow-Bound* is a picture on a larger scale. The home described is Whittier's own, the sister is the one who was his companion, and whose recent death gave pathos to the poem. With faithful, loving art the poet reconstructs for us the home of his childhood. We see the group about the fire-side, with the apples sputtering in a row, the dog with his head spread upon his paws; it is as clear as a picture. And the description of those who sat about the fire shows us the hearts of the simple, honest, country folk. Since this home was typical of rural New England at that period, the poem is an artistic embodiment of one of the most significant sides of our national life. It has been called *The Cotter's Saturday Night* of America, and deserves the praise.

Whittier further appeals to us as the poet of a simple religious faith. This is constantly felt in his poetry; it is beautifully expressed in the lines to his sister in *Snow-Bound*, and is the theme of many short poems of his which have found a place in church hymnals. One of the best poems of this kind is *The Eternal Goodness*, part of which follows:

I long for household voices gone,
For vanished smiles I long;
But God hath led my dear ones on,
And He can do no wrong.

And so beside the Silent Sea
 I wait the muffled oar ;
 No harm from Him can come to me
 On ocean or on shore.

I know not where His islands lift
 Their fronded palms in air ;
 I only know I cannot drift
 Beyond His love and care.

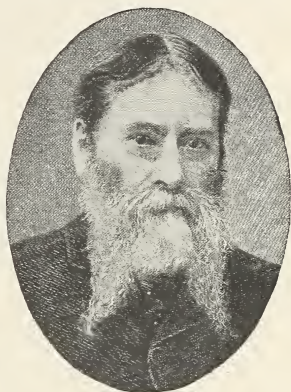
God pity them both & pity as all
 Who vainly the dreams of life recall
 From all sad words & tongue of pain
 The saddest are these: "It might have been!"
 Ah well! for us all some sweet life lies
 Deeply buried from human eyes,
 And in the hereafter angels may
 Roll the stone from its grave away!

John G. Whittier

FACSIMILE OF THE FINAL LINES OF "MAUD MULLER"

James Russell Lowell (1819-1891), like Longfellow, was fortunate in that his circumstances favored the development of his genius. He was born at Cambridge, Mass., Feb. 22, 1819. Cambridge is a suburb of Boston, and Lowell grew up surrounded by the best culture in America at that time. His father was a clergyman; his mother

a woman of literary tastes, and especially fond of poetry. His childhood was passed in an atmosphere of books, and in his rambles about the country—for Cambridge was then only a village—he came to know nature as well as books. When he went to Harvard he found, fortunately for him, that literary ability was the surest way to distinction among his fellow-students. Not the athlete but the writer was then the college hero. He began to write verse, and was chosen class poet. After graduation he studied law, as had so many other writers, but was strongly drawn toward literature. His first published volume, *A Year's Life*, contained among other poems a tribute to Maria White, a young lady of unusual charm, who soon afterward became his wife. He started a magazine, *The Pioneer*, but it had not sufficient support, and left him in debt. He continued to write for other periodicals, and in 1846 began *The Biglow Papers*, which first made him widely known. His wife's health was delicate, and in 1851 he made a voyage to Europe, hoping it would benefit her, but she died two years later.



J. R. Lowell

He was now living in Cambridge, in the pleasant colonial house called Elmwood, his birthplace. By writing and lecturing he had become well known in literary circles, and when in 1857 Longfellow resigned his professorship at Harvard, Lowell was appointed to succeed him. Shortly afterward *The Atlantic Monthly* was founded,

with Lowell as its first editor. The prose and verse he contributed to it, along with the contributions of Holmes, Whittier, and Emerson, made the magazine what it still remains, — the expression of American culture at its best.

Meanwhile Lowell had been actively interested in politics. He took part in the campaign of 1876, and upon the election of Hayes, Lowell was appointed Minister to Spain. In 1880 he became Minister to England. Here his genial yet refined nature, his wit and his scholarship gave Englishmen a new conception of what an American gentleman might be. Returning to America in 1884, he prepared a collected edition of his works, in ten volumes. He died Aug. 12, 1891.

With Lowell as with Whittier the anti-slavery movement was the inspiration of much of his best poetry. The annexation of Texas called forth *The Present Crisis*.

Once to every man and nation comes the moment to decide,
In the strife of Truth with Falsehood, for the good or evil side.
Hast thou chosen, O my people, on whose party thou shalt stand
Ere the Doom from its worn sandals shakes the dust against our land?

In lines like these was heard a note of patriotism and lofty moral earnestness that was to make Lowell a power in the coming struggle. The attempt to gain new territory for slavery by the Mexican War called forth the series of poems known as *The Biglow Papers*. These were written in the Yankee dialect, the homely New England speech that Lowell had heard as a boy. His handling of this was masterly. He used it for ridicule, and in *What Mr. Robinson Thinks* set the whole country laughing at a political trimmer. He used it for description, and in *Sunthin' in the Pastoral Line* tells how in spring

The maple crimsons to a coral reef;
Then saffern swarms swing off from all the willers,
So plump they look like yaller caterpillars;

Then gray hossches'nuts leetle hands unfold
Softer'n a baby's be at three days old.
Thet's robin-redbreast's almanick ; he knows
Thet arter this ther's only blossom-snows.

He used it to arouse the people's sense of wrong, and the homely speech carried his message straight to the hearts of men.

At the close of the war a memorial service was held at Harvard in honor of her graduates who had fallen in the conflict. For this occasion Lowell wrote his *Commemoration Ode*, which marks his highest achievement in poetry. The lines on Lincoln show that Lowell was one of the earliest to appreciate the real greatness of this heroic figure :

Great captains, with their guns and drums,
Disturb our judgment for the hour,
But at last silence comes ;
These all are gone, and standing like a tower
Our children shall behold his fame.
The kindly-earnest, brave, foreseeing man.
Sagacious, patient, dreading praise, not blame.
New birth of our new soil, the first American.

Lowell resembled Whittier again in drawing much of his inspiration from nature. His *Indian-Summer Reverie* is a series of delicate landscape sketches ; *Pictures from Appledore* describes the ocean in storm and calm. The two preludes of *The Vision of Sir Launfal*, with their pictures of a day in June and a day in December, are or should be familiar to every reader.

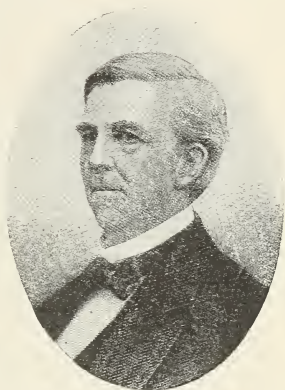
Mention should be made of Lowell's *Fable for Critics*, an early production of his, in which he hit off in rollicking verse the characteristics of his fellow-authors. The criticisms of Bryant, Poe, Emerson, and Cooper are admirable,

and our surprise is greater when we consider that at this time these authors were only beginning their work. This poem also shows one of Lowell's chief characteristics, — his humor. This he possessed to a far greater degree than either Longfellow or Whittier. It runs all through *The Biglow Papers*, where it may be seen to advantage in the short poem *The Courtin'*.

The chief objection to be made against Lowell's poetry is its unevenness. Certain passages, certain lines, have the highest poetic quality, but this height is not maintained. Few of his poems are satisfactory as a whole. His style, too, is less clear than Longfellow's or Whittier's, and this is perhaps the reason why he has never been as popular as these writers.

Lowell's prose writings include seven volumes of essays, nearly all on literary themes. "I am a bookman," he said of himself; and the very title of these volumes, *My Study Windows, Among My Books, Literary Essays*, suggest that we shall find here the talk of one who was most at home in his library. Some of these essays, as the one on Dante, are the result of Lowell's work as a teacher; others were written as reviews while he was editor of *The Atlantic Monthly*. In the essay entitled *Shakespeare Once More* we have one poet discussing another with breadth of knowledge and fine appreciation. Lowell is one of the few great literary critics America has produced. All of his prose is racy with humor; he has no dull pages, even when he writes of dull authors. One of his shorter essays, *My Garden Acquaintance*, contains a delightful description of his bird neighbors. Lowell's *Letters*, which were published in two volumes after his death, show the many sides of his nature: poet, student, teacher, editor, foreign minister, and true American. They are delightful reading.

Oliver Wendell Holmes (1809-1894) is the third in the group of Cambridge poets, including Longfellow and Lowell. Like them he belonged to the best New England stock; his father was a Congregational minister at Cambridge. He was born Aug. 29, 1809, in the old house described in *The Poet at the Breakfast Table*. He went to Phillips Exeter Academy and to Harvard College, graduating in the class of 1829. Deciding to become a physician, he went to Paris for study, and returned to open an office in Boston. He was already known as a wit, and announced to his friends that small fevers would be gratefully received. He was appointed professor of anatomy at Dartmouth in 1838, and in 1847 called to a similar position at Harvard, where he remained for thirty years. He made some valuable contributions to medical science, but the world prefers to remember him as an author.

*Oliver Wendell Holmes.*

He wrote verse while he was in college, where he was class poet. The year after his graduation he saw in a newspaper that the frigate *Constitution*, which had done good service in the War of 1812, was about to be dismantled, as no longer fit for service. At once he wrote the stirring lines *Old Ironsides*, which were copied into all the newspapers of the country. The verses saved the ship, and made Holmes known as a poet. His first volume of poems contained *The Last Leaf*, a delicate silhouette, where humor is mingled with pathos, the whole done with a grace and lightness of touch seldom sur-

passed. A later poem, *The Chambered Nautilus*, was the one which the poet himself preferred. In after years when his college class held its reunions, he was always called upon for a poem. In this way he wrote *Bill and Joe* and *The Boys*. The latter poem was written for the thirtieth anniversary of his class. At fifty most men would acknowledge that they are no longer young, but Holmes sings :

Has there any old fellow got mixed with the boys?
If there has, take him out without making a noise!
Hang the Almanac's cheat, and the Catalogue's spite!
Old Time is a liar! We're twenty to-night!

Verse of this type, written for some anniversary or other event, is called "occasional" poetry. To this class very much of Holmes's writing belongs. At meetings of all sorts he was called upon, and was generally ready with rhymes for the occasion. Naturally such writing is not likely to be the highest kind of poetry; it is written for a day, not for all time, and has served its purpose when the occasion is past. It is high praise, then, to say that some of Holmes's occasional poetry still survives, kept alive by the sparkling wit, the perfect finish, and the easy grace which are characteristic of Holmes's poetry.

But Holmes's prose is even better known than his verse. When Lowell became editor of *The Atlantic Monthly*, he did so on condition that Holmes would be a contributor. The first number of the magazine contained the opening chapters of *The Autocrat at the Breakfast Table*. This was followed some years later by *The Professor at the Breakfast Table*, and still later by *The Poet at the Breakfast Table*. The three books are rather difficult to classify. They are not fiction, nor essays, exactly; they are a new form of literature, — conversation. They purport to be the talk of

various people at a boarding-house, but it must have been a boarding-house of the gods. The talk ranges over many subjects, now sparkling with wit, now with a shrewd thrust of common-sense worthy of Franklin, now touching deeper themes with reverence, or speaking of sentiment with the feeling of a poet. The *Autocrat* is perhaps the best of the series; it has delighted three generations of readers, and is likely to be the book by which Holmes's name will be longest remembered.

Two more essayists remain to be noticed in this group of New England writers: Thoreau and Mitchell. **Henry**

D. Thoreau (1817-1862)

was a friend and disciple of Emerson. He was born in Concord, Mass., graduated at Harvard, taught school for a while, lectured a little, manufactured lead pencils for a time, followed the trade of a surveyor, and wrote for newspapers. He did none of these things steadily, and cared for none of them; they were only a means of support. His real busi-

ness was to live his own life, with opportunity to observe, and time to think. His thoughts were recorded in a journal, and from this he drew the material for an occasional book. The best known of his works is *Walden, or Life in the Woods*. It tells how he went into the woods near Concord and built a hut on the shore of Walden pond, where



THOREAU'S HUT

he lived for two years. He walked about, studying nature with a loving eye; he read a few books, and wrote his thoughts in his journal. Many have talked of plain living and high thinking; Thoreau practiced it. His ideals were high. He once refused to pay his taxes, on the ground that he would not support a government that permitted slavery. He was put in jail, and when Emerson came to see him and said, "Henry, why are you here?" the reply was, "Why are you not here?"

Thoreau's chief books are *Walden*, *A Week on the Concord and Merrimac Rivers*, *Excursions*, *The Maine Woods*, and *Cape Cod*. As the titles suggest, they are records of his life with nature. He hated cities; the only place where he could be happy in Boston was at the railway station waiting for the train to take him away. He taught and practiced a return to the customs of simpler times, saying that much of what we call civilization only encumbers and distracts us. Whether we accept his philosophy or not, we can take delight in his quaint humor and in his exquisite descriptions of nature. He has been called the poet-naturalist; his descriptions have the faithfulness of science and the beauty of poetry.

Donald G. Mitchell (1822-1908) was the latest survivor of this group of New England writers. From his quiet home at Edgewood near New Haven, Conn., he sent forth a score of volumes, two of which, *Dream Life* and *Reveries of a Bachelor*, have been favorites for many years. *Dream Life* the author calls "a book of the heart"; it recalls the work of Irving in the vein of gentle sentiment that runs through it. His last work, *American Lands and Letters*, is a familiar account of American literature, richly illustrated with portraits and autographs of authors, many of whom were his personal friends.

READING FOR CHAPTER IV

Emerson. — *Essays, First Series: Compensation, Self-Reliance. Essays, Second Series: Manners, Nature. Conduct of Life: Culture.*

Poems: *The Rhodora, The Humble Bee, The Snowstorm, The Titmouse, Concord Hymn, Ode, July 4, 1857, Each and All, The Problem, Forbearance, Days, Threnody.*

Emerson's complete works are published in 12 vols., Riverside edition; the poems occupy 1 vol. (Houghton). The *Essays*, first and second series, are also published in Everyman's, Temple, and Handy Volume; *Conduct of Life* is in Handy Volume; and *Representative Men* in Everyman's and Temple. Full selections from Emerson's poems are given in Page¹; briefer in Warner, Stedman, and *Library of American Literature*.

Longfellow. — Lyrical poems: *Psalm of Life, The Reaper and the Flowers, The Fire of Driftwood, The Old Clock on the Stairs, Resignation, The Rainy Day, Excelsior, The Slave's Dream, The Arsenal at Springfield, The Ladder of St. Augustine, My Lost Youth, The Children's Hour.*

Ballads and other narrative poems: *The Skeleton in Armor, The Wreck of the Hesperus, Paul Revere's Ride, King Robert of Sicily.*

Longer poems: *The Building of the Ship, Evangeline, The Song of Hiawatha, Secs. IV-X, The Courtship of Miles Standish, The Golden Legend.*

Longfellow's poems are published in 6 vols., Riverside edition; also in 1 vol., Cambridge and Cabinet editions (Houghton). Editions by other publishers are numerous, but contain only the earlier work of the poet. Copious selections from the poems, including *Evangeline, Hiawatha*, and *Miles Standish* in full, in Page; briefer selections in Warner, Stedman, and *Library of American Literature*.

Whittier. — *Proem. Massachusetts to Virginia, Ichabod, Barbara Frietchie, Laus Deo! The Barefoot Boy, Maud Muller, Snow-Bound, My Playmate, Barclay of Ury, Burns, Skipper Ireson's Ride, Prelude to Among the Hills, In School-Days, My Psalm, The Eternal Goodness.*

Whittier's poems are published in 4 vols., Riverside edition; also in 1 vol., Cambridge and Cabinet editions (Houghton). Editions by

¹ For publisher and price of books referred to, see p. 278.

other publishers are incomplete. Full selections from Whittier, including *Snow-Bound* complete, in Page; selections also in Stedman, *Library of American Literature*, and Warner.

Lowell. — Prose: *Among My Books: Shakespeare Once More.*

My Study Windows; My Garden Acquaintance.

Letters: vol. i, pp. 69-73, 86-90, 162-166, 214-217, 272-274.

Poems: *Rhæcus, The Present Crisis, To the Dandelion, She Came and Went, The Vision of Sir Launfal, In the Twilight, The First Snow-Fall, For an Autograph, Commemoration Ode, What Mr. Robinson Thinks, The Courtin'.*

Lowell's complete works are published in 11 vols., Riverside edition (Houghton). The poems are published in 4 vols., Riverside edition, or in 1 vol., Cambridge and Cabinet editions (Houghton). Other editions are incomplete. Full selections from Lowell's poems, including *The Vision of Sir Launfal*, are given in Page. Selections also in Stedman, Warner, and *Library of American Literature*.

Holmes. — *Autocrat of Breakfast Table*, Secs. I-IV.

Poems: *Old Ironsides, The Last Leaf, The Voiceless, Bill and Joe, The Old Man Dreams, The Boys, The Chambered Nautilus, Grandmother's Story of Bunker Hill, Contentment, The Deacon's Masterpiece, Under the Violets, Dorothy Q, A Familiar Letter, The Iron Gate.*

Holmes's complete works are published in 14 vols. The poems are published in 3 vols., Riverside edition; also in 1 vol., Cambridge and Cabinet editions (Houghton). Other editions are incomplete. The *Autocrat* is published in Handy Volume series. Copious selections from Holmes's poems are given in Page; selections also in Warner, Stedman, and *Library of American Literature*.

Thoreau. — *Excursions: The Succession of Forest Trees, Wild Apples.*

Walden: Economy, Sounds, Conclusion.

Thoreau's complete works are published in 11 vols. (Houghton). *Walden* is also published in Everyman's and Handy Volume.

For fuller discussion of the writers in this chapter, see E. C. Stedman's *Poets of America* (Houghton), Barrett Wendell's *Literary History of America* (Scribner), W. P. Trent's *American Literature* (Appleton), C. F. Richardson's *American Literature* (Putnam), W. C. Lawton's *New England Poets* (Macmillan), G. E. Woodberry's

Makers of Literature (Macmillan). G. R. Carpenter's *American Prose* (Macmillan), T. W. Higginson's *Old Cambridge* (Macmillan), W. D. Howells's *Literary Friends and Acquaintances* (Harper), J. J. Chapman's *Emerson and Other Essays* (Scribner), E. E. Hale's *James Russell Lowell and his Friends* (Houghton), G. W. Curtis's *Literary and Social Essays* (Harper). See also the lives of Emerson, Whittier, and Thoreau in the *American Men of Letters* series (Houghton), and H. E. Scudder's *Life of Lowell* (Houghton), and the lives of Emerson and Whittier in the *English Men of Letters* series (Macmillan).

CHAPTER V

THE NEW ENGLAND GROUP — ORATORS, NOVELISTS, AND HISTORIANS

Daniel Webster

George Bancroft

Nathaniel Hawthorne

William H. Prescott

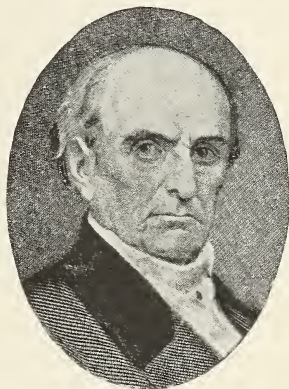
Harriet Beecher Stowe

Francis Parkman

John Lothrop Motley

THIS chapter continues the story of literary achievement in New England, taking up the orators, the writers of fiction, and the historians. The period it covers, from 1835 to 1870, resembles the Colonial period in that it was a time when great national issues were at stake, and consequently a period when oratory flourished. For twenty years before the Civil War there were threatenings in the air; the interests of the North and South were not the same, and the fear of a disunited country was ever a grim specter in the background. To reconcile the two sections and thus preserve the Union unbroken, was a task that might well inspire an orator. On the other hand, the cause of the slave seemed to many the cause of prostrate humanity, and with fiery words they strove to arouse men to wipe out the shame of a nation. Two great causes, then, inspired the orators of the time; the chief spokesman of union was Daniel Webster, the chief pleaders for the cause of the slave were Charles Sumner and Wendell Phillips. These three are taken as representative of the many orators of the period.

Daniel Webster (1782–1852) was the son of a poor farmer. He was born at Salisbury, N.H., Oct. 24, 1782. As a child he was delicate ; his chief characteristics were a love of reading and a memory which enabled him to learn by heart long passages from his favorite books. This determined his father to send him to college, and he went to Dartmouth. Here he became known for his power as a debater. After graduation he taught school for a time, to help his younger brother through college ; then he studied law. He practiced in Portsmouth, N.H., and his ability led to his election to Congress. Soon afterward he removed to Boston. The Dartmouth College case which he argued before the Supreme Court at Washington, and won, gave him a national reputation as a lawyer, while his speech at the laying of the corner-stone of the Bunker Hill monument made him known as a great orator. In 1823 he was elected to the Senate, and as a member of that body delivered in 1830 his famous *Reply to Hayne*. He was twice appointed Secretary of State, filling the position with marked ability, and everything seemed to point to the Presidential chair as his destiny. In 1850 Henry Clay introduced into Congress his famous compromise measure on the slavery question. Webster's ardent desire to preserve the Union at any cost led him, in his *Seventh-of-March Speech*, to support Clay's measures. This was looked upon by the North as a desertion of the cause, and

*Daniel Webster*

brought down a very storm of indignation. Whittier's poem *Ichabod* has already been referred to as expressing the popular feeling at this time. This speech wrecked Webster's ambitions. He died a disappointed man.

Webster's great speeches include the two addresses at the Bunker Hill monument, the second delivered at the completion of the structure; an address at Plymouth in 1820, the *Reply to Hayne*, and a discourse on *Adams and Jefferson*. Their style is dignified yet never stiff, the thought is always clear, and they have a strength like that of a great river. When we read his speeches to-day, we lose of course the effect produced by the personality of the orator. That effect in Webster's case must have been extraordinary. His appearance is thus described by Carlyle: "The tanned complexion, that amorphous, crag-like face, the dull black eyes under their precipice of brows, like dull anthracite furnaces, needing only to be blown; the mastiff mouth, accurately closed. He is a magnificent specimen." With this impressive appearance, Webster had a voice of unusual sweetness and volume. When he was a boy, he used to charm the old farmers by reading aloud to them. In his maturity his voice was like a great organ. Imagine the following passage, the close of the *Reply to Hayne*, delivered with all the eloquence of such a man:

"When my eyes shall be turned to behold for the last time the sun in heaven, may I not see him shining on the broken and dishonored fragments of a once glorious Union, on states dissevered, discordant, belligerent; on a land rent with civil feuds, or drenched it may be in fraternal blood! Let their last feeble and lingering glance rather behold the gorgeous ensign of the Republic, now known and honored throughout the earth, still full high advanced, its arms and trophies streaming in their original luster, not a stripe erased or polluted nor a single star obscured, bearing for its motto no such miserable interrogatory as 'What is all this worth?' nor those other words of delusion

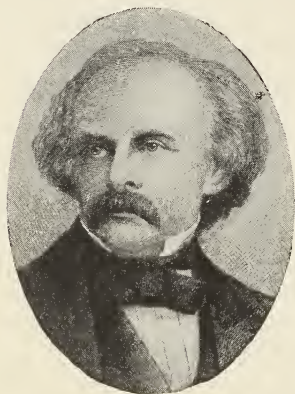
and folly, 'Liberty first and Union afterwards,' but everywhere, spread all over in characters of living light, blazing on all its ample folds as they float over the sea and over the land, and in every wind under the whole heavens, that other sentiment, dear to every true American heart, 'Liberty *and* Union, now and forever, one and inseparable!'"

Charles Sumner (1811-1874) was the leading speaker in Congress of the anti-slavery party. He was a greater scholar than Webster, and his moral earnestness was as intense as Whittier's. One of his notable speeches was that on the Kansas-Nebraska bill. In some respects he was a man ahead of his time: his greatest address, *The True Grandeur of Nations*, was an eloquent plea for the abolition of war; it antedated the Hague Convention by half a century.

Wendell Phillips (1811-1884) was another famous champion of the anti-slavery cause. Sumner defended it in Congress, Phillips before the people. He went up and down the land advocating emancipation with all the resources of a great public speaker: ready wit, natural eloquence, wide knowledge, and the zeal of the reformer. After the war he became one of the most illustrious lyceum lecturers of the time; his addresses on *The Lost Arts* and *Toussaint L'Ouverture* delighted thousands of audiences, and may still be read with pleasure.

Turning now to the writers of fiction in New England, we find one name easily preëminent, that of **Nathaniel Hawthorne** (1804-1864). He was born in Salem, Mass., July 4, 1804. One of his ancestors had been a judge in the famous witchcraft trials, and tradition says that one of his victims called down a curse upon the judge's head. As a child Hawthorne was delicate, and for two years was kept from school, studying with a tutor at home. He was a great reader, and it is significant that his early

favorites were Spenser's *Faerie Queene*, Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress*, and *The Newgate Calendar*, a record of famous English criminal trials. The two great English allegories bore fruit later in a number of allegorical tales, and *The Newgate Calendar* foreshadows the stories dealing with the problem of sin. Hawthorne went to Bowdoin College, graduating in 1829. Longfellow was a classmate of his, but not an especial friend; Horatio Bridge and Franklin Pierce were his intimate companions.



Nathaniel Hawthorne.

After graduation Hawthorne returned to Salem and lived a life of strange seclusion. He read or wrote much of the day, and at night wandered about the town or on the seashore. He felt that he had the power to become a writer, and he practiced his art as no other of our authors has done. For twelve years he wrote, burning most of his work as unworthy.

A few stories and sketches were all that he published, and for these he received little pay and no reputation. He says of this period, speaking of the room he used as a study: "Here I sat a long, long time, waiting patiently for the world to know me, and sometimes wondering why it did not know me sooner, or whether it would ever know me at all."

In 1836 his sketches and stories were gathered into a book, with the title *Twice-Told Tales*. The publisher was so doubtful about the venture that Hawthorne's friend Bridge had to guarantee him against loss. The book was

not a losing venture, nor was it a success. Longfellow wrote a generous review of it, and Poe praised it in another magazine and predicted the author's success. Yet the public was indifferent.

Hawthorne now held for a short time a position in the Custom House at Boston, and later joined the famous Brook Farm community. This was a group of enthusiastic people, literary and otherwise, who bought a farm near Roxbury, Mass., and set up a community where all should labor together, sharing alike in the results of their labor, and carrying on literary and philosophical discussions in the intervals of farm work. A few months of this sufficed for Hawthorne. He wrote in his diary: "Is it a praiseworthy matter that I have spent five golden months in providing food for cows and horses? It is not so." He now married Sophia Peabody and settled in Concord, Mass., occupying the old manse which had been the home of Emerson. Here he spent three happy years. He met Emerson, Channing, Thoreau, and others, and associated with people more than he had done before. His literary work at this time was collected into two volumes called *Mosses from an Old Manse*; the introductory sketch gives a picture of his surroundings and life at this time.

But authorship still refused to yield enough for even his modest needs, so Hawthorne took a position in the Custom House at Salem. Losing this through a change in the administration, he removed to Lenox, Mass., and there wrote his first novel, *The Scarlet Letter*. When this was finished he feared to show it to his publisher, so doubtful was he after his many discouragements. It was published in 1850, and for the first time its author tasted the sweets of success. The next year he wrote *The House of the Seven Gables*, and a collection of stories for children called *The*

Wonder-Book. In 1852 he returned to Concord and the same year published *The Blithedale Romance*. When Franklin Pierce was elected President, he appointed Hawthorne consul at Liverpool. He remained abroad for seven years, the latter part of the time in Italy. The results of this foreign experience were seen in his next books:



THE OLD MANSE

Our Old Home, a series of sketches of English life, and *The Marble Faun*, a romance of Italy.

Hawthorne returned to America in 1860, and planned other works, some of which he began but did not live to complete. He died in 1864 while on a trip to the White Mountains in search of health.

Hawthorne's writings may be divided into three groups: books for children, short stories and sketches, and romances. The books for children include *Grandfather's*

Chair, stories of early New England history, and *The Wonder-Book*, tales from Greek mythology. These books rank with Lamb's *Tales from Shakespeare* as among the classics of juvenile literature.

To the second group, comprising short stories and sketches, belong the *Twice-Told Tales*, *Mosses from an Old Manse*, and *The Snow Image*. These volumes contain some of his best work. The descriptive sketches, such as *Night Sketches*, *Birds and Bird Voices*, *The Old Apple Dealer*, show his curiously minute, almost microscopic power of observation. The short stories are often in the form of allegory, such as *The Celestial Railroad*, *The Great Carbuncle*, and — finest of all — *The Great Stone Face*, in which the chief figure, Ernest, represents Emerson, and the orator represents Webster. Another group of tales deals with New England history in Colonial days. In such stories as the *Legends of the Province House* he invests the past with the halo of romance, transforming it from cold, clear fact to a region of shadow and mystery. Hawthorne shares with Poe the credit of bringing the short story to a higher degree of perfection than had been previously attained, either in America or Europe.

Of the longer romances, *The Scarlet Letter* deals again with Colonial New England; its theme is the working of sin in two human souls. This is handled with such insight and such artistic restraint as Hawthorne alone among our writers possessed. *The House of the Seven Gables* is less intense, and is relieved by humor; yet this too has for its theme an ancestral wrong and its strange vengeance. *The Blithedale Romance* was suggested by Hawthorne's Brook Farm experience, though it is by no means a record of that experience. It is less successful than the other romances. *The Marble Faun* has its scene in Rome. The

beauty of the city, majestic in its ruin, the wonders of its art, the charm of the past that lingers about everything, are all interpreted for us here. Against this background Hawthorne paints another study of the effects of sin upon the soul. It is as if the curse called down upon the old Puritan judge had descended upon the head of his great-grandson, so potent a hold has this theme upon Hawthorne's mind.

It remains to say a few words about his work in general. One characteristic is a touch of the supernatural. He gives us no ghosts nor witches, nothing so improbable; but there are hints and shadows and half-suggestions that make a sort of twilight atmosphere about his page. His style is of that perfection that evades analysis; you cannot ticket off its qualities, it is simply a perfect medium for his thought. All in all, he is not only one of our greatest writers, but one of the greatest artists in prose of the nineteenth century.

Harriet Beecher Stowe (1811-1896), author of *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, is an example of a writer famous for a single book. She belonged to a gifted family: her father, Lyman Beecher, was a distinguished New England minister; her brother, Henry Ward Beecher, was the most famous pulpit orator of his day. As a girl she showed signs of unusual ability; at ten years of age she wrote essays and a play. She attended her sister's school at Hartford, Conn., and afterward taught there. In 1832 the family removed to Cincinnati. Harriet visited in Kentucky, and saw something of slavery. In 1836 she married Rev. Calvin E. Stowe, a professor in the theological seminary at Cincinnati. She wrote occasionally, chiefly for newspapers. A new paper, *The National Era*, was established in Washington to aid the anti-slavery

cause. In April, 1851, she sent to this the first chapters of *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, which was published as a serial. For this she received \$300. When the story was published in book form, three thousand copies were sold the first day, and within five years the sale reached half a million. It was translated into all the languages of the civilized world, was dramatized almost at once, and is still widely popular as a novel and as a play. Its effect upon its readers at the time may be judged from the fact that historians agree that this book was one of the causes of the Civil War.



Mrs. Stowe continued to write for the rest of a long life. *The*

Minister's Wooing was a story

of Colonial New England; *Oldtown Folks* contains some capital sketches of New England life and character; but the success of *Uncle Tom's Cabin* was not repeated. She spent much time and money to help the South in the slow work of rebuilding after the war.

Uncle Tom's Cabin is undoubtedly a great book, great in its faults as in its merits. That it is not a true picture of Southern life is now generally admitted. Mrs. Stowe had little opportunity to know the real South, and the strong moral purpose with which she wrote led her to paint the darker side of what she saw. Considered as a novel, its structure is weak. What, then, gives it its wonderful hold upon readers? The strength of the book lies in its appeal to our emotions. It is one of the most

pathetic stories ever written. And as pure pathos cannot be endured long, Mrs. Stowe has introduced humor, in the character of Topsy. Her descriptive power, too, makes us see the characters in a very real setting. The institution of slavery had created in the South a state of society somewhat like that of the old feudal days. Its sharp divisions between classes, its contrast of wealth and culture set off against ignorance and squalor, afforded opportunities for picturesque treatment which were found nowhere else in our country. No Southerner could see this; it required an outsider, upon whom everything made a vivid impression. Mrs. Stowe realized fully her opportunity, and strove as conscientiously as Whittier to awaken the moral sense of the nation. She accomplished her purpose, and the fact that the book survives long after the issue has passed away shows that she was more than a worker in the cause of humanity; she was, in this book at least, a great creative artist.

To the names of Hawthorne and Mrs. Stowe may be added that of a third writer of fiction, Louisa M. Alcott (1832-1888). Mrs. Alcott's work, while not nearly as important as that of the writers just discussed, was well done, and has given delight to three generations of young readers. Her best stories, *Little Women*, *Little Men*, *Eight Cousins*, and *Jo's Boys*, have a freshness, humor, and wholesome tone that have made them favorites, especially with girls, ever since their publication.

The historians of this group include Bancroft, Prescott, Parkman, and Motley, — a distinguished company.

George Bancroft (1800-1891) was the son of a clergyman of Worcester, Mass. He was educated at Harvard and continued his studies in Germany, taking his doctor's degree at the University of Göttingen. Returning to

America, he taught for a few years; then took up what he had determined to make his life-work, the writing of the history of the United States. The first volume of this appeared in 1834, the twelfth and last in 1882. In the meantime he had held various public offices: he was Secretary of the Navy in 1845-1846, minister to England 1846-1849, and to Germany 1867-1874. In the closing years of his life he revised his great work and published a final edition, in six volumes, completed in 1885. Thus the *History* in its final form is the result of fifty years of study. Although called a *History of the United States*, it comes down only to the adoption of the Constitution. For Bancroft, like Macaulay, worked on a vast scale. He had access to thousands of documents which had never been printed; he had a working library of twelve thousand volumes all on his own chosen field, and he treated the early period of our history with a minuteness of detail and an accuracy that make his work an authority for scholars. Its length and rather dull style, however, prevented the work from becoming popular.

William H. Prescott (1796-1859), the second of this group of historians, was a native of Salem, Mass., and a graduate of Harvard. Like Bancroft he early formed the idea of devoting his life to a definite field of historical study. This was the period of Spanish discovery and conquest in South America. But scarcely had he formed this plan when an accident almost destroyed his sight. He was obliged to stay in a darkened room and to have books and manuscripts read to him by his secretary. In order to write he had a frame made with wires to serve as lines to guide his pencil, and against such obstacles he produced his great historical works.

His first book, *The History of Ferdinand and Isabella*,

in three volumes, appeared in 1837. This was followed by *The Conquest of Mexico*, in 1843, and *The Conquest of Peru*, in 1847. He was engaged upon a fourth work, *The Reign of Philip II*, when he died.

Prescott's two best-known books, *The Conquest of Mexico* and *The Conquest of Peru*, are written with a force of imagination and brilliancy of style that make them as interesting as novels. Later historical investigations have shown that some of the documents which Prescott used are not wholly trustworthy, so that his brilliant historical pictures require some toning down to make them faithful. But in the main Prescott is trustworthy, and we may well be grateful to him for giving us histories that read like romances.

Francis Parkman (1823-1893), like the other historians of this group, was a Massachusetts man, born in Boston and educated at Harvard. Before graduation he had planned his life work, to write the history of the conflict between France and England in America. To this his whole life was devoted. He studied law only that he might deal properly with the constitutional questions involved. He spent his vacations in the wilderness, that he might see life as the early explorers saw it. A knowledge of Indian life and character was necessary for his purpose, so he went to the Rocky Mountains and joined a tribe of Indians, living with them seven months and undergoing all the hardships of savage life. The physical strain of this nearly cost him his life; he came back with his constitution so shattered that for two years he could do almost no work. When he began his first book, he was unable to write more than six lines a day. Under such circumstances his struggle is even more heroic than Prescott's.

His first book, *The California and Oregon Trail*, was an account of his adventures in the West. His historical works include *Pioneers of France in the New World*, *The Jesuits in North America, La Salle, or the Discovery of the Great West*, *Count Frontenac, A Half Century of Conflict*, *Montcalm and Wolfe*, and *The Conspiracy of Pontiac*. In all there are twelve volumes, telling the story of French influence in America from the arrival of the first explorers to the final downfall of French power on this continent. Parkman's experiences enabled him to write this story of the woods as no mere book-worm could have done; his diligence in examining all possible sources for written material led him to make four trips to Europe, studying the records of the French and English governments. With all this he possessed an admirable style for historical writing and a power of analyzing a mass of complex facts into clear and logical form, making his histories always easy to read and often fascinating. Another qualification of the historian he had, and one which is rare, — impartiality. Both Bancroft and Motley wrote as enthusiastic friends of liberty, and sometimes did not quite do justice to their enemies. But Parkman writes in an absolutely impartial way, and therefore by historians themselves he is ranked highest of all our historical writers. John Fiske places Parkman's work beside that of Gibbon; there can scarcely be higher praise.

John Lothrop Motley (1814-1877), like the others of this group, was a son of Massachusetts, born near Boston, and a graduate of Harvard. He studied in Germany, and began his literary work by writing two unsuccessful novels. Then he turned to history, and chose for his subject the struggles for liberty of the Dutch against Philip II of

Spain. The story of how the Republic of Holland came into existence formed a striking parallel to the story of the formation of the American Republic. Motley regarded each of these events as chapters in the great struggle by which the Anglo-Saxon race established the principles of civil liberty and self-government. To write the story of this he first went to Europe, visited the scenes of the events he was about to describe, and secured the permission of various governments to consult state papers, in order that every statement might be based upon the best authority. When his first book, *The Rise of the Dutch Republic*, was finished in 1856, the great English publisher Murray refused to take it, doubting its success. Motley published it at his own expense, and in England alone seventeen thousand copies were sold the first year. It was soon translated into Dutch, German, French, and even Russian.

Like Bancroft, Motley held various foreign posts; he was minister to Austria and later to England. But his life work was to record the history of the eighty years' war for liberty, and he continued this in two more books, *The United Netherlands*, in four volumes, 1860-1868, and *John of Barneveld*, 1874. Motley ranks as one of our great historians. He was as painstaking in his investigations as Bancroft, and possessed a style that made him far more readable. He chose a period of history that was intensely dramatic, and treated it so that his work is not only history, it is literature. His pictures of Philip II and of William the Silent are among the masterpieces of historical portraiture. His wit, his command of satire, his brilliancy of execution, fairly entitle him to a place among the first of literary historians.

READING FOR CHAPTER V

Webster. — One of the following orations: *First Bunker Hill Oration, Adams and Jefferson, Reply to Hayne.*

Webster's works are published in 6 vols. *Great Orations of Webster*, 1 vol. (Little, Brown & Co.). Selections in D. J. Brewer's *World's Best Orations* and T. B. Reed's *Modern Eloquence*.

Hawthorne. — Short stories, one of the following groups: From *Twice-Told Tales: The Great Carbuncle, David Swan, The Gray Champion, The Ambitious Guest.*

From *The Snow Image: The Snow Image, The Great Stone Face, Ethan Brand, The Man of Adamant.*

From *Mosses from an Old Manse: The Birthmark, Birds and Bird-Voices, Young Goodman Brown, Feathertop.*

Romances, one of the following: *The Scarlet Letter, The Marble Faun, The House of the Seven Gables.*

Hawthorne's complete works are published in 13 vols., Riverside edition (Houghton). *Twice-Told Tales, Snow Image*, and *Mosses from an Old Manse* are in Handy Volume.¹ *The House of the Seven Gables* and *The Scarlet Letter* are in Everyman's and Handy Volume.

Stowe. — *Uncle Tom's Cabin* (Houghton).

Prescott. — *Conquest of Mexico*, Bk. I, Chap. III.

Prescott's works are published in 16 vols. (Lippincott). *Conquest of Peru* is in Everyman's.

Parkman. — *Conspiracy of Pontiac*, Chaps. I, II; *Jesuits in North America*, Chaps. I, III, IV.

Parkman's complete works are published in 12 vols. (Little, Brown & Co.). *The Conspiracy of Pontiac* is in Everyman's; *Oregon Trail* in Handy Volume.

Motley. — *Rise of the Dutch Republic*, Part I, Chap. I.

Motley's works are published in 17 vols. (Harper). *The Rise of the Dutch Republic* is in Everyman's.

¹ For publisher and price of books referred to, see p. 278.

For fuller discussion of the writers in this chapter, see references at end of Chap. IV, and in addition L. H. Vincent's *American Literary Masters* (Houghton), H. James's *Life of Hawthorne* in the *English Men of Letters* series (Harper), J. Hawthorne's *Nathaniel Hawthorne and his Wife* (Houghton), J. T. Field's *Yesterdays with Authors* (Houghton); the lives of Hawthorne, Prescott, and Parkman in the *American Men of Letters* series (Houghton), and the life of Webster in the *American Statesmen* series (Houghton).

CHAPTER VI

EARLY SOUTHERN WRITERS

William G. Simms
Edgar Allan Poe

Paul H. Hayne
Henry Timrod

WE have seen that the New England states in the period from 1830 to 1870 produced eminent writers in nearly every department of literature. In the same period the South produced but one writer of the first rank. The reasons for the comparatively small literary product of this section may be found largely in social and economic conditions. The life of the South early developed two classes of people. The ruling class lived on large plantations whose fertile soil assured them ample revenues, enabling them to live at their ease like English country gentlemen. Below this class were the slaves and poor whites, who performed most of the labor. Contrast this with conditions in New England, where a poor soil and a rigorous climate forced men to their utmost exertions, and where practically all men were upon a level, so that competition was far keener. Thus the struggle for existence sharpened the wits of the New Englander. Further, the people of New England lived from the first in towns, and it was easy to establish schools for the community. In the South a family living in the middle of its great estate was separated by miles from the next family; roads were poor, and no common schools were established. The children were taught in the home, the young men sometimes went to

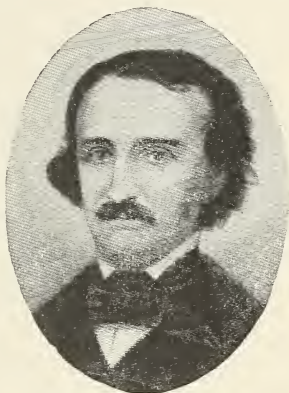
Europe to complete their education, for the colleges were few and these of a low standard; so the lack of educational facilities retarded the intellectual progress of the South. Again, there was little to encourage authorship. If one wrote a book, he must go North for a publisher. If he desired to live by literary work, the magazines to which he must turn for support were published in Philadelphia or New York.

Such in general was the condition of the South before the war. When the war came, it absorbed the whole strength of the people to a far greater extent than in the North, and its close left them in such a state of exhaustion that literary achievement was hardly possible for a generation. Making allowances for these conditions, then, we shall find that the South has contributed its share to American literature; in Poe alone it has given us a writer whom many foreign critics consider our greatest.

The earliest of this group of Southern writers was **William Gilmore Simms** (1806-1870). His fame has almost passed away, but in his day he was the most conspicuous literary figure of the South, and his home in Charleston was the center of Southern literary life. He was a man of letters by occupation, producing poetry, dramas, essays, and novels. His best work was in fiction. He aimed to do for the South what Cooper had done for the North: to depict scenes and events of Colonial and Revolutionary days in a series of stirring romances. *The Yemassee*, one of his best stories, deals with the war between the Indians and the early settlers of North Carolina. *The Partisan* is a tale of Marion's men in the Revolution; *Guy Rivers* has its scene in Georgia, *Beauchampe* in Kentucky. He was not the equal of Cooper in genius, but his novels are interesting as dealing with the same period of history, the

scenes being in the South instead of the North. In his pictures of Indian life and character Simms is closer to fact than Cooper, and his best stories still repay reading.

Edgar Allan Poe (1809-1849) was the son of David Poe, of a good old Baltimore family. David became an actor, married an English actress, and their son Edgar was born in Boston, Jan. 19, 1809. The father and mother died within two years, and the orphan was adopted by John Allan, a wealthy merchant of Richmond. Mr. Allan took the boy with him to England in 1815, and Edgar remained there at school for five years. Returning to Richmond he continued his education, and in 1826 entered the University of Virginia. Here his associates were the sons of wealthy Southerners, who drank and played cards for money. Poe contracted some gambling debts, which so angered his guardian that he took him from the University and set him to work in his office. Rebelling at this treatment, the young man left Richmond and went to Boston, where he enlisted in the army and served for two years with considerable credit. Mr. Allan now became reconciled and secured for Poe admission to West Point. The routine here was distasteful; he could not resign, so he got himself dismissed for neglect of duty.



Edgar Poe

He had been writing poetry meanwhile, and had published a slender volume of verse, which brought him neither reputation nor money. He now went to Baltimore and tried to

support himself by writing for magazines. He was quite destitute when a story of his won a prize of a hundred dollars. He made his home with his father's sister, Mrs. Clemm, and married her daughter Virginia.

In 1835 he went to Richmond as editor of the *Southern Literary Messenger*, at a salary of eight dollars a week. His editorial work was very successful, but his irregular habits caused him to lose his position. He drifted to New York, to Philadelphia, to Baltimore again ; it was the same story. His brilliant talents obtained him new positions, his old habits dragged him down ; he would be absent for days, and resign or lose his place. The use of opium further weakened his powers. Friends tried to help him, but his exceedingly sensitive nature made it difficult, and his lapses into his old ways discouraged them. His life was a constant struggle with poverty. While he was living at Fordham in the outskirts of New York City, in a cottage which is still standing (1908), a friend visited him and found his wife dying of consumption. It was winter, but there was no fire in the house ; she was wrapped in her husband's army overcoat, and he sat by her, chafing her hands. After her death Poe had brain fever. His friends assisted him once more. He planned a magazine of his own, and wrote some of his most famous poems. But his constitution had been wrecked by his life ; he suffered terribly at times, and sought relief in drugs or liquor. He became engaged to a lady of Richmond, and went North to arrange for the wedding. The next day he was found unconscious in a saloon in Baltimore ; he was taken to a hospital and died four days later.

It is a pitiful story, the saddest in our literary history. The character of the man has been blackened since his death by his enemies, and warmly defended by his friends. It is

clear that the indulgence and petting he received as a child did not tend to develop self-restraint; the child who was brought in to entertain the company by standing on the table and tossing off his little glass of wine naturally grew up to be a man with the taste for drink. Add to this that Poe's nervous temperament inclined him to stimulants and increased their effect upon him, and it will appear that much may be said in his defense.

But our concern is with the writings rather than the character of Poe. These include a number of criticisms of contemporary writers, several volumes of short stories, and his poems. The criticism is important chiefly as showing Poe's power to perceive the work of genius in the midst of much that was mediocre. He was among the first to praise the work of Longfellow and of Lowell, and almost the first to recognize the genius of Hawthorne.

Poe's short stories are more important than his criticism; he ranks as one of the masters in this form of composition. His stories may be classified into several main groups. In tales like *The Gold Bug*, *The Murders in the Rue Morgue*, and *The Purloined Letter* he shows the power to contrive a series of incidents that utterly baffle the reader to explain, and yet the explanation turns out to be simple. In these tales Poe practically created the detective story, and later writers, such as A. Conan Doyle, admit that Poe was their teacher.

A second group may be called tales of terror. *The Pit and the Pendulum*, *The Black Cat*, *The Tell-Tale Heart*, are stories that depict fear so intense, so overmastering, that it breaks down the reason. In this power to send a shudder through his readers Poe stands without a rival.

Of Poe's poetry, it may be said that no other writer in our literature has so great a reputation resting upon so

The System of Doctor Tarr and Professor Fether.

By Edgar A. Poe.

During the autumn of 18—, while on a tour through the extreme Southern provinces of France, my route led me within a few miles of a certain Maison de Santé, or private Mad-House, about which I had heard much, in Paris, from my medical friends. As I had never visited a place of the kind, I thought the opportunity too good to be lost; and so proposed to my travelling companion (a gentleman with whom I had made casual acquaintance, a few days before) that we should turn aside, for an hour or so, and look through the establishment. To this he objected; pleading haste, in the first place, and, in the second, a very usual horror at the sight of a lunatic.

few poems. All that he wrote may be printed in forty pages, his best work in half the space; yet these twenty pages contain perhaps the most original work in American poetry. His best poems, *The Raven*, *The Bells*, *Annabel Lee*, *The Haunted Palace*, are familiar to every reader. In them we find some of the same characteristics as in his stories. The prevailing mood is one of sorrow or gloom; a favorite theme is that of a hopeless grief. In the structure of his poems Poe made use of the refrain, or repetition, to a greater extent than had been done before. Sometimes a line is repeated with a word or two altered; this is called a repetend. These two devices Poe used with great skill. Another characteristic was the use of words which suggested the thought by their sound; *The Bells* is full of examples of this.

Poe defined poetry as "the rhythmic creation of beauty." His poetry certainly meets this definition. It is rhythmical; and more, it is musical as few other poems are. And it is beautiful. Its beauty is touched with sadness, which makes it the more beautiful. But some readers seek for more in poetry than beauty and music; they ask for truth, for inspiration, for solace, for spiritual help. They will not find these in Poe, for he did not regard them as within the province of poetry. Each reader, then, will decide for himself whether Poe is to be placed among the great poets. Within his province he is supreme. No other American writer has influenced foreign literature as Poe has done. His work was early translated into French, and has remained a favorite with that cultured nation. In his own country his fame has grown steadily since his death, and his best work is ranked with that of Hawthorne.

Two poets remain to be noticed in this group: Hayne and Timrod. Both were associated with the novelist

Simms, sharing his hospitality and receiving his encouragement. **Paul H. Hayne** (1830-1886) was a native of Charleston and a nephew of the Senator Hayne to whom Webster made his famous *Reply*. He gave up law for literature, and gave up literature for the battlefield, where he served with distinction. After the war he continued to write, chiefly in verse. His poetry is melodious and often beautiful, yet it is rather lacking in originality, and no single poem of his can be said to be well known.

More distinguished than Hayne was his friend **Henry Timrod** (1829-1867). He was a Charleston boy, and was educated at the University of Georgia. He acted as tutor in a planter's family before the war, and as correspondent for part of the war time. His health was shattered by the hardships of this period, and the rest of his life was full of suffering.

His poetry is small in amount, but of high quality. Much of it was inspired by the scenes and events of the war. *The Cotton Boll* breathes the very spirit of the unconquered South, and in its glowing color and varied music anticipates the work of Sidney Lanier. *Magnolia Cemetery* is a noble tribute to the fallen heroes of the Southland. Timrod has a depth of feeling and a spiritual intensity that entitle him to more recognition than he has yet received.

Here also may be mentioned some of the fugitive poems of the South, many of them called forth by the war. Among the best of these is *The Conquered Banner*, by Abram Joseph Ryan (1839-1886), better known as Father Ryan. This poem, written after Lee's surrender, is a cry of heart-break, full of the pathos of the lost cause. Another poem, *Little Giffen*, is by Frank O. Ticknor (1822-1874). It is a tribute to one of the many heroes of the war, and has an intensity and stark strength that is seldom surpassed.

READING FOR CHAPTER VI

Poe. — Poems: *The Raven, Lenore, To Helen, The Bells, Annabel Lee, The Haunted Palace, The Conqueror Worm, The City in the Sea, The Sleeper, Israfel.*

Prose tales: *The Gold Bug, The Fall of the House of Usher, The Masque of the Red Death, The Pit and the Pendulum, The Tell-Tale Heart.*

Poe's complete works are published in 10 vols., edited by Woodberry and Stedman; also in 17 vols., Virginia edition (Crowell). The poems and selected tales are also published in Handy Volume series. Full selections from Poe's poetry are given in Page;¹ briefer in Stedman, Warner, and *Library of American Literature*.

Hayne and **Timrod** are represented by selections in Stedman and *Library of American Literature*.

For fuller discussion of the writers in this chapter, see Stedman's *Poets of America* (Houghton), S. A. Link's *Pioneers of Southern Literature* (Barbee), L. Manly's *Southern Literature* (Johnson), C. F. Richardson's *American Literature* (Putnam), Barrett Wendell's *Literary History of America* (Appleton), and the lives of Poe and Simms in *American Men of Letters* series (Houghton).

¹ For publisher and price of books referred to, see p. 278.

CHAPTER VII

WRITERS OF THE MIDDLE STATES

Bayard Taylor

Walt Whitman

Richard H. Stoddard

George William Curtis

IN this chapter we shall consider a group of authors whose work belongs chiefly to Pennsylvania and New York. The chief authors of Pennsylvania are Bayard Taylor and Thomas Buchanan Read; of New York, Walt Whitman, George William Curtis, and Richard H. Stoddard.



Bayard Taylor

Bayard Taylor (1825-1878) was born at Kennett Square, Chester County, Pa., of Quaker parents. His schooling went no further than the village academy. Before he was sixteen he wrote poems which were published in the local paper, and in the intervals of leisure from his

work as a printer's apprentice he studied German and Spanish. He had a passion for travel, and at nineteen started for Europe, with a capital of one hundred and fifty dollars and a promise from Horace Greeley that he would accept some letters for the *New York Tribune*. He spent two

years in Europe, tramping nearly three thousand miles. On his return his letters to the *Tribune* were published in book form under the title *Views Afoot*, and met with a large sale. This determined Taylor's future: he was to be a traveler. He went to California in '49 to describe the gold fields; then to the Orient, visiting Egypt, Syria, Spain, India, and China. Returning to America in 1854, he made an extended lecture tour through the country, then was off again to northern lands, visiting Norway, Iceland, Sweden, and penetrating the Arctic circle.

In the course of his travels he met and married Marie Hansen, the daughter of a German astronomer. He was ambitious to build up a large estate by his literary work, as Scott had done, and purchasing a tract of land near his birthplace, built a mansion called Cedarcroft. This involved him in debt, and he had to hurry off on his travels again, going to Italy and Spain.

He held the position of lecturer on German literature at Cornell University for two years. In 1878 he was appointed minister to Germany, and began to collect material for a life of Goethe. It was never written, for he died within a year.

Taylor was a wonderfully prolific writer: his works in prose and verse fill fifty-two volumes. Such rapid work is not apt to be lasting, and Taylor's fame has suffered with time. Yet his work has many merits. Of his books of travel, the earliest, *Views Afoot*, has remained the most popular; all of them show an eye trained to catch what is new or picturesque, and a graphic style to describe it. When he went to a foreign country, he learned the language,—which he could do in a few weeks,—adopted the native costume, and tried to enter fully into the life of the people. He wrote from Constantinople:

"I determined to taste the Orient as it was in reality, and so picked up the Arabic tongue, put on the wide trousers and adopted as many Eastern customs as was becoming to a good Christian. . . . I wear the tarboosh, smoke the Persian pipe, and drop cross-legged on the floor with the ease of any tailor whatever."

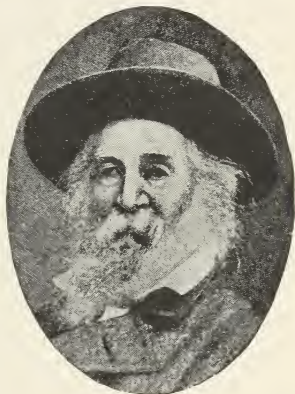
In addition to his pictures of travel in many lands, Taylor's German studies led him to make a translation of Goethe's *Faust*, in which the original meters are preserved throughout. It is a remarkable work, preserving the spirit of the original to a greater degree than any other translation of the poem. Taylor's writings also include several novels, of which *The Story of Kennett*, whose scene is laid in his native village, is the best.

It was Taylor's wish to be remembered not as a traveler but as a poet, and it looks as if this wish would be fulfilled. His books of travel, clever and entertaining as they are, yet lack somewhat because Taylor was neither a historian nor a scholar. It was said of him, rather unkindly, that he had traveled more and seen less than any other American. His poetry, however, has stood the test of time better. It covers a wide range, from lyric to pastoral, passing in later years to the dramatic form. His lyrics are his best-known work, including *The Song of the Camp*, and the famous *Bedouin Love Song*, which is set to music. The latter is one of the collection called *Poems of the Orient*, poems full of the fire, the passion, the color, and perfume of the East. In narrative poetry his best work is *Lars: a Pastoral of Norway*, a poem which so eminent a critic as E. C. Stedman places close to *Evangeline*.

Thomas Buchanan Read (1822-1872), painter and poet, like Taylor was a native of Chester County, Pa. He picked up his training in art and letters during a roving life, partly in America, partly in Europe. Of his numer-

ous volumes of verse only some of the shorter poems survive, but these we could ill afford to lose. His *Sheridan's Ride* is a stirring battle-lyric; in *Drifting* he has captured the languorous charm of Italian seas and skies. The picture of autumn entitled *The Closing Scene*, with its delicate landscapes and its soft, twilight music, is worthy of a place beside the work of Collins or Gray.

Of the writers of New York in the period since the Knickerbocker School, Whitman is easily the most prominent. **Walt Whitman** (1819-1892) was born at West Hills, Long Island. His father was a carpenter, and gave the boy a common-school education. The boy gave himself another education, first by rambles in the country and long days at the seashore, later by the books he read: the Bible,



Walt. Whitman

Shakespeare, Ossian, Scott's novels, the best translations he could get of Homer, Dante, and other great classics. This reading was done in the intervals of his early occupations. He had gone to work in a printing office at thirteen, later taught school, wrote for newspapers, and edited one. Most of this time he was living in New York. The great and varied life of the city fascinated him; he loved to be in the midst of its crowds, he made friends with omnibus drivers and pilots on the ferryboats. He saw the celebrated people of the time: Webster, Lafayette, Halleck, Cooper, Bryant, Poe, but made no effort to meet them; his companions were the common people. At

thirty he took a long tour through the West and South, walking much of the way, stopping here and there to work as a printer or reporter.

Up to this time he had written nothing worthy to be called literature. But this leisurely tour of our country had given him a sense of its greatness and of the power of democracy which he wished to express. After much thought he determined to celebrate in poetry a single typical person, who should stand for the average man in America. As he knew himself best, he took himself as his theme, and wrote his first book, *Leaves of Grass* (1855). The book had almost no sale, but it brought an encouraging letter from Emerson to the author. In 1862 Whitman's brother, an army officer, was wounded; Whitman went to the hospital to care for him, and became an army nurse. His genial nature and his overflowing physical strength made his presence better than medicine. He served in the hospitals and camps about Washington until the end of the war. These experiences resulted in a second volume of verse, *Drum-Taps*. He held a government clerkship in Washington for a time; but the strain of his hospital service had broken his health, and in 1873 a stroke of paralysis obliged him to give up work. He removed to Camden, N.J., where he lived very simply, bearing poverty and ill health without complaint. His work was beginning to find admirers; it was reprinted in England, and gained him some enthusiastic followers. He continued to write, publishing on his seventieth birthday a collection of poems entitled *Sands at Seventy*. In 1892 a complete edition of his works was published in two stout volumes, one containing his prose writings. In March of that year he died and was buried at Camden, in a tomb which he had himself designed.

The poetry of Whitman is not like that of other poets. He aimed, as he said, to express the democratic spirit of America. This was a new theme, and demanded a new style for its expression. The style he chose was an irregular, unrhymed chant, sometimes suggesting the rhythmical prose of the Old Testament. To people who thought that poetry must have regular rhythm and rhyme Whitman's strange verse seemed not to be poetry at all. Yet it is often musical, with a rhythm that is not measured off mechanically, but seems caught from the whisper of winds and the roll of the sea. The following lines, from his memorial poem on Lincoln, show his style at its best :

Coffin that passes through lanes and streets,
Through day and night with the great cloud darkening the land,
With the pomp of the inlooped flags, with the cities draped in black,
With the show of the States themselves as of crape-veiled women
standing,
With processions long and winding and the flambeaus of the night,
With the countless torches lit, with the silent sea of faces and the un-
bared heads,
With the waiting depot, the arriving coffin, and the somber faces,
With dirges through the night, with the thousand voices rising strong
and solemn,
With all the mournful voices of the dirges poured around the coffin,
The dim-lit churches and the shuddering organs — where amid these
you journey,
With the tolling, tolling bells' perpetual clang,
Here, coffin that slowly passes,
I give you my sprig of lilac.

When Lilacs last in the Dooryard Bloom'd.

Whitman does not always write like this. His long lines are sometimes mere catalogues of names; yet out of the confused jumble suddenly there flashes upon you a picture so vivid, a metaphor so daring, a phrase so perfect,

that you catch your breath as at the highest poetry. This unevenness makes one constantly in doubt whether to say that Whitman is one of our greatest poets or to say that he wrote incoherent prose with flashes of true poetry.

When we turn from the style of Whitman to consider his thought, we find in his work several leading ideas. One, already mentioned, is democracy. Closely allied to this is his intense patriotism. He believed that it was the destiny of America to become the mistress of the world, not by force of arms, but by the spread of American ideas. Another of his favorite themes is comradeship, the simple, sincere friendship that knows no class distinction. There is no other poet in our language who has written three hundred poems without one on love. Whitman never married; his nature gave itself to comradeship rather than love, and comradeship becomes the theme of his poems.

His work as a whole is marked by an invincible spirit of hopefulness. He is never morbid, never despondent, never even doubtful. A splendid courage breathes from his book. He finds life good, all good; he does not fear growing old, for age is to him the time when

The days take on a mellower light, and the apple at last hangs really
finished and indolent-ripe on the tree,
Then for the teeming, quietest, happiest days of all!

And of death he writes poem after poem, entitling them *Whispers of Heavenly Death*. Whitman's pictures of nature often have a singular power and beauty. He is the poet of the sea, of the "splendid, silent sun," and of the "huge and thoughtful night."

That his poetry has its faults is undeniable: he is sometimes diffuse, sometimes coarse; his assertion of democ-

racy sometimes appears to be little more than a defiant swagger ; his work is sadly unequal. But the final verdict upon a poet's work depends less upon his faults than upon his merits. Whitman is certainly one of the significant writers of our literature, and since his death his reputation has grown steadily.

Richard Henry Stoddard (1825-1903) was not a college man ; he attended the public schools in New York City and then worked in an iron foundry, studying and reading at night. He was a friend of Bayard Taylor and of Hawthorne, and through the latter's influence obtained a place in the New York Custom House. Later he acted as literary editor of various New York papers, and did editorial work for publishing houses. In this way he wrote a great deal of criticism, and exerted a wholesome influence upon our literature. But his poetry is his chief title to remembrance. It is marked by grace and finish of style ; it has never become popular, but lovers of poetry find delight in its delicacy and dignified strength. The following lines show his quality :

THE FLIGHT OF YOUTH

There are gains for all our losses,
There are balms for all our pain ;
But when youth, the dream, departs,
It takes something from our hearts,
And it never comes again.

We are stronger and are better,
Under manhood's sterner reign ;
Still we feel that something sweet
Followed youth, with flying feet,
And will never come again.

Something beautiful is vanished,
And we sigh for it in vain :
We behold it everywhere,
On the earth and in the air,
But it never comes again.¹

George William Curtis (1824-1892) was born in Providence, R.I., and came to New York as a boy. When he was eighteen, the Brook Farm project appealed to his idealistic nature, and thither he went, remaining two years. He studied German and music, drove the cows, and helped the women hang out the washing, all with equal zest. Then he went to Concord and spent a year as a disciple of Emerson. Several years of foreign travel followed, which broadened his views. Returning to New York City, he engaged in editorial work. He was editor of *Harper's Weekly* from 1863 until his death, and for *Harper's Magazine* he wrote the monthly essays which appeared under the heading *Editor's Easy Chair*.

Curtis is remembered almost more as the good citizen than as the man of letters. He was a zealous advocate of all wise reforms. He was one of the anti-slavery orators before the war, and later stood as perhaps the leading exponent of independence in politics. He took up the cause of civil-service reform and worked long and faithfully to change what he felt to be the most dangerous feature in our form of government,—the spoils system. His speeches on political subjects have been published under the title *Orations and Addresses*. The best of his essays in *Harper's Magazine* were published in three small volumes entitled *From the Easy Chair*. They are the reflections of a wise, a cultured, and a sympathetic observer of American

¹From *Poetical Writings* of R. H. Stoddard, copyright, 1880, by Charles Scribner's Sons.

life. But the book of Curtis's that has proved most popular is *Prue and I*, a book half narrative, half essay, with a tender vein of sentiment that reminds one of Mitchell's *Reveries*, or of an earlier essayist who doubtless influenced both Mitchell and Curtis, Washington Irving.

READING FOR CHAPTER VII

Taylor. — Poems: *Amram's Wooing*, *Hylas*, *Bedouin Song*, *Nubia*, *The Quaker Widow*, *Proposal*, *The Lost Crown*, *Peach Blossom*, *The Poet in the East*, *Metempsychosis of the Pine*.

Views Afoot: Chaps. V, VI, XII, XLIX.

Taylor's poems are published in 2 vols., Household edition (Houghton). His travels and novels are published in 16 vols. (Putnam). Selected poems in Stedman,¹ Warner, and *Library of American Literature*.

Whitman. — *To the Man-of-War Bird*; *Patrolling Barnegat*; *Song of the Broad-Axe*; *Dirge for Two Veterans*; *Captain, My Captain*; *Old Ireland*; *What best I see in Thee*; *Joy, Shipmate, Joy! When Lilacs last in the Dooryard Bloom'd*.

Whitman's poems are published in 1 vol. (Small, Maynard & Co.). Copious selections from Whitman's poems in Page; briefer in Stedman, Warner, and *Library of American Literature*.

Curtis. — *Prue and I: My Chateaux*.

Curtis's works are published by Harper; the *Addresses* are in 3 vols., *Literary and Social Essays*, 1 vol., *Prue and I*, 1 vol., *From the Easy Chair*, 1 vol. *Prue and I* is also published in Handy Volume.

For fuller discussion of the writers in this chapter, see C. F. Richardson's *American Literature* (Putnam), E. C. Stedman's *Poets of America* (Houghton), Barrett Wendell's *Literary History of America* (Appleton), John Burroughs' *Walt Whitman* (Houghton), G. E. Woodberry's *National Studies in American Letters* (Macmillan), W. D. Howells's *My Literary Passions* (Harper); also the lives of Taylor and Curtis in *American Men of Letters* series (Houghton).

¹ For publisher and price of books referred to, see p. 278.

CHAPTER VIII

NEW ENGLAND SINCE 1870

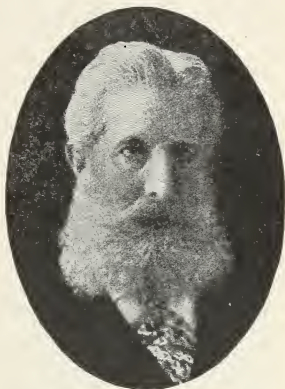
Edmund Clarence Stedman *Edward Everett Hale*
Thomas Bailey Aldrich *Charles Dudley Warner*
John Fiske

IN this chapter and the following ones the story of our literature is continued to the present time. In this Recent Period, since 1870, New England has lost its leadership, while the South, the Middle states, and the West have made notable contributions to our literature. Yet New England has not lacked distinguished writers: Stedman, Aldrich, Warner, and Hale, to mention no more, have worthily continued the traditions of the earlier period. The authors just named might almost have been included in the preceding chapter, since they were in part contemporary with Longfellow and Lowell and the rest. But if the date of publication of important books is considered, it will be seen that the authors in this chapter all belong to the period after 1870.

Edmund Clarence Stedman (1833-1908), called the "banker poet," spent most of his life in New York City, but by birth, education, and intellectual kinship he belongs to New England. He was born in Hartford, Conn., educated at Yale, and began his literary work as a war correspondent. He spent twelve years in journalism; then finding that the demands of the daily press left him no

opportunity for literary work of a more enduring kind, he entered a banking house in Wall Street. His days were given to business, his evenings and holidays to literature, and the result is a series of volumes in poetry and criticism that is of great value.

Stedman began as a poet, and like many others was stirred to write by incidents of the war. *How Old Brown Took Harper's Ferry, Wanted — a Man*, and the *Cavalier Song* are among the best poems of this period. His banking experiences suggested the graceful poem *Pan in Wall Street*, which in its light humor and fancy is equal to Holmes at his best.



Edmund Clarence Stedman

As he grew older, criticism divided his attention with poetry. In 1875 he published *Victorian Poets*, a critical survey of English poets of the period. This was enlarged some years later, and followed by a companion volume, *Poets of America*, which included writers from the beginning of our literature to the present. A third volume, *Nature and Elements of Poetry*, discusses the principles of poetic art. In these volumes Stedman has produced probably the most notable criticism that has been written in America. The only author who can be compared with him is Lowell, and while Lowell has the advantage in his racy style, Stedman's criticism is more deliberate, better balanced, than Lowell's.

Stedman has laid lovers of literature under a further

obligation by his work as editor and compiler. *A Victorian Anthology* is a selection from the works of English poets of the period, a very treasure-house of poetry, the best things culled from a thousand volumes. *An American Anthology* does a similar work for American poetry; the two volumes are invaluable to students of literature. In connection with others Stedman also edited *A Library of American Literature*, in ten volumes, giving selections and biographical sketches of all our authors.



T. B. Aldrich.

Thomas Bailey Aldrich (1836-1907), the second in this group of New England poets, was born in Portsmouth, N.H. His parents were unable to send him to college, and he went to New York as a clerk in a store. The beautiful *Ballad of Babie Bell* and other poems, published in newspapers, soon made him known as a writer, and he received an editorial position.

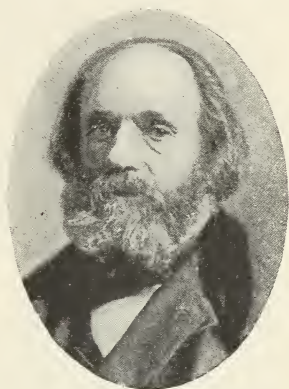
Later he went to Boston as editor of *Every Saturday*, and in 1881 succeeded W. D. Howells as editor of the *Atlantic Monthly*, a position which he held until 1889.

He did not write much, but he was scrupulously careful to perfect all that he did. Perhaps no other American poet took such pains with his work; he wrote a poem as one would cut and polish a diamond. *Babie Bell*, his best-known poem, is as delicate and tender as childhood itself. A group of poems dealing with Oriental themes — *Dressing the Bride*, *When the Sultan goes to Ispahan* — are marked by passion and color.

His sonnets are among the best in American poetry; *Fredericksburg* in particular shows his power of handling a large theme in brief compass.

Aldrich is equally well known for his prose writings. *The Story of a Bad Boy*, which tells of his own boyhood in Portsmouth, has always been a favorite book with boys. Several volumes of short stories show his power of compression and the exquisite finish of his style. *Marjorie Daw*, in the volume of that name, is one of the brightest and most artistic short stories in our literature.

Edward Everett Hale (1822—), a native of Boston, author, editor, preacher, and chaplain of the United States Senate, is the author of more than fifty books, but he is chiefly remembered by a single story, *The Man without a Country*. The story is wholly imaginary, but so strong is the impression of reality it conveys that hundreds of read-



Edward E. Hale

ers have written to the author to ask for further information about the strange history it relates. It is one of the finest lessons in patriotism ever written.

Charles Dudley Warner (1829-1900) was born at Plainfield, Mass., and spent most of his life at Hartford, Conn., where Mark Twain, Harriet Beecher Stowe, and other literary people were his neighbors. He was a man of letters by profession, editor of the *Hartford Courant*, and one of the editors of *Harper's Magazine*. He wrote an excellent *Life of Irving*, forming the first volume in the *American*

Men of Letters series. Like Aldrich, he wrote the story of his boyhood, — *Being a Boy*, a delightful picture of life in a New England home of the Puritan type. His best work is in the two volumes of essays called *My Summer in a Garden* and *Back-Log Studies*. Of the first of these books, the London *Quarterly Review* said it was such a book as "Charles Lamb might have written if he had had a garden." His style is as clear and pure as Irving's, and humor constantly lights up his pages. To *Harper's Magazine* he contributed a series of little essays under the heading *The Editor's Drawer*. The best of these have been reprinted in two volumes: *As we were Saying* and *As we Go*. In later years he was editor-in-chief of an encyclopedia of literature in thirty volumes, called *A Library of the World's Best Literature*, one of the best collections of the kind that has been made.



John Fiske.

To Stedman and Aldrich the poets, Hale and Warner the prose writers, must be added the names of two historians, John Fiske and Justin Winsor. John Fiske (1842–1901) began as a student of philosophy and taught that subject at Harvard. Two brief treatises of his, *The Destiny of Man* and *The Idea of God*, are among the few books on philosophical subjects which

appeal to the general reader. Later Fiske's interests turned to history. He took for his especial field American history in the Colonial and Revolutionary periods, and his eleven volumes on this subject are a valuable contribution. Fiske

was less of an original investigator than Motley or Parkman; his merit lies rather in the careful selection of materials and in the clear and attractive style in which he set them forth.

His chief works are: *The Discovery of America, The Beginnings of New England, Old Virginia and her Neighbors, Dutch and Quaker Colonies in America, The American Revolution, The Critical Period of American History.*

Justin Winsor (1831-1897), the librarian of Harvard University, planned a history of America on different lines than had before been attempted. His *Narrative and Critical History of America*, in eight large volumes, is written by a number of scholars, each taking the period to which he has given special study. It is a work of value, but rather for the student than the general reader. The same plan was followed later by Professor Albert Bushnell Hart of Harvard in his work *The American Nation*, which consists of thirty volumes by different writers, making the fullest record of our country's history that has yet appeared.

Two other New England writers, E. R. Sill and Emily Dickinson, belong to the class of minor poets. The term signifies one no less truly a poet, but whose work is too slight in substance or too small in amount to win a place among great writers.

Edward Rowland Sill (1841-1887), a native of Windsor, Conn., spent his life as a teacher in California and Ohio. He wrote two slender volumes of verse, of high quality. At least one of his poems, *The Fool's Prayer*, is certain of a place in any collection of the best American verse. In spirituality his work often suggests Emerson. Nearly all his poems are short; his power of compression is seen in these lines:

LIFE¹

Forenoon and afternoon and night, — Forenoon,
 And afternoon, and night, — Forenoon, and — what!
 The empty song repeats itself. No more?
 Yea, that is Life: make this forenoon sublime,
 This afternoon a psalm, this night a prayer,
 And Time is conquered, and thy crown is won.

Emily Dickinson (1830–1886) was a strange, shy woman, who lived in almost perfect seclusion in her father's house at Amherst, Mass. To a friend who wrote asking who her companions were, she replied: "Hills, and the sun, and my dog. He is better than people, for he knows but he won't tell." Her poems, all published after her death, are all short, many containing but four lines. They are marked by fresh and original expression and intense spirituality. The following lines will show her quality:

A DAY²

I'll tell you how the sun rose, —
 A ribbon at a time;
 The steeples swam in amethyst,
 The news like squirrels ran.

The hills untied their bonnets,
 The bobolinks begun.
 Then I said softly to myself
 "That must have been the sun!"

But how he set, I know not.
 There seemed a purple stile
 Which little yellow boys and girls
 Were climbing all the while,

Till when they reached the other side,
 A dominie in gray
 Put gently up the evening bars,
 And led the flock away.

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² Copyright, Little, Brown, & Co.; used by permission.

In fiction, while New England has produced no author worthy to stand beside Hawthorne, excellent work has been done by a number of writers. Two of these deserve special mention, **Sarah Orne Jewett** (1849 —) and **Mary E. Wilkins-Freeman**. Miss Jewett is a native of Berwick, Me. In *Deephaven, A Country Doctor, The Country of the Pointed Firs*, and other books she has described the beautiful scenery of the Maine coast and the old-fashioned country people whose quiet lives are spent there.

Mrs. Freeman, better known as **Mary E. Wilkins** (1862 —), was born at Randolph, Mass. She chose as her field the life of the New England village. Like Jane Austen in an earlier day, she describes with minute realism the life of the provincial town, with its gossip and jealousies, its love affairs and small tragedies, the whole done with such fidelity and such art that it is like an exquisite miniature. Her best work is in the form of the short story, in the two volumes called *A New England Nun* and *A Humble Romance*. She has also written several novels, such as *Jerome, The Debtor*, and others.

READING FOR CHAPTER VIII

Stedman. — Poems: *Toujours Amour, The Doorstep, Fuit Ilium, Pan in Wall Street, Cavalry Song, Falstaff's Song, Song from a Drama, Wanted — A Man, The Undiscovered Country, The Discoverer, Hawthorne*.

Stedman's poems are published in 1 vol., Household edition (Houghton). Selected poems in Stedman,¹ Warner, and *Library of American Literature*.

Aldrich. — Poems: *Babie Bell, Friar Jerome's Beautiful Book, Tiger Lilies, When the Sultan goes to Ispahan, Before the Rain, After the Rain, The Tragedy, Guilelmus Rex, Fredericksburg, Sleep*.

Prose: *Marjorie Daw*.

¹ For publisher and price of books referred to, see p. 278.

Aldrich's poems are published in 1 vol., Household edition (Houghton). His prose works are published by the same house. Selections in Stedman, Warner, and *Library of American Literature*.

Warner. — *My Summer in a Garden*: First Three Weeks.

The above book and *Back-Log Studies* are published by Houghton; *As we Go* and later *Essays* by Harper.

Hale. — *The Man without a Country* (Little, Brown, & Co.).

Fiske. — *The Discovery of America*, vol. i, Chap. V.

Fiske's historical works are published in 11 vols. (Houghton).

For fuller discussion of the writers in this chapter, see the references at the end of Chap. VI; also H. C. Vedder's *American Writers of To-Day* (Silver, Burdett) and Bayard Taylor's *Essays and Notes* (Putnam).

CHAPTER IX

THE NEW SOUTH

Sidney Lanier

Joel Chandler Harris

George W. Cable

Thomas Nelson Page

James Lane Allen

THE close of the Civil War left the South with little energy for literature, but in the years since 1870 a group of writers has produced work of much significance. This Southern literature, too, has a character of its own; the work of Sidney Lanier, of Joel Chandler Harris, of Lafcadio Hearn, stands out as something distinctive. Their writings are not modeled after classic authors; they have found new and beautiful modes of expression. This freshness and originality has led certain critics to predict that the South is destined to become the leader in American literature. Already it is rich in promise.

The life of **Sidney Lanier** (1842-1881) well illustrates the difficulties of a literary career in the South in the earlier days. He was a native of Macon, Ga., and attended Oglethorpe College, then a struggling institution little more than a high school. After graduation he enlisted in the Confederate army, and served through the war. He was captured, and imprisonment and subsequent exposure planted in him the seeds of consumption. After the war he taught school and studied law for a time, but his heart was not in these occupations. From a child he

had a wonderful talent for music. Before he could write legibly he could play the flute, guitar, piano, and organ.



The flute was his favorite instrument, and in prison he cheered the hearts of his fellows by his music. He had a remarkable gift of improvisation; he could continue this for hours, saying that tunes were all the time singing in his head. The other passion of his life was poetry. He burned for distinction in this. That he might gain a solid foundation for his work he studied French and German while in camp, and later read widely in early Eng-

lish literature. He said of Poe: "He did not know enough."

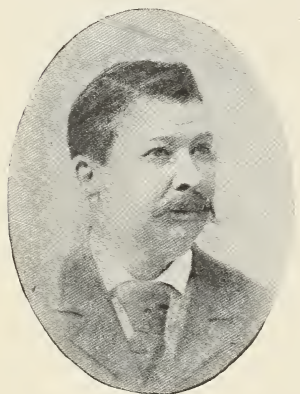
In 1873 he went North, to live if he could by his flute or his pen. In Baltimore he obtained a position in an orchestra, and studied with the passion of one who for the first time has access to a great library. He had married in 1867, and the needs of his family forced him to write boys' books and magazine articles, leaving but little time for writing poetry. His failing strength drove him to Florida and to Texas in search of health. In 1879 he was appointed lecturer in English literature in Johns Hopkins University, and for the first time was free to devote himself to study and poetry. But the relief came too late; he had held the position but two years when death closed his career.

Lanier's works in prose include *The Boys' King Arthur*

and *The Boys' Percy*, two books in which old romantic stories are retold in simple language. His lectures at the university were published in two volumes, *The English Novel* and *The Science of English Verse*. The latter book is noteworthy as setting forth the theory upon which Lanier's own poetry was composed. Briefly, he held that poetry was closely allied to music, and endeavored to carry the principles of musical composition into poetry. In such poems as *The Marshes of Glynn* there is no fixed length of lines. They vary with the thought expressed: now long, full, and stately; now short and tremulous. The words are chosen for their sound-values as well as for their meaning. One of his longer poems, *The Symphony*, even attempts to give through words the effect of the various instruments in an orchestra. And Lanier's poetry is more than mere beauty of sound. Unlike Poe, he held that the poet had a message to deliver; *The Symphony* is a protest against the heartless commercialism of our time. Lanier had a deep and tender love for nature; his descriptions are notable not only for their beauty, but for their frequent spiritual suggestion. To gain an adequate idea of Lanier's writings one should read aloud one of the longer poems, such as *Corn* or *The Marshes of Glynn*.

Of recent years the South has given us a number of writers of fiction, of whom the most prominent are George W. Cable, Joel Chandler Harris, Thomas Nelson Page, and James Lane Allen. Much of their work has been in the form of short stories, and is remarkable for its strong local color. Each writer has taken a certain locality or a certain class of people as his province, and given a faithful picture of them, describing their quaint ways and usually reproducing the dialect of the locality.

George W. Cable (1844- —) chose for his field the life of the Creoles of Louisiana. He was well fitted to treat this, as he was born in New Orleans, and his early life as a surveyor and as a newspaper reporter brought him into contact with Creole life on the plantations and in the city. His first stories appeared in *Scribner's Monthly*; they were reprinted later as *Old Creole Days*. The delicate pathos and humor of these sketches won fame



Joel Chandler Harris

for the author, and encouraged by success, he devoted himself to literature. He has published several novels, of which *The Grandissimes*, *Madame Delphine*, and *Dr. Sevier* are considered the best.

Joel Chandler Harris (1848-1908) was born in Eatonton, Ga. He gained most of his education in a printing office, became a reporter on the *Atlanta Constitution*, and later one of its editors. A few years before his death he was made editor of a new magazine, called in his honor *Uncle Remus's Magazine*. His early life made him familiar with the negro, — not the idealized negro of *Uncle Tom's Cabin* nor the caricature negro of the minstrel show, but the old-time plantation dinky. In his books Harris presented the negro truly for the first time in literature. And he did this not only with fidelity, but with such art, with such rich humor, such quaint philosophy, that the "Uncle Remus" stories have taken their place as little classics. His best books, *Uncle Remus*, *Nights with Uncle*

Remus, and others are made up of tales many of which had been handed down from generation to generation of dusky story-tellers. It was his good fortune to see what a rich field there was in the adventures of Brer Rabbit and his companions, and to write them for our delight.

Thomas Nelson Page (1853—) was born in Hanover County, Va., educated at the University of Virginia, and later practiced law in Richmond. His earliest memories were of the South in the old slave-holding days; his youth was passed in the trying period when the old order had passed away and the South was painfully adjusting itself to new conditions. From such scenes he drew the material for his stories. He presents the old aristocratic South, with its beauty and its chivalry, its faithful servitors, and he shows the pathos of the days that followed. His first book, a volume of short stories called *In Ole Virginia*, contains some of his best work. *Two Little Confederates* is an autobiography; *Red Rock*, a story of Reconstruction days.

James Lane Allen (1850—) was born near Lexington, in the famous bluegrass region of Kentucky. Like the other Southern writers he found his material in the scenes and characters of his native place. Like the others, too, he began with short stories in the magazines, which he collected into a volume called *Flute and Violin*. He gives us the atmosphere of a place through poetic description rather than by the use of dialect; a lover of nature, his descriptions have a delicate beauty that makes them one of the chief charms of his work. This is well seen in the novelette *A Kentucky Cardinal*. *The Choir Invisible* and *The Reign of Law* are longer novels, the scenes laid in his favorite Kentucky.

Lafcadio Hearn (1850-1904) might almost be called a man without a country, since he was born on one of the islands of Greece, educated in England, worked as a journalist in America, and died as a teacher of literature in Japan. By his style and genius, however, he belongs with the writers of the South. His first novel, *Chita, A Memory of Last Island*, a story of the destruction of a fashionable watering place in the Gulf, contained descriptive passages marked by such beauty, richness, and music as English style had hardly known since De Quincey. After some years spent in the far East he published *Glimpses of Unfamiliar Japan* and other works, showing an intimate knowledge of the strange myths and superstitions of old Japan.

Mary N. Murfree (1850- —), born in Murfreesboro, Tenn., has published most of her work under the pen name of "Charles Egbert Craddock." In her books, *In the Tennessee Mountains*, *The Prophet of the Great Smoky Mountains*, and others, she describes the picturesque mountain people, living far from the railroads, making their moonshine whisky, and executing stern justice with their own hands. The stories are set in a background of natural scenery that adds much to the dramatic effect.

F. Hopkinson Smith (1838- —), born in Baltimore, but long a resident of New York, is known as a painter in water colors and a successful civil engineer as well as an author. He has published a number of volumes of stories, short and long; among the best is *Colonel Carter of Cartersville*. This is not a local study, but the study of a type; Colonel Carter is the typical Southern gentleman of the old school, and one of the most delightful characters in recent fiction.

One of the latest comers in this group of Southern writers of fiction is Miss Ellen Glasgow, a daughter of Vir-

ginia, whose novels, *The Deliverance*, *The Battle Ground*, *The Voice of the People*, and *The Ancient Law*, deal with the Reconstruction and later periods, the scenes laid in the tobacco country of Virginia. Her work is marked by a finish of style and an unusual power of character drawing.

READING FOR CHAPTER IX

Lanier. — Poems: *Song of the Chattahoochee*, *Tampa Robins*, *The Stirrup Cup*, *The Mocking Bird*, *Ballad of Trees and the Master*, *Song for the Jacquerie*, *Sunrise*, *The Marshes of Glynn*.

Lanier's poems are published in 1 vol. (Scribner). Full selections in Page¹; briefer in Stedman, Warner, and *Library of American Literature*.

Cable. — *Old Creole Days* (Scribner).

Harris. — *Uncle Remus and his Friends* (Houghton).

Page. — *In Ole Virginia: Meh Lady* (Scribner).

Allen. — *A Kentucky Cardinal* (Harper).

Fuller discussion of the writers mentioned in this chapter will be found in E. C. Stedman's *Poets of America* (Houghton), W. M. Baskervill's *Southern Writers* (Barbee), L. Manly's *Southern Literature* (Johnson).

¹ For publisher and price of books referred to, see p. 278.

CHAPTER X

RECENT WRITERS OF THE MIDDLE STATES

John Burroughs

Henry James

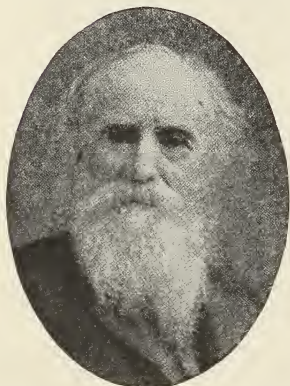
W. D. Howells

F. Marion Crawford

Frank R. Stockton

IN comparing the literary work produced in the Middle states in the recent period with that of the period preceding, a marked contrast is noticed in the form of the work. In the earlier period the chief writers—Whitman, Read,

Taylor, Stoddard, and Curtis—were all essayists or poets. In this period the noted writers—Howells, James, Crawford, and Stockton—are novelists. The one exception is the essayist Burroughs, whose work will be considered first.



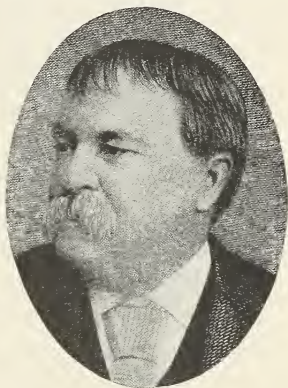
John Burroughs

John Burroughs (1837- —) is a New Yorker, but not a city dweller. He was born on a farm near Roxbury, N.Y., and after a few years spent in teaching school and in a government clerkship in Washing-

ton, he purchased a few acres of land on the Hudson, in the Catskill Mountain region, where he lives, dividing

his time between books and out-door life. He has published some fifteen volumes, whose titles suggest their contents: *Wake-Robin*, *Winter Sunshine*, *Birds and Poets*, *Locusts and Wild Honey*, *Signs and Seasons*, *Indoor Studies*, *Walt Whitman*. He worthily continues the work of Thoreau as a loving observer of nature. To read him is like taking a walk through the woods with a companion who finds something interesting at every step. His method may be inferred from a saying of his: "You must have the bird in your heart before you can find it in the bush." Besides his nature studies he has written several volumes of literary criticism that is as fresh and original as his out-door studies. He has also published a collection of the best poems on nature by English and American writers, entitled *Songs of Nature*.

William Dean Howells (1837—) might be considered as belonging to the West, since he was born in Ohio; but he came east as a young man and has remained there. He was born at Martin's Ferry, O., March 1, 1837. His father was a newspaper editor, and in the printing office and the library at home the boy picked up most of his education. His early life he has pictured in the book *A Boy's Town*. He learned to set type, and served as a reporter on various newspapers. He early showed a love for literature, and being denied the opportunity for a regular education, he taught himself Spanish, Italian, and German and read eagerly in these languages. In 1860 he wrote a



W. D. Howells

campaign biography of Lincoln. With the money he received for this he made a trip to Boston to see Lowell, Emerson, and Longfellow. In 1861 he was appointed United States consul at Venice, where he remained four years. His impressions of this period are recorded in *Venetian Life* and *Italian Journeys*.

Returning to America, he engaged in journalism in New York; then went to Boston as editor of the *Atlantic Monthly*, a position which he held from 1871 to 1881, when he resigned to devote himself more to his own writing. In 1888 he removed to New York, where for a time he conducted the *Editor's Study* and later the *Editor's Easy Chair* in *Harper's Magazine*.

He has been an industrious writer; the list of his works already numbers more than forty volumes. These cover a wide range, including poetry, essays, books of travel, criticism, short plays, and novels. His plays, or rather dramatic sketches, comedies in miniature, sparkle with humor and are written with a light, sure touch that is Mr. Howells's peculiar gift. They present amusing situations in everyday life, such as *The Elevator*, *The Sleeping Car*, *The Mouse-Trap*, and others.

Mr. Howells's novels are his chief work, and probably the most important work in American fiction since Hawthorne. His theory of the novel is set forth in the volume called *Criticism and Fiction*. He is a realist, a follower of the Russian novelist Tolstoi, and defines realism as "nothing more and nothing less than the truthful treatment of material." His material is American life. It was his good fortune to be born in a typically American community, and then to spend four years abroad, giving that perspective, that knowledge of other nations, which is necessary to understand one's own. Thus equipped, Mr. Howells

began writing stories of American life, or to speak more exactly, of that part of it which he had known in Ohio, New York, and New England. And even here he limited his field. He did not write of the leaders of society, of the multi-millionaires, or of the criminal classes; these are the exceptions, and realism demands that an author shall treat of the usual, not the exceptional. So his characters are drawn from the great middle class in our social scale; we see ourselves in his pages, pictured with a minuteness and accuracy that is almost photographic. His style, so exquisite in its choice of words, so delicately responsive in conveying shades of meaning, is a delight in itself. His descriptions—for example the passage in *Their Wedding Journey* describing the city on a hot day—have a wonderful power of conveying to the reader not only the scene but the sensations of such an experience. The underlying tone of his work is always wholesome. In this he presents a contrast to the chief realistic writers of European countries. Their books, dealing with the seamy side of life, are often of doubtful moral value. Mr. Howells finds American life sound and true, and has so depicted it. Among his best novels are *The Lady of the Aroostook*, *A Modern Instance*, *The Rise of Silas Lapham*, and *A Hazard of New Fortunes*. He ranks to-day as the dean of American men of letters.

Henry James (1843—) was born in New York City, but was educated abroad, and has lived abroad so long that one scarcely thinks of him as an American author. He has written essays of travel, literary criticism, an excellent life of Hawthorne, and a number of novels and short stories. Among his best novels are *The Americans*, *The Europeans*, *The Portrait of a Lady*, *The Princess Casamis-*

sima, and the volumes of short stories entitled *The Lesson of the Master* and *The Better Sort*.

A favorite subject of his is to portray Americans against a European background, the contrast in social and other standards affording a theme for his carefully finished studies of character. He is, like Howells, a realist, and even carries his theories farther than Mr. Howells. The novel, he holds, should exhibit life as it is. But life as it is does not exhibit well-constructed plots, so his stories have no plots. In life, too, relations between events are not so clearly defined as most novelists portray them. We cannot always trace an effect to its cause; we do not see the results of many of our actions; life is rather a tangled and perplexing thing. And Mr. James, trying to reproduce this, does not give us nicely rounded-out stories, with a proper ending, happy or unhappy as it may be, but rather portrays the shifting scene: people come and go; we do not see the beginning; we do not learn the end, except as we may fancy it for ourselves. Such stories naturally do not appeal to the average reader, but Mr. James's admirers find delight in the skill with which he shows the characters of his mimic world, and in the finished art of his style. Mr. James has recently undertaken a rather remarkable task,—the rewriting of all his novels, some of which were published thirty years ago, in the form in which he would write them to-day.

Francis Marion Crawford (1854—) was born in Italy, his father being a noted American sculptor. He came to New York as a child and was educated in this country. Of recent years he has returned to Italy, living in a villa near Sorrento. He is a very prolific writer; since 1882, the date of his first book, he has written thirty novels, in addition to half a dozen books of history and description. His first

novel, *Mr. Isaacs*, is a romantic story of the East, introducing occultism, jewels, and picturesque descriptions. *Zoroaster* is a tale of ancient Persia in the days of Darius and the prophet Daniel. *Saracinesca*, *Sant' Ilario*, and *Don Orsino*, three novels dealing with the fortunes of a noble Italian family of the present day, give a history of Rome from 1865 to 1887, the period of the struggle for supremacy between the civil power and the Papacy. Mr. Crawford's books have usually a historical background. They have little distinction of style, but are always interesting, and in consequence he is one of the most popular of living novelists.

Frank R. Stockton (1834-1902) was born in Philadelphia and graduated from the high school there; became a journalist, contributed many stories to *St. Nicholas*, and was an assistant editor of that magazine. After publishing a number of stories for children he wrote *Rudder Grange*, a series of amusing sketches that were widely popular. This was followed by a number of longer stories, including *The Casting Away of Mrs. Lecks and Mrs. Aleshine*, *The Dusantes*, and *The Squirrel Inn*. His best short stories are in the two volumes called *A Chosen Few* and *The Lady or the Tiger*. The last named is one of the most famous short stories ever written. All of Stockton's work is humorous, and the humor is of a peculiar type. A favorite device of his is to place people in some absurdly impossible situation, and then relate their actions and conversation in a matter-of-fact way.

Richard Harding Davis (1864- —), like Stockton, was a son of Philadelphia. He began as a journalist in Philadelphia and New York, and acted as war correspondent during the Spanish-American and Russo-Japanese wars. He has published some forty volumes of travel, short stories, and

novels, but nothing that he has written quite fulfills the promise of his early work. In two volumes of short stories, *Van Bibber and Others* and *Gallegher*, he sketched certain sides of city life, in particular the life of the clubs and scenes from a reporter's experience. The stories had the freshness of youth; with their crisp style and sharp outlines they were like a series of little etchings of metropolitan life.

To these writers of fiction must be added the names of two scholars: Professor McMaster and Dr. Furness. **John Bach McMaster** (1852—), professor of history at the University of Pennsylvania, is the author of a *History of the People of the United States*, in seven large volumes, covering the period from the Revolution to the Civil War. McMaster, like Macaulay, felt that the true history of a country is not a record of sovereigns and wars, but rather of the social, industrial, and intellectual progress of the people. In his history, therefore, he writes not only of presidential campaigns and foreign policies, but of the building of canals and railways, the passing of the ten-hour law, the growth of newspapers, the spread of popular education, the progress of agriculture and manufactures, — in a word, the story of the common people of America.

Horace Howard Furness (1833—) has edited the most complete edition of Shakespeare ever published. The *Vari-orum Shakespeare*, as it is called, devotes a large volume to each play, giving the text, with various readings, followed by a summary of all the notes of editors from the earliest to the present time, including extracts from the best criticism in English and other languages, and reprints of the sources of plays, where that is known. The volumes thus form a veritable cyclopedia of Shakespearian scholarship and criticism.

READING FOR CHAPTER X

Burroughs. — *Winter Sunshine: The Apple; Riverby: Eyebeams.*

Burroughs's essays are published in 15 vols. (Houghton). Selections in Riverside Literature series.

Howells. — One of the following novels: *The Lady of the Aroostook, A Modern Instance, A Hazard of New Fortunes, The Rise of Silas Lapham* (Houghton).

James. — Short stories: *The Lesson of the Master* (Macmillan), *The Better Sort* (Scribner).

Novels, one of these: *The Europeans, The Portrait of a Lady* (Houghton).

Crawford. — One of the following: *Mr. Isaacs, Zoroaster, Saracinesca, Don Orsino, Sant' Ilario* (Macmillan).

Stockton. — *The Lady or the Tiger, A Chosen Few, Rudder Grange* (Scribner).

For fuller discussion of the writers in this chapter, see H. C. Vedder's *American Writers of To-Day* (Silver, Burdett), J. W. Abernethy's *American Literature* (Maynard, Merrill & Co.), A. G. Newcomer's *American Literature* (Scott, Foresman).

CHAPTER XI

THE RISE OF WESTERN LITERATURE

Bret Harte

Edward Eggleston

S. L. Clemens

Eugene Field

James Whitcomb Riley

THAT section of our country which lies between the Ohio River and the Pacific Ocean has been so recently developed that one would scarcely expect to find much literature. When we remember that New England and the South, from the time of their settlement to the Revolution, — a period of one hundred and fifty years, — produced not a single book that lives as literature, it would not be strange if the West, in fifty years, should have little to show. Yet the development of the West has been far more rapid in every respect than that of the colonies, and although its literature has but begun, it contains much of promise and at least two distinguished names: Bret Harte and Mark Twain.

The very beginning of Western literature was in the sixties, when a group of humorists, trained chiefly in newspaper work, became widely popular. One of the chief of these was Charles Farrar Browne (1834-1867), who wrote under the name of "Artemus Ward." He was a reporter in Cleveland; he had gone farther west, visiting Utah, and prepared a humorous lecture on *The Mormons*. This proved very successful in England as well as in America;

it is to be found in most collections of American humor. His drolleries still provoke laughter.

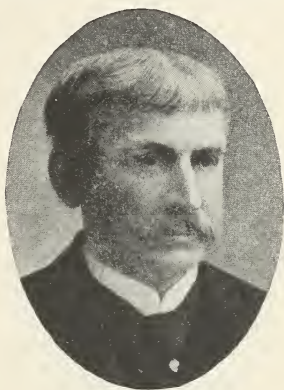
Henry W. Shaw (1818-1885), better known as "Josh Billings," published a series of comic almanacs, — *Farmer's Allminax*, he called them, — in which the odd spelling and the humor served to give point to shrewd common sense. Some of his sayings are yet quoted, as :

"Style iz everything for a sinner, and a leetle of it won't hurt a saint."

"Thare iz sum pholks in this world who spend their whole lives a-hunting after righteousness, and kant find enny time tew praktiss it."

"To bring up a child in the way he should go, travel that way yourself once in a while."

But the first Western writer who expressed the spirit of the West was Bret Harte. **Francis Bret Harte** (1839-1902) was born at Albany, N.Y., and went West at sixteen. In California he was at various times miner, school teacher, printer, and journalist. In 1868 he was chosen editor of *The Overland Monthly*, a magazine just established, and to it he contributed many of his best stories. In 1878 he went to Germany as United States Consul at Crefeld, adding another name to the list of literary men whom our country has rewarded with diplomatic positions. His later years were spent in London; as an author he was even more popular in England than in the United States.

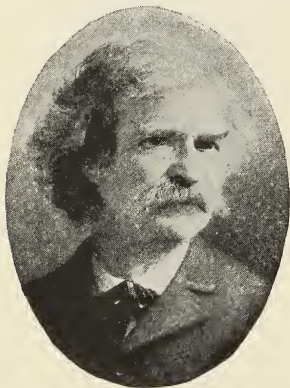


Bret Harte

His writings number forty volumes, but his reputation

rests on two or three of these. His earliest book, a collection of short stories called *The Luck of Roaring Camp and Other Tales*, shows him at his best. The scene is the Western mining camp; the characters are the rough, simple miners; the gambler, polished and reckless; the wrecks of humanity, men and women, who drifted with the tide that carried thousands across the plains in search of gold. This life Harte had seen at an age when impressions are strongest; he has pictured it vividly, with its pathos, its unconscious humor, its heroism, often unconscious too. By his descriptions of scenery and people, by suggestion, by the use of dialect, he gives one the very atmosphere of the place. He is thus the pioneer writer of the short story of local color, the field in which Cable and Miss Murfree in the South, Sarah Orne Jewett and Mary E. Wilkins in

New England, have since done their notable work. Besides his short stories, Harte has written a volume of poems. The best of these, like his stories, deal with Western life. His *Plain Language from Truthful James*, also known as *The Heathen Chinnee*, is a good example of his humorous verse.



Mark Twain

Samuel L. Clemens (1835—), whom everybody knows as Mark Twain, is a Westerner by right of birth. He was born at Florida, Mo., Nov. 30, 1835. He picked up most of his education

in a printing office. He was by turns a wandering printer, a Mississippi River pilot, a miner in Nevada, a journalist in

San Francisco, and a lecturer everywhere. A trip to Europe with a party of tourists resulted in *Innocents Abroad*, the book which first made him widely known. In *Life on the Mississippi* he tells many of the incidents of his own roving life. A succession of other books, all widely popular, had made him comfortably well-to-do. In the late eighties, however, he became a member of a publishing house which failed disastrously, leaving debts of upwards of a hundred thousand dollars. Mark Twain set out to pay these debts, and to do so made a lecture tour around the world. With this and his later books he not only paid the entire debt of the firm, but gained a comfortable income. In 1907 he visited England to receive the degree of Doctor of Letters from Oxford University, an honor which has seldom been conferred on an American.

Mark Twain is undeniably one of our chief American humorists. This quality pervades all his work; it is seen perhaps at its best in short sketches like *The Jumping Frog* or *New England Weather*. But his claim to be remembered rests upon more than his humor. In two long novels, *Tom Sawyer* and *Huckleberry Finn*, he has done work which gives him a place with our leading writers of fiction. These books do for the Middle West what Cooper's novels did for the frontier: they give us a picture of a life that is gone forever, and a picture so vivid, so true, that it is history. In these books Twain shows a power to create character in which he is second to none of our novelists. Tom Sawyer is as real a boy as any of the thousands of boys who have delighted in his adventures.

Edward Eggleston (1837-1902) has done for early life in Indiana what Mark Twain did for life on the Mississippi. He was born at Vevay, Ind., and at nineteen became a circuit rider, or traveling Methodist preacher. After ten

years of this he came East to accept an editorial position, serving successively on *The Sunday-School Teacher*, *The Independent*, and *Hearth and Home*, and acting as pastor of an independent church in Brooklyn.

The Hoosier Schoolmaster, his first and most popular book, appeared in 1871 as a serial in *Hearth and Home*, and won him a reputation as a novelist. His life as a circuit rider had given him an intimate knowledge of the crude life of the early settlers in the Middle West; he drew upon this knowledge and gave us a book full of human interest, racy with humor, and graphic in its picture of pioneer civilization. None of his later novels, such as *The Circuit Rider*, *Roxy*, and *The Hoosier School-Boy*, met with quite the success of his first book. In later years Eggleston turned from fiction to history, and in *The Transit of Civilization* and other works made interesting and valuable studies of the life of the people in early Colonial times.

Perhaps this chapter is the best place to mention the work of a man whom we do not usually think of as a man of letters, Ulysses S. Grant (1822-1885). A native of Ohio, and a resident of St. Louis, he belongs to the West. His *Personal Memoirs* is a book which by virtue of its strong, direct, simple style in dealing with great events has been placed by no less a critic than W. D. Howells among the great books in our literature.

The writers mentioned thus far have been writers of prose. In poetry the West has not been behind the East in the amount if not in the quality of the work produced. One of the earliest writers was John Hay (1838-1906), a native of Indiana, whose *Pike County Ballads* were among the first attempts to use Western dialect in verse. Mr. Hay is also the author of *The Breadwinners*, a powerful novel dealing with social and labor questions in so bold a way

that it was published anonymously and its authorship never definitely known until after Mr. Hay's death. Hay is also known as the co-author with John G. Nicolay of a life of Lincoln, and served with distinction as Secretary of State under Presidents McKinley and Roosevelt.

Joaquin Miller (1841—) was born in Indiana and went to Oregon as a boy. His early life in mining camps and on ranches in California and Oregon furnished material for several volumes of poems, *Songs of the Sierras*, *Songs of the Sunlands*, *Songs of the Desert*, and others, in which the free life, the tropical scenery, and the great open spaces of the Southwest are celebrated in swinging, musical, if somewhat careless verse. But among the many Western writers of verse two stand out above the rest: Eugene Field and James Whitcomb Riley.

Eugene Field (1850–1895) was born in St. Louis, Sept. 3, 1850. He was educated in the East, but went West again to become a journalist. He worked on various papers in St. Louis, Kansas City, and Denver, and in 1883 went to Chicago to join the staff of the *Daily News*, a position he held until his death. He had a column in the paper called *Sharps and Flats*, where he wrote what he pleased. Sometimes it was a witty

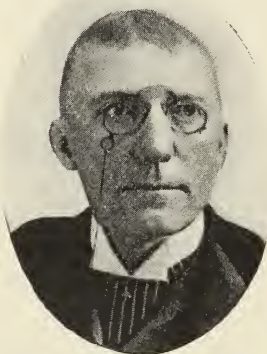


Eugene Field
"

paragraph at the expense of Chicago's society leaders; sometimes it was a rollicking bit of verse; sometimes a tender story. The best of this work he gathered up into half a dozen volumes of prose and verse. His first

book of poems, *A Little Book of Western Verse*, was welcomed with delight for its freshness and its humor. In subsequent volumes, *A Second Book of Verse*, *Love Songs of Childhood*, and others, Field won wider and wider recognition. His child poems, contained in the *Love Songs* and *With Trumpet and Drum*, are perhaps his finest work. The simplicity and charm of such poems as *Little Boy Blue*, *Wynken, Blynken and Nod*, and *The Rockaby Lady of Hushaby Street* fairly entitle him to be crowned the poet laureate of childhood. In *A Little Book of Profitable Tales*

he has collected some of his best sketches and short stories, which show his humor and pathos in equal degree.



James Whitcomb Riley

James Whitcomb Riley (1852—) was born at Greenfield, Ind., and has spent nearly all his life in his native state. In his youth he was by turns traveling sign painter, actor, and journalist. While a reporter on the *Indianapolis Journal* he wrote for that paper some poems in Hoosier dialect, which were published over the signature of "Ben-

jamin F. Johnson, of Boone." In 1883 these poems were gathered into a slender volume called *The Old Swimmin' Hole*, and 'Leven More Poems. The cordial reception given to this book decided Riley's career. He has published twelve volumes of poetry, of which *Poems Here at Home*, *Neighborly Poems*, and *Old-Fashioned Roses* are among the best. For some years he gave readings from his poems, with great success; but he disliked the work,

and prefers to live quietly in his "home town," writing when he is in the mood for it.

Riley is known, in America and England, as a dialect poet. He has done for the Hoosier dialect what Lowell did in the *Biglow Papers* for the Yankee dialect: lifted it into literature. His country boyhood, his roving life, made him know the plain people; he has shared their pleasures, felt their griefs, read their few books, and read more often in the Book of Nature. He writes from their standpoint, puts their feelings into his poetry, and so uses their speech as fittest. With him, then, dialect is not an artificial device of a writer striving for a new literary effect, but a sincere and natural medium of expression. With it he can call up old memories of boyhood, mingled with deeper thoughts that touch the springs of tears; he can make us laugh at his quaint sayings; he can picture the old orchard with clover blooms underneath, bluejays in the branches, and white clouds sailing overhead. His *Knee-Deep in June* is as genuine in its feeling and as musical as Lowell's "What is so rare as a day in June" in *The Vision of Sir Launfal*. Again, Riley, like Field, is one of childhood's favorite poets. *The Raggedy Man*, *Little Orphant Annie*, *The Runaway Boy*, are poems to which the heart of childhood makes instant answer.

In conclusion, a word may be added as to the general characteristics of the literature of this period, not only in the West but the country over. The chief development has been in fiction, and of this fiction much has been in the form of the short story. One reason for this is in the multiplication of magazines. The past twenty years has seen their number more than doubled, and as each issue commonly contains several short stories, a ready market is afforded for

some hundreds of these each year. These short stories commonly take the form of studies of local color, and in this way the dialect, the manners, and the characteristics of various parts of our country have been, so to speak, photographed, section by section, so that a foreigner, by putting together the work of a number of writers, might obtain a tolerably correct idea of our whole country.

As in prose the favorite form is the short story, so in poetry it is the lyric. Of dramatic poetry little of consequence has been produced, with the exception of the work of William Vaughn Moody (1869—), whose *Masque of Judgment* is one of the most significant of recent volumes of verse. Perhaps it is the hurry, hurry of restless American life that leaves us no time for anything but short stories and short poems. It would be a pity if this were true, for the greatest writers in English and American literature have found that the short story and the lyric, while admirable in themselves, offer too limited a field for sustained, serious literary achievement.

And finally, as to the authors themselves, while there are more people writing and writing well than ever before, there seem to be few or no great authors. Perhaps we are too close to them to realize their significance. When Lowell and Hawthorne were writing their books, few people thought of them as among the greatest authors in our literature. So it may be that in another generation certain authors of to-day—it would be rash to mention names—will be placed among the chief writers in American literature.

READING FOR CHAPTER XI

Harte. — Poems: *John Burns of Gettysburg, Caldwell of Springfield, Ramon, Dow's Flat, Plain Language from Truthful James, The Society upon the Stanislaus, Her Letter, Grizzly, Dickens in Camp.*

Prose: *The Luck of Roaring Camp.*

Bret Harte's complete works are published in 19 vols. (Houghton). Selections from the poems in Stedman, Warner, and *Library of American Literature*.¹

Clemens. — One of the following: *Tom Sawyer, Huckleberry Finn, Life on the Mississippi* (Harper).

Eggleston. — *The Hoosier Schoolmaster* (Judd).

Field. — Poems: *A Little Book of Western Verse, With Trumpet and Drum.*

Prose: *A Little Book of Profitable Tales.*

Field's complete works are published in 12 vols. (Scribner). Selections from his poems in Stedman, *Library of American Literature*, and Warner.

Riley. — *Neighborly Poems* (Bobbs, Merrill), *Poems Here at Home* (Century).

Riley's collected works in prose and verse are published in 12 vols. (Scribner). Brief selections in Stedman and *Library of American Literature*.

For fuller discussion of the writers in this chapter see the references at the close of Chap. X.

¹ For publisher and price of books referred to, see p. 278.

QUOTATIONS FOR MEMORIZING

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN

Dost thou love life? Then do not squander time, for that is the stuff life is made of.

Poor Richard's Almanac.

If you would know the value of money, go and try to borrow some; for he that goes a-borrowing goes a-sorrowing.

Poor Richard's Almanac.

There never was a good war or a bad peace.

Letters.

Experience keeps a dear school, but fools will learn in no other.

Poor Richard's Almanac.

If you would have your business done, go; if not, send.

Poor Richard's Almanac.

He that lives on hope will die fasting.

Poor Richard's Almanac.

A man is often more generous when he has but little money than when he has plenty, perhaps through fear of being thought to have but little.

Autobiography.

FITZ-GREENE HALLECK

Burns

There have been loftier themes than his,
And longer scrolls, and louder lyres,
And lays lit up with Poesy's
Purer and holier fires;

Yet read the names that know not death ;
 Few nobler ones than Burns are there ;
 And few have won a greener wreath
 Than that which binds his hair.

His is that language of the heart,
 In which the answering heart would speak, —
 Thought, word, that bids the warm tear start,
 Or the smile light the cheek ;

And his that music, to whose tone
 The common pulse of man keeps time,
 In cot or castle's mirth or mourn,
 In cold or sunny clime.

EDWARD C. PINCKNEY

I fill this cup to one made up
 Of loveliness alone,
 A woman, of her gentle sex
 The seeming paragon ;
 To whom the better elements
 And kindly stars have given
 A form so fair, that, like the air,
 'Tis less of earth than heaven.

A Health.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT

Truth crushed to earth shall rise again,
 The eternal years of God are hers ;
 But error, wounded, writhes with pain
 And dies among his worshipers.

The Battlefield.

Thou who wouldst wear the name
 Of poet 'mid thy brethren of mankind,
 And clothe in words of flame
 Thoughts that shall live within the general mind !
 Deem not the framing of a deathless lay
 The pastime of a drowsy summer day.

The Poet.

The hills,
 Rock-ribbed and ancient as the sun, — the vales,
 Stretching in pensive quietness between ;
 The venerable woods, — rivers that move
 In majesty, and the complaining brooks
 That make the meadows green ; and, poured round all,
 Old Ocean's gray and melancholy waste, —
 Are but the solemn decorations all
 Of the great tomb of man.

Thanatopsis.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON

So nigh is grandeur to our dust,
 So near is God to man,
 When Duty whispers low, Thou must,
 The youth replies, I can!

Voluntaries.

Consider what you have in the smallest chosen library. A company of the wisest and wittiest men picked out of all civilized countries, in a thousand years, have set in best order the results of their learning and wisdom.

Society and Solitude : Books.

Every spirit makes its house, but afterwards the house confines the spirit.

Conduct of Life : Fate.

A day for toil, an hour for sport.
 But for a friend a life's too short.

Friendship.

The pleasure of life is according to the man that lives it, and not according to the work or the place.

Conduct of Life : Fate.

Wilt thou seal up the avenues of ill?
 Pay every debt as if God wrote the bill.

Suum Cuique.

If a man would be alone, let him look at the stars. The rays that come from those heavenly worlds will separate between him and what he touches. One might think the atmosphere was made transparent with this design, to give man, in the heavenly bodies, the perpetual presence of the sublime. Seen in the streets of cities, how great they are! If the stars should appear one night in a thousand years, how would men believe and adore; and preserve for many generations the remembrance of the City of God which had been shown! But every night come out these envoys of beauty, and light the universe with their admonishing smile.

Nature.

We arrive at virtue by taking its direction instead of imposing ours.

Perpetual Forces.

To-day is a King in disguise. To-day always looks mean to the thoughtless, in the face of an uniform experience, that all good and great and happy actions are made up precisely of these blank to-days. Let us not be so deceived. Let us unmask the King as he passes.

Lecture on the Times.

By the rude bridge that arched the flood,
Their flag to April's breeze unfurled,
Here once the embattled farmers stood
And fired the shot heard round the world.

Concord Hymn.

To be great is to be misunderstood.

Essays : Self-Reliance.

The measure of a master is his success in bringing all men round to his opinion twenty years later.

Conduct of Life : Culture.

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW

Upward steals the life of man
As the sunshine from the wall;
From the wall into the sky,
From the roof along the spire, —
Ah, the souls of those that die
Are but sunbeams lifted higher.

The Golden Legend.

Not in the clamour of the crowded street,
 Not in the shouts and plaudits of the throng,
 But in ourselves, are triumph and defeat.

The Poets.

No one is so accursed by fate,
 No one so utterly desolate,
 But some heart, though unknown,
 Responds unto his own.

Endymion.

Look not mournfully into the Past; it comes not back again.
 Wisely improve the Present; it is thine. Go forth to meet the shadowy
 Future without fear and with a manly heart.

Hyperion.

The setting of a great hope is like the setting of the sun.

Hyperion.

There is no death! What seems so is transition;
 This life of mortal breath
 Is but a suburb of the life Elysian
 Whose portal we call Death.

Resignation.

Silently, one by one, in the infinite meadows of heaven
 Blossomed the lovely stars, the forget-me-nots of the angels.

Evangeline.

When she had passed, it seemed like the ceasing of exquisite music.

Evangeline.

The heights by great men reached and kept
 Were not attained by sudden flight,
 But they while their companions slept
 Were toiling upwards in the night.

The Ladder of St. Augustine.

Fame is the fragrance of heroic deeds.

The Bell of Atri.

Oh, fear not in a world like this,
 And thou shalt know ere long,—
 Know how sublime a thing it is
 To suffer and grow strong.

The Light of Stars.

JOHN G. WHITTIER

For still in mutual sufferance lies
 The secret of true living ;
 Love scarce is love, that never knows
 The sweetness of forgiving.

Among the Hills.

I pray the prayer of Plato old :
 God make thee beautiful within,
 And let thine eyes the good behold
 In everything save sin !

My Namesake.

Ah, well! for us all some sweet hope lies
 Deeply buried from human eyes ;
 And, in the hereafter, angels may
 Roll the stone from its grave away.

Maud Muller.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL

In life's small things be resolute and great
 To keep thy muscle trained : know'st thou when Fate
 Thy measure takes, or when she'll say to thee,
 " I find thee worthy ; do this thing for me ? " *Sayings.*

Once to every man and nation comes the moment to decide,
 In the strife of Truth with Falsehood, for the good or evil side ;
 Some great cause, God's new Messiah, offering each the bloom or blight,
 Parts the goats upon the left hand, and the sheep upon the right,
 And the choice goes by forever 'twixt that darkness and that light.

The Present Crisis.

Careless seems the great Avenger ; history's pages but record
 One death-grapple in the darkness 'twixt old systems and the Word ;
 Truth forever on the scaffold, Wrong forever on the throne, —
 Yet that scaffold sways the future, and behind the dim unknown,
 Standeth God within the shadow, keeping watch above his own.

The Present Crisis.

One day, with life and heart,
Is more than time enough to find a world.

Columbus.

Ez fer war, I call it murder, —
There you hev it, plain an' flat ;
I don't want to go no furdur
Than my Testyment fer that ;
God hez sed so, plump an' fairly,
It's ez long ez it is broad,
An' you've gut to git up airyly
Ef you want to take in God.

Biglow Papers : A Letter.

It is useless to argue with the inevitable. The only argument with an east wind is to put on an overcoat.

Democracy.

Life is a leaf of paper white
Whereon each one of us may write
His word or two, and then comes night.
Greatly begin ! though thou have time
But for a line, be that sublime, —
Not failure, but low aim, is crime.

For an Autograph.

A college training is an excellent thing ; but after all the better part of every man's education is that which he gives himself.

Essays : Books and Libraries.

Be noble ! and the nobleness that lies
In other men, sleeping but never dead,
Will rise in majesty to meet thine own.

Sonnets.

Talent is that which is in a man's power ; genius is that in whose power a man is.

Literary Essays : Rousseau.

Let us be of good cheer, however, remembering that the misfortunes hardest to bear are those which never come.

Democracy.

Every man feels instinctively that all the beautiful sentiments in the world weigh less than a single lovely action.

Literary Essays : Rousseau.

And what is so rare as a day in June?
 Then, if ever, come perfect days;
 Then Heaven tries earth if it be in tune,
 And over it softly her warm ear lays;
 Whether we look, or whether we listen,
 We hear life murmur, or see it glisten;
 Every clod feels a stir of might,
 An instinct within it that reaches and towers,
 And, groping blindly above it for light,
 Climbs to a soul in grass and flowers;
 The flush of life may well be seen
 Thrilling back over hills and valleys;
 The cowslip startles in meadows green,
 The buttercup catches the sun in its chalice,
 And there's never a leaf or a blade too mean
 To be some happy creature's palace.
The Vision of Sir Launfal.

No man is born into the world whose work
 Is not born with him. There is always work,
 And tools to work withal, for those who will;
 And blessed are the horny hands of toil.
A Glance behind the Curtain.

To say why gals acts so or so,
 Or don't, 'ould be presumin';
 Mebby to mean *yes* an' say *no*
 Comes nateral to women.
The Courtin'.

JOHN G. SAXE

In battle or business, whatever the game,
 In law or in love it is ever the same,
 In the struggle for power or the scramble for pelf,
 Let this be your motto: Rely on yourself;
 And whether the prize be a ribbon or throne,
 The victor is he who can go it alone.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES

But now he walks the streets,
 And he looks at all he meets
 Sad and wan,
 And he shakes his feeble head,
 That it seems as if he said,
 " They are gone."

The mossy marbles rest
 On the lips that he has prest
 In their bloom ;
 And the names he loved to hear
 Have been carved for many a year
 On the tomb.

The Last Leaf.

Sin has many tools, but a lie is a handle that fits them all.

Autocrat of the Breakfast Table.

I would have a woman as true as death. At the first real lie which works from the heart outward, she should be tenderly chloroformed into a better world, where she can have an angel for a governess.

Autocrat of the Breakfast Table.

JOHN BURROUGHS

Waiting

Serene, I fold my hands and wait,
 Nor care for wind, or tide, or sea ;
 I rave no more 'gainst time or fate,
 For lo ! my own shall come to me.

I stay my haste, I make delays,
 For what avails this eager pace ?
 I stand amid the eternal ways
 And what is mine shall know my face.

Asleep, awake, by night or day,
 The friends I seek are seeking me ;
 No wind can drive my bark astray
 Nor change the tide of destiny.

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE

No fountain is so small but that Heaven may be imaged in its bosom.

American Note Books.

Moonlight is sculpture ; sunlight is painting.

American Note Books.

Life is made up of marble and mud.

The House of the Seven Gables.

BAYARD TAYLOR

From the Desert I come to thee

On a stallion shod with fire ;

And the winds are left behind

In the speed of my desire.

Under thy window I stand,

And the midnight hears my cry :

I love thee, I love but thee,

With a love that shall not die

Till the sun grows cold,

And the stars are old,

And the leaves of the Judgment Book unfold !

Bedouin Song.

WALT WHITMAN

Whoever you are ! you are he or she for whom the earth is solid and liquid,

You are he or she for whom the sun and moon hang in the sky.

A Song of the Rolling Earth.

Ah, little reck's the laborer

How near his work is holding him to God.

Song of the Exposition.

That shadow, my likeness, that goes to and fro seeking a livelihood, chattering, chaffering,

How often I find myself standing and looking at it where it flits,

How often I question and doubt whether that is really me.

That Shadow My Likeness.

JOSH BILLINGS (HENRY W. SHAW)

Most people are like an egg, too phull of themselves to hold enny-thing else.

Farmer's Allminax.

Thare iz menny a slip between a cup and a lip, but not haf az menny az thare ought to be.

Farmer's Allminax.

I don't never hev enny trubble in regulating mi own kondukt, but to keep other pholks straight is what bothers me.

Farmer's Allminax.

It iz better not to kno so mutch than to kno so menny things that ain't so.

Farmer's Allminax.

CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER

Lettuce is like conversation : it must be fresh and crisp, so sparkling you scarcely notice the bitter in it. Like most talkers, it is, however, apt to run rapidly to seed.

My Summer in a Garden.

Our lives are largely made up of the things we do not have.

A Little Journey in the World.

HENRY TIMROD

Sleep sweetly in your humble graves,
Sleep, martyrs of a fallen cause ;
Though yet no marble column craves
The pilgrim here to pause.

In seeds of laurel in the earth
The blossom of your fame is blown,
And somewhere, waiting for its birth,
The shaft is in the stone !

At Magnolia Cemetery.

THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH

God fashioned man from out the common earth,
But not from earth the woman: so does she,
Even when fallen, ever bear with her
Some sign of Heaven, some mystic starry light.

Judith.

And they called her cold. God knows. . . . Underneath the winter
snows

The invisible hearts of flowers grow ripe for blossoming.
And the lives that look so cold, if their secrets could be told,
Would seem cast in gentler mold, would seem full of love and spring.

The Lady of Castelnoire.

When to soft Sleep we give ourselves away,
And in a dream as in a fairy bark
Drift on and on through the enchanted dark
To purple daybreak, — little thought we pay
To that sweet bitter world we know by day.

Sleep.

Cynicism is a small brass field-piece that eventually breaks and kills
the cannoneer.

Marjorie Daw.

HENRY D. THOREAU

The youth gets together his materials to build a bridge to the moon,
or perchance a palace or temple on the earth, and at length the middle-
aged man concludes to build a woodshed with them.

Journals.

I would rather sit on a pumpkin and have it all to myself than to be
crowded on a velvet cushion.

Walden.

Sell your clothes and keep your thoughts.

Walden.

Who is most dead, — a hero by whose monument you stand, or
his descendants of whom you have never heard?

Talks with R. W. Emerson.

THEODORE O'HARA

The muffled drum's sad roll has beat
 The soldier's last tattoo ;
 No more on Life's parade shall meet
 That brave and fallen few.
 On Fame's eternal camping-ground
 Their silent tents are spread,
 And Glory guards, with solemn round,
 The bivouac of the dead.

The Bivouac of the Dead.

EDWARD ROWLAND SILL¹

The ill-timed truth we might have kept —
 Who knows how sharp it pierced and stung !
 The word we had not sense to say —
 Who knows how grandly it had rung !

The Fool's Prayer.

Fret not that the day is gone,
 And thy task is still undone.
 'Twas not thine, it seems, at all :
 Near to thee it chanced to fall,
 Close enough to stir thy brain,
 And to vex thy heart in vain.
 Somewhere, in a nook forlorn,
 Yesterday a babe was born :
 He shall do thy waiting task ;
 All thy questions he shall ask,
 And the answers will be given
 Whispered lightly out of heaven. . . .
 'Tis enough of joy for thee
 His high service to foresee.

Service.

Do not correspond with more people than you correspond to.

Prose Writings.

GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS

For those of us whom Nature means to keep at home, she provides entertainment. One man goes four thousand miles to see Italy, and

¹ From *Poems* by E. R. Sill, copyrighted by Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

does not see it: he is so short-sighted. Another is so far-sighted that he stays in his room and sees more than Italy.

Prue and I.

If guilt were only gold, or sugar candy common sense, what a fine thing our society would be!

Our Best Society.

It's a good world, if you don't rub it the wrong way.

Potiphar Papers.

RICHARD HENRY STODDARD

*The Sky.*¹

The sky is a drinking cup
That was overturned of old,
And it pours in the eyes of men
Its wine of airy gold.

We drink that wine all day,
Till the last drop is drained up,
And are lighted off to bed
By the jewels in the cup.

JOAQUIN MILLER

Peter Cooper

I reckon him greater than any man
That ever drew sword in war;
I reckon him nobler than King or Khan.
Braver and better by far.

And wisest he in this whole wide land
Of hoarding till bent and gray;
For all you can hold in your cold dead hand
Is what you have given away.

MARK TWAIN (S. L. CLEMENS)

The difference between the *almost right* word and the *right* word is really a large matter — 'tis the difference between the lightning-bug and the lightning.

Art of Authorship.

¹ From *Poetical Writings of Richard Henry Stoddard*, copyright, 1880, by Charles Scribner's Sons.

To be good is noble, but to show others how to be good is noble and no trouble.

Following the Equator.

WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS

As I understand it, we are all dreamers. If we like a man's dream, we call him a prophet; if we don't like his dream, we call him a crank.

The World of Chance.

Many a woman who would be ready to die for her husband makes him wretched because she won't live for him.

A Modern Instance.

Everybody does the things that you think no one else does.

The Lady of the Aroostook.

The character of no man is fixed until it has been tried by that of the woman he loves.

A Woman's Reason.

EMILY DICKINSON¹

The pedigree of honey
Does not concern the bee;
A clover, any time, to him
Is aristocracy.

Life

Our share of night to bear,
Our share of morning,
Our blank in bliss to fill,
Our blank in scorning.

Here a star, and there a star,
Some lose their way.
Here a mist, and there a mist,
Afterwards — day!

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JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY ¹

Away.

I cannot say, and I will not say
That he is dead. — He is just away.

With a cheery smile, and a wave of the hand,
He has wandered into an unknown land,

And left us dreaming how very fair
It needs must be, since he lingers there.

It ain't no use to grumble and complain;
It's jest as cheap an' easy to rejoice:
When God sorts out the weather, and sends rain,
W'y, rain's my choice.

Wet Weather Talk.

Plague! ef they ain't sompin' in
Work 'at kindo' goes agin'
My convictions! 'long about
Here in June especially!
Under some old apple tree,
Jest a-restin' through and through,
I could git along without
Nothin' else at all to do,
Only jes' a-wishin' you
Was a-gittin' there like me
And June was eternity!

Knee-Deep in June.

Jest do your best, and praise er blame
That follers that, counts jest the same.

My Philosophy.

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INDEX

	PAGE
<i>Absalom and Achitophel</i> (Dryden) . . .	43
<i>Adam Bede</i> (Eliot)	111
ADAMS, SAMUEL	151
<i>Adams and Jefferson</i> (Webster) . . .	194
ADDISON, JOSEPH	43
reading list	55
quoted	127
<i>Adonais</i> (Keats)	79, 80
<i>Alchemist, The</i> (Jonson)	31
ALCOTT, LOUISA M.	202
ALDRICH, THOMAS BAILEY	230
reading list	235
quoted	273
<i>Alexander's Feast</i> (Dryden)	43
ALFRED THE GREAT	5
<i>Alhambra, The</i> (Irving)	153, 159
ALLEN, JAMES LANE	241
reading list	243
<i>All Sorts and Conditions of Men</i> (Besant)	90
<i>American, The</i> (James)	247
<i>American Anthology</i> (Stedman) . . .	230
<i>American Flag</i> (Drake)	160
<i>American Lands and Letters</i> (Mitch- ell)	153
<i>American Nation, The</i> (Hart)	233
<i>American Revolution, The</i> (Fiske) . .	233
<i>American Scholar, The</i> (Emerson) . .	168
<i>Among My Books</i> (Lowell)	184
<i>Ancient Law, The</i> (Glasgow)	243
<i>Ancient Mariner, The</i> (Coleridge) . .	71, 72
Anglo-Saxon language	6
nation	1, 3
<i>Annabel Lee</i> (Poe)	215
<i>Annual Register, The</i> (Burke)	59
Anti-slavery orators	192
ARNOLD, MATTHEW, poetry	98
prose	104
reading	117
quoted	137
<i>Asolando</i> (Browning)	95
<i>As We Go</i> (Warner)	232
<i>As We Were Saying</i> (Warner)	232
<i>As You Like It</i> (Shakespeare)	30

	PAGE
<i>Atlantic Monthly</i>	181
AUSTEN, JANE	83
<i>Autobiography</i> (Franklin)	152, 154
<i>Autocrat of the Breakfast Table, The</i> (Holmes)	186, 187
<i>Back-Log Studies</i> (Warner)	232
BACON, FRANCIS	31
reading list	33
quoted	122
<i>Ballad of Babie Bell</i> (Aldrich) . . .	230
Ballads, English and Scottish	15
reading list	20
BANCROFT, GEORGE	202
<i>Barbara Frietchie</i> (Whittier)	177
<i>Barchester Towers</i> (Trollope) . . .	113
<i>Barefoot Boy, The</i> (Whittier)	179
<i>Barrack-Room Ballads</i> (Kipling) . . .	115
<i>Battle Ground, The</i> (Glasgow)	243
<i>Battle of Blenheim</i> (Southey)	74
<i>Battle of the Baltic</i> (Campbell) . . .	82
<i>Beauchampe</i> (Simms)	210
<i>Becket</i> (Tennyson)	92
BEDE, THE VENERABLE	4, 5
<i>Bedouin Love Song</i> (Taylor)	220
Beginning of English literature	1
<i>Being a Boy</i> (Warner)	232
<i>Bells, The</i> (Poe)	215
<i>Beowulf</i>	1, 6
reading	7
<i>Better Sort, The</i> (James)	243
<i>Biglow Papers, The</i> (Lowell)	181, 182, 184
<i>Bill and Joe</i> (Holmes)	186
BILLINGS, JOSH. See Shaw, Henry W. .	253
<i>Biographia Literaria</i> (Coleridge) . .	72
<i>Birds and Poets</i> (Burroughs)	245
<i>Black Cat, The</i> (Poe)	213
BLAKE, WILLIAM	67
reading list	87
quoted	130
Blank verse, first used in English . . .	232
<i>Blithedale Romance</i> (Hawthorne) .	193, 199
BOSWELL, JAMES	57

	PAGE		PAGE
<i>Boys, The</i> (Holmes)	186	<i>Cato</i> (Addison)	48
<i>Boys' King Arthur</i> (Lanier)	238	<i>Cavalier Song</i> (Stedman)	229
<i>Boys' Percy</i> (Lanier)	239	CAXTON, WILLIAM	19
<i>Boy's Town, A</i> (Howells)	245	<i>Celestial Railroad, The</i> (Hawthorne)	199
<i>Breadwinners, The</i> (Hay)	256	<i>Cenci, The</i> (Shelley)	79
<i>Break, break, break</i> (Tennyson)	91	<i>Chambered Nautilus, The</i> (Holmes)	186
<i>Bride of Lammermoor, The</i> (Scott)	82	<i>Charge of the Light Brigade, The</i> (Tennyson)	92
BRONTË, CHARLOTTE	106	CHAUCER, GEOFFREY	9, 25
BROWNE, CHARLES FARRAR	252	reading list	14
BROWNING, ELIZABETH BARRETT	98	quoted	118
reading list	116	<i>Childe Harold</i> (Byron)	77, 78
quoted	187	<i>Chimes, The</i> (Dickens)	108
BROWNING, ROBERT	94	<i>Chita</i> (Hearn)	242
reading list	116	<i>Choir Invisible, The</i> (Allen)	241
quoted	188	<i>Chosen Few, A</i> (Stockton)	249
BRYANT, WILLIAM CULLEN	163	<i>Christmas Carol, A</i> (Dickens)	108
reading list	166	<i>Christmas Stories</i> (Dickens)	108
quoted	263	Chronicle plays	25
<i>Buds and Bird-Voices</i> (Hawthorne)	199	<i>Circuit Rider, The</i> (Eggleston)	256
<i>Builders, The</i> (Longfellow), quoted	175	<i>Citizen of the World, The</i> (Goldsmith)	58
BUNYAN, JOHN	38	<i>Clarissa Harlowe</i> (Richardson)	54
reading list	44	Classical Age in English literature	46
BURKE, EDMUND	59	CLEMENS, SAMUEL L.	254
reading list	65	reading list	261
BURNS, ROBERT	67	quoted	275
reading list	87	<i>Cloister and the Hearth, The</i> (Reade)	112
quoted	180	<i>Closing Scene, The</i> (Read)	221
<i>Burns</i> (Halleck), quoted	160	<i>Cloud, The</i> (Shelley)	79
BURROUGHS, JOHN	244	COLERIDGE, SAMUEL TAYLOR	70
reading list	251	reading list	86
quoted	270	quoted	182
BUTLER, SAMUEL	42	COLLINS, WILLIAM	62
BYRON, GEORGE GORDON	77	reading list	65
reading list	87	<i>Colonel Carter of Cartersville</i> (Smith)	242
quoted	184	Colonial period of American literature	145
<i>Byron, Life of</i> (Moore)	81	Comedy, earliest English	25
CABLE, GEORGE W.	240	<i>Comedy of Errors, The</i> (Shakespeare)	29
reading list	243	<i>Commemoration Ode</i> (Lowell)	183
CÆDMON	3	<i>Compleat Angler, The</i> (Walton)	41
reading list	7	<i>Comus</i> (Milton)	36
<i>California and Oregon Trail, The</i> (Parkman)	205	<i>Conciliation with America</i> (Burke)	59
CAMPBELL, THOMAS	81	<i>Concord Hymn</i> (Emerson)	169
<i>Canterbury Tales</i> (Chaucer)	10, 12	<i>Confessions of an Opium Eater</i> (De Quincey)	85
<i>Cape Cod</i> (Thoreau)	188	<i>Conquered Banner, The</i> (Ryan)	216
<i>Captains Courageous</i> (Kipling)	115	<i>Conquest of Mexico, The</i> (Prescott)	204
<i>Captain Singleton</i> (Defoe)	53	<i>Conquest of Peru, The</i> (Prescott)	204
CARLYLE, THOMAS	100	<i>Conspiracy of Pontiac, The</i> (Parkman)	205
reading list	117	COOPER, JAMES FENIMORE	161
quoted	186	reading list	166
<i>Casa Guidi Windows</i> (E. B. Brown- ing)	98	<i>Corn</i> (Lanier)	239
<i>Casting Away of Mrs. Lecks, etc.</i> (Stockton)	249	<i>Corsair, The</i> (Byron)	77
<i>Castle of Indolence</i> (Thomson)	62	<i>Cotter's Saturday Night, The</i> (Burns)	69
		<i>Cotton Boll, The</i> (Timrod)	216
		<i>Count Frontenac</i> (Parkman)	205

	PAGE
<i>Country Doctor, A</i> (Jewett)	235
<i>Country of the Pointed Firs</i> (Jewett)	235
<i>Courtin', The</i> (Lowell)	184
<i>Courtship of Miles Standish, The</i> (Longfellow)	174
COWPER, WILLIAM	66
reading list	86
quoted	129
CRADDOCK, CHARLES EGBERT. See Mur- free, M. N.	242
CRAWFORD, F. MARION	248
reading	251
<i>Crickets on the Hearth, The</i> (Dickens)	108
<i>Critical Period of American History,</i> <i>The</i> (Fiske)	233
<i>Criticism and Fiction</i> (Howells)	246
<i>Cromwell, Life of</i> (Carlyle)	101
<i>Crossing the Bar</i> (Tennyson)	92
<i>Cross of Snow, The</i> (Longfellow)	172
<i>Crown of Wild Olive</i> (Ruskin)	104
<i>Cry of the Children, The</i> (E. B. Browning)	90, 98
<i>Culprit Fay, The</i> (Drake)	160
<i>Cup, The</i> (Tennyson)	92
<i>Curse of Kehama, The</i> (Southey)	74
CURTIS, GEORGE WILLIAM	226
reading list	227
quoted	274
<i>Cymbeline</i> (Shakespeare)	30
<i>Danny Deever</i> (Kipling)	115
Dante, Longfellow's translation of	172
<i>Darkness</i> (Byron)	78
<i>David Balfour</i> (Stevenson)	114
<i>David Copperfield</i> (Dickens)	108
DAVIS, RICHARD HARDING	249
<i>Day, A</i> (Dickinson)	234
<i>Days</i> (Emerson)	169
<i>Day's Work, The</i> (Kipling)	114
<i>Debtor, The</i> (Wilkins-Freeman)	235
<i>Declaration of Independence, The</i>	151
<i>'Decline and Fall of the Roman Em-</i> <i>pire, The</i> (Gibbon)	61
<i>De Coverley Papers, The</i> (Addison) . . .	49
<i>Deephaven</i> (Jewett)	235
<i>Deerslayer, The</i> (Cooper)	162
DEFOE, DANIEL	52
reading list	55
<i>Deliverance, The</i> (Glasgow)	243
DE MANDEVILLE, JOHN	13
reading list	14
DE QUINCEY, THOMAS	85
reading list	88
<i>Deserted Village, The</i> (Goldsmith) 58, 59	
<i>Destiny of Man, The</i> (Fiske)	232
Dialect, use in poetry	182, 259

	PAGE
<i>Diary</i> (Pepys)	44
DICKENS, CHARLES	107, 110
reading list	117
DICKINSON, EMILY	234
quoted	276
<i>Dictionary of the English Language</i> (Johnson)	56
<i>Discourses in America</i> (Arnold)	105
<i>Discovery of America, The</i> (Fiske)	233
<i>Divine Tragedy, The</i> (Longfellow)	174
<i>Doctor Faustus</i> (Marlowe)	26
<i>Doctor Jekyll and Mr. Hyde</i> (Steven- son)	114
<i>Doctor Sevier</i> (Cable)	240
<i>Don Juan</i> (Byron)	78
<i>Don Orsino</i> (Crawford)	249
DRAKE, JOSEPH RODMAN	160
Drama, beginning of the English	16
<i>Dramatic Lyrics</i> (R. Browning)	95
Dramatic monologue, nature of	96
<i>Dramatic Romances</i> (R. Browning)	95
<i>Dream, The</i> (Byron)	78
<i>Dream Life</i> (Mitchell)	188
<i>Dressing the Bride</i> (Aldrich)	230
<i>Drifting</i> (Read)	221
<i>Drum Taps</i> (Whitman)	222
DRYDEN, JOHN	43
reading list	45
quoted	126
<i>Dunciad, The</i> (Pope)	50
<i>Dusantes, The</i> (Stockton)	249
<i>Dutch and Quaker Colonies, The</i> (Fiske)	233
<i>Ecclesiastical History</i> (Bede)	4
<i>Ecclesiastical History of New Eng-</i> <i>land</i> (Mather)	147, 148
<i>Edinburgh Review</i>	77, 99
<i>Edward II</i> (Marlowe)	26
EDWARDS, JONATHAN	148
EGGLESTON, EDWARD	255
reading list	261
<i>Eight Cousins</i> (Alcott)	202
<i>Elegy in a Country Churchyard</i> (Gray)	63, 64
<i>Elevator, The</i> (Howells)	246
ELIOT, GEORGE	111
reading list	118
quoted	139
ELIOT, JOHN	147
Elizabethan age	21
EMERSON, RALPH WALDO	167, 199
reading list	189
quoted	170, 264
<i>Emma</i> (Austen)	83
<i>Endymion</i> (Keats)	80, 81

	PAGE		PAGE
<i>English Humorists of Eighteenth Century</i> (Thackeray)	109	FREEMAN, EDWARD A.	105
English language, formation of	6, 7	FREEMAN, MARY WILKINS	235
<i>English Novel, The</i> (Lanier)	239	<i>French Revolution, The</i> (Carlyle)	101
<i>English Traits</i> (Emerson)	168	FRENEAU, PHILIP	152
<i>Essay on Criticism</i> (Pope)	51	reading list	155
<i>Essays</i> (Bacon)	31	<i>Fringed Gentian, The</i> (Bryant)	164
<i>Essays</i> (Emerson)	168, 170	<i>From the Easy Chair</i> (Curtis)	226
<i>Essays in Criticism</i> (Arnold)	105	<i>Frondees Agrestes</i> (Ruskin)	104
<i>Essays of Elia</i> (Lamb)	84	FURNESS, HORACE HOWARD	250
<i>Essay on Man</i> (Pope)	51		
<i>Eternal Goodness, The</i> (Whittier)	179	<i>Gallegher</i> (Davis)	250
<i>Europeans, The</i> (James)	247	<i>Gertrude of Wyoming</i> (Campbell)	81
<i>Eutaw Springs</i> (Freneau)	152	GIBBON, EDWARD	61
<i>Evangeline</i> (Longfellow)	172, 174	GLASGOW, ELLEN	242
EVANS, MARY ANN	111	<i>Glimpses of Unfamiliar Japan</i> (Hearn)	242
<i>Evening Post</i> , New York	164	<i>Gold Bug, The</i> (Poe)	213
<i>Eve of St. Agnes, The</i> (Keats)	81	<i>Golden Legend, The</i> (Longfellow)	174
<i>Everyman</i>	18	GOLDSMITH, OLIVER	57
<i>Every Man in his Humour</i> (Jonson)	31	reading list	64
<i>Excelsior</i> (Longfellow)	172, 175	quoted	127
<i>Excursions</i> (Thoreau)	188	<i>Goldsmith, Life of</i> (Irving)	158, 159
<i>Expostulation</i> (Whittier)	177	<i>Gorbuduc</i> (Sackville and Norton)	25
		<i>Grace Abounding</i> (Bunyan)	38
<i>Fable for Critics, A</i> (Lowell)	183	<i>Grandfather's Chair</i> (Hawthorne)	198
<i>Faerie Queene, The</i> (Spenser)	23, 24	<i>Grandissimes, The</i> (Cable)	240
<i>Farmer's Allminax</i> (Shaw)	253	GRANT, ULYSSES S.	256
<i>Father Abraham's Speech</i> (Franklin)	154	GRAY, THOMAS	63
<i>Faust</i> , Taylor's translation of	220	reading list	65
<i>Federalist, The</i>	152	quoted	130
<i>Ferdinand and Isabella</i> (Prescott)	203	<i>Great Carbuncle, The</i> (Hawthorne)	199
Fiction, Henry James's theory of	248	<i>Great Stone Face, The</i> (Hawthorne)	199
place in nineteenth century	106	GREEN, JAMES RICHARD	105
FIELD, EUGENE	257	<i>Green River</i> (Bryant)	164
reading list	261	<i>Gulliver's Travels</i> (Swift)	47
FIELDING, HENRY	54	<i>Guy Rivers</i> (Simms)	210
FISKE, JOHN	232		
reading list	236	HALE, EDWARD EVERETT	231
<i>Five Nations, The</i> (Kipling)	115	reading list	236
<i>Flight of a Tartar Tribe, The</i> (De Quincey)	85	<i>Half Century of Conflict</i> (Parkman)	205
<i>Flight of Youth, The</i> (Stoddard), quoted	225	HALLECK, FITZ-GREENE	160
<i>Flute and Violin</i> (Allen)	241	quoted	262
<i>Fool's Prayer, The</i> (Sill)	233	HAMILTON, ALEXANDER	152
<i>Footsteps of Angels</i> (Longfellow)	171	<i>Hamlet</i> (Shakespeare)	30
<i>Forest Hymn, A</i> (Bryant)	165	HARRIS, JOEL CHANDLER	240
<i>Forsaken Merman, The</i> (Arnold)	99	reading list	243
<i>Fors Clavigera</i> (Ruskin)	104	HART, ALBERT BUSHNELL	233
<i>Four Georges, The</i> (Thackeray)	109	HARTE, FRANCIS BRET	253
<i>Framley Parsonage</i> (Trollope)	113	reading list	261
Franklin, Benjamin	152	<i>Haunted Palace, The</i> (Poe)	215
reading list	155	HAWTHORNE, NATHANIEL	195
quoted	262	reading list	207
<i>Fredericksburg</i> (Aldrich)	231	quoted	271
<i>Frederick the Great</i> (Carlyle)	101	HAY, JOHN	256
<i>Freedom of the Will, The</i> (Edwards)	148	HAYNE, PAUL H.	216

	PAGE		PAGE
<i>Hazard of New Fortunes, A</i> (Howells)	247	<i>Indian Bible</i> (Eliot)	147
HEARN, LAFADIO	242	<i>Indian Summer Reverie</i> (Lowell)	183
<i>Heart of Midlothian</i> (Scott)	82	<i>Indoor Studies</i> (Burrroughs)	245
<i>Heathen Chinee, The</i> (Harte)	254	<i>Inland Voyage, An</i> (Stevenson)	113
HENRY, PATRICK	150	<i>In Memoriam</i> (Tennyson)	92, 94
<i>Henry Esmond</i> (Thackeray)	110	<i>Innocents Abroad</i> (Clemens)	255
HERBERT, GEORGE	39	<i>In Ole Virginia</i> (Page)	241
quoted	125	<i>In the Tennessee Mountains</i> (Murfree)	242
<i>Heroes and Hero-Worship</i> (Carlyle)	101	<i>Irish Melodies</i> (Moore)	81
HERRICK, ROBERT	40	IRVING, WASHINGTON	156
reading list	44	reading	166
quoted	125	<i>Italian Journeys</i> (Howells)	246
<i>Hesperides</i> (Herrick)	40	<i>Ivanhoe</i> (Scott)	82
<i>Hiawatha</i> (Longfellow)	172, 174	JAMES, HENRY	247
<i>History of England</i> (Macaulay)	100	reading	251
<i>History of English People</i> (Green)	105	<i>Jane Eyre</i> (Brontë)	106, 107
<i>History of the Navy</i> (Cooper)	162	JEFFERSON, THOMAS	151
<i>History of New England</i> (Winthrop)	146	<i>Jerome</i> (Wilkins-Freeman)	235
<i>History of the People of the United States</i> (McMaster)	250	<i>Jesuits in North America</i> (Parkman)	205
<i>History of Plymouth</i> (Bradford)	146	JEWETT, SARAH ORNE	235
<i>History of United States</i> (Bancroft)	203	<i>Jew of Malta</i> (Marlowe)	26, 27
<i>Hohenlinden</i> (Campbell)	82	<i>John Gilpin's Ride</i> (Cowper)	66
HOLMES, OLIVER WENDELL	185	<i>John of Barneveld</i> (Motley)	206
reading list	190	Johnson, age of	56
quoted	270	JOHNSON, SAMUEL	56
<i>Honey-Bee, The</i> (Freneau)	152	reading list	64
<i>Hoosier School Boy, The</i> (Eggleston)	256	quoted	129
<i>Hoosier School Master, The</i> (Eggleston)	256	JOHNSON, BEN	31
<i>Horatius</i> (Macaulay)	100	reading list	33
<i>House of the Seven Gables, The</i> (Hawthorne)	197, 199	quoted	122
HOWARD, HENRY	22	<i>Jo's Boys</i> (Alcott)	202
HOWELLS, WILLIAM DEAN	245	<i>Joseph Andrews</i> (Fielding)	54
reading list	251	<i>Journal to Stella</i> (Swift)	48
quoted	276	<i>Julius Cæsar</i> (Shakespeare)	30
<i>How Old Brown Took Harper's Ferry</i> (Stedman)	229	<i>Jumping Frog, The</i> (Clemens)	255
<i>Huckleberry Finn</i> (Clemens)	255	<i>Jungle Book, The</i> (Kipling)	114
<i>Hudibras</i> (Butler)	42	KEATS, JOHN	80
<i>Humble Romance, A</i> (Wilkins-Freeman)	235	reading list	88
HUME, DAVID	61	quoted	135
<i>Humphrey Clinker</i> (Smollett)	54	<i>Kenilworth</i> (Scott)	82
<i>Hymn to the Pillory</i> (Defoe)	52	<i>Kentucky Cardinal, A</i> (Allen)	241
<i>Hypatia</i> (Kingsley)	113	<i>Kidnapped</i> (Stevenson)	114
<i>Hyperion</i> (Keats)	80	<i>Kim</i> (Kipling)	115
<i>Ichabod</i> (Whittier)	178, 194	<i>King Henry IV</i> (Shakespeare)	30
<i>Idea of God</i> (Fiske)	232	<i>King Henry V</i> (Shakespeare)	30
<i>Idylls of the King, The</i> (Tennyson)	92	<i>King Henry VI</i> (Shakespeare)	29
<i>Iliad</i> , Pope's translation of	50	<i>King John and the Bishop</i>	16
<i>Il Penseroso</i> (Milton)	36	<i>King Lear</i> (Shakespeare)	30
<i>In Black and White</i> (Kipling)	115	KINGSLEY, CHARLES	113
		KIPLING, RUDYARD	115
		reading list	118
		<i>Knee-Deep in June</i> (Riley)	259

	PAGE		PAGE
<i>Knickerbocker Magazine</i>	156	LONGFELLOW, HENRY WADSWORTH . . .	170
Knickerbocker School of writers . . .	156	reading list	189
<i>Knickerbocker's History of New</i>		quoted	265
<i>York</i> (Irving)	157, 159	<i>Lost Arts, The</i> (Phillips)	195
<i>Kubla Khan</i> (Coleridge)	71	<i>Love's Labour's Lost</i> (Shakespeare) .	29
<i>La Belle Dame Sans Merci</i> (Keats) .	81	<i>Love Songs of Childhood</i> (Field) . .	258
<i>Lady of Lyons, The</i> (Lytton)	106	LOWELL, JAMES RUSSELL	180
<i>Lady of Shalott, The</i> (Tennyson) . 91, 92		reading list	190
<i>Lady of the Aroostook, The</i> (Howells)	247	quoted	267
<i>Lady of the Lake</i> (Scott)	76	<i>Luck of Roaring Camp, The</i> (Harte) .	254
<i>Lady or the Tiger, The</i> (Stockton) .	249	<i>Lucrece</i> (Shakespeare)	29
<i>Lalla Rookh</i> (Moore)	81	<i>Lycidas</i> (Milton)	36
<i>L'Allegro</i> (Milton)	36	<i>Lyrical Ballads</i>	72, 74
LAMB, CHARLES	83	LYTTON, EDWARD BULWER	106
reading list	88		
quoted	133	MACAULAY, THOMAS BABINGTON . . .	99
LANIER, SIDNEY	237	reading	117
reading list	243	<i>Macbeth</i> (Shakespeare)	30
<i>Lars, a Pastoral of Norway</i> (Taylor)	220	McMASTER, JOHN BACH	250
<i>La Salle</i> (Parkman)	205	<i>Madame Delphine</i> (Cable)	240
<i>Last Chronicle of Barset</i> (Trollope) .	113	<i>Magnalia</i> (Mather)	147
<i>Last Days of Pompeii, The</i> (Lytton)	106	<i>Magnolia Cemetery</i> (Timrod) . . .	216
<i>Last Leaf, The</i> (Holmes)	185	<i>Maine Woods, The</i> (Thoreau) . . .	188
<i>Last of the Mohicans, The</i> (Cooper) .	162	MALORY, SIR THOMAS	19
<i>Laus Deo!</i> (Whittier)	178	reading	20
<i>Lay of the Last Minstrel, The</i> (Scott)	76	<i>Mandalay</i> (Kipling)	115
<i>Lays of Ancient Rome</i> (Macaulay) . .	100	<i>Man Without a Country, The</i> (Hale) .	231
<i>Leather-Stocking Tales, The</i> (Cooper)	162, 163	<i>Marble Faun, The</i> (Hawthorne) . 198, 199	
<i>Leaves of Grass</i> (Whitman)	222	<i>Marco Bozzaris</i> (Halleck)	160
<i>Lectures on Shakespeare</i> (Coleridge)	72	<i>Marjorie Daw</i> (Aldrich)	231
<i>Legend of Sleepy Hollow, The</i>		MARLOWE, CHRISTOPHER	25
(Irving)	157, 159	reading list	32
<i>Legends of the Province House</i>		quoted	118
(Hawthorne)	199	<i>Marmion</i> (Scott)	76
<i>Lesson of the Master, The</i> (James) .	248	<i>Marshes of Glynn, The</i> (Lanier) . .	239
<i>Letter to a Noble Lord</i> (Burke) . . .	60	<i>Masque of Judgment</i> (Moody) . . .	260
<i>Library of American Literature</i> . . .	230	<i>Massachusetts to Virginia</i> (Whittier)	177
<i>Life</i> (Sill), quoted	234	<i>Master of Ballantrae</i> (Stevenson) .	114
<i>Life on the Mississippi</i> (Clemens) . .	255	MATHER, COTTON	147
<i>Life's Handicap</i> (Kipling)	115	<i>Maud</i> (Tennyson)	92, 94
<i>Lines to a Waterfowl</i> (Bryant) . . .	164	<i>May Queen, The</i> (Tennyson) . . .	91
<i>Literary Essays</i> (Lowell)	184	<i>Mazeppa</i> (Byron)	78
<i>Little Book of Profitable Tales</i> (Field)	258	<i>Men and Women</i> (R. Browning) . .	95
<i>Little Book of Western Verse</i> (Field)	253	<i>Merchant of Venice</i> (Shakespeare) .	30
<i>Little Boy Blue</i> (Field)	258	<i>Merman, The</i> (Arnold)	99
<i>Little Dorrit</i> (Dickens)	108	<i>Merry Wives of Windsor</i> (Shakespeare)	30
<i>Little Giffen</i> (Ticknor)	216	<i>Middlemarch</i> (Eliot)	111
<i>Little Men</i> (Alcott)	202	Middle states, early writers of . . .	218
<i>Little Orphant Annie</i> (Riley) . . .	259	recent writers of	244
<i>Little Women</i> (Alcott)	202	<i>Midsummer Night's Dream, A</i>	
<i>Lives of the English Poets</i> (Johnson)	56, 57	(Shakespeare)	29
Local color, in the short story . . .	239, 254	<i>Miles Standish, The Courtship of</i>	
<i>Locksley Hall</i> (Tennyson)	91	(Longfellow)	170
<i>Locusts and Wild Honey</i> (Burroughs)	245	MILLER, JOAQUIN	257
		quoted	275
		<i>Mill on the Floss, The</i> (Eliot) . . .	11

	PAGE
MILTON, JOHN	34
reading list	44
quoted	124
<i>Minister's Wooing, The</i> (Stowe)	201
<i>Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border, The</i> (SCOTT)	76
MITCHELL, DONALD G.	188
<i>Modern Instance, A</i> (Howells)	247
<i>Modern Painters</i> (Ruskin)	103, 104
<i>Moll Flanders</i> (Defoe)	53
<i>Montcalm and Wolfe</i> (Parkman)	205
MOODY, WILLIAM VAUGHN	260
MOORE, THOMAS	81
<i>Morality Plays</i>	18
<i>Mormons, The</i> (Browne)	252
<i>Morte D'Arthur</i> (Malory)	19
<i>Morte D'Arthur</i> (Tennyson)	91
<i>Mosses from an Old Manse</i> (Haw- thorne)	197, 199
MOTLEY, JOHN LOTHROP	205
reading list	207
<i>Mouse Trap, The</i> (Howells)	246
<i>Mr. Isaacs</i> (Crawford)	249
<i>Munera Pulveris</i> (Ruskin)	104
<i>Murder as a Fine Art</i> (De Quincey)	85
<i>Murders in the Rue Morgue, The</i> (Poe)	213
MURFEE, MARY N.	242
<i>My Garden Acquaintance</i> (Lowell)	184
<i>My Last Duchess</i> (R. Browning)	96
<i>My Lost Youth</i> (Stoddard)	170
<i>Mystery Plays</i>	17
<i>My Study Windows</i> (Lowell)	184
<i>My Summer in a Garden</i> (Warner)	232
<i>Narrative and Critical History of</i> <i>United States</i> (Winsor)	233
<i>National Aids</i> (Moore)	81
<i>Nature</i> (Emerson)	168
<i>Nature and Elements of Poetry</i> (Stedman)	229
<i>Neighborly Poems</i> (Riley)	258
<i>Nelson, Life of</i> (Southey)	74
<i>Never Too Late to Mend</i> (Reade)	113
<i>Newcomes, The</i> (Thackeray)	110
<i>New England Nun, A</i> (Wilkins-Free- man)	235
<i>New England poets</i>	167
<i>New England, recent writers of</i>	228
<i>New England Weather</i> (Clemens)	255
<i>Nicholas Nickleby</i> (Dickens)	108
<i>Night Sketches</i> (Hawthorne)	199
<i>Night Thoughts</i> (Young)	52
<i>Nights with Uncle Remus</i> (Harris)	240
<i>Noble Numbers</i> (Herrick)	40
<i>Norman Conquest, The</i> (Freeman)	105

	PAGE
Norman-French language	6
literature	9
<i>Northern Farmer</i> (Tennyson)	94
<i>Ode</i> (Collins), quoted	63
<i>Ode on a Grecian Urn</i> (Keats)	81
<i>Ode on Duke of Wellington</i> (Tenny- son)	92, 94
<i>Oft in the Still Night</i> (Moore)	81
<i>Old Apple Dealer</i> (Hawthorne)	199
<i>Old Creole Days</i> (Cable)	240
<i>Old Fashioned Roses</i> (Riley)	258
<i>Old Ironsides</i> (Holmes)	185
<i>Old Scimmin' Hole</i> (Riley)	258
<i>Oldtown Folks</i> (Stowe)	201
<i>Old Virginia and Her Neighbors</i> (Fiske)	233
<i>Oliver Twist</i> (Dickens)	108
<i>One Word More</i> (R. Browning)	98
<i>On Highland Superstitions</i> (Collins)	63
<i>Orations and Addresses</i> (Curtis)	226
Oratory, importance of in Revolution- ary period	150
<i>Othello</i> (Shakespeare)	30
OTIS, JAMES	150
<i>Our Old Home</i> (Hawthorne)	198
PAGE, THOMAS NELSON	241
reading list	243
<i>Pamela</i> (Richardson)	54
<i>Pan in Wall Street</i> (Stedman)	229
<i>Paracelsus</i> (R. Browning)	94
<i>Paradise Lost</i> (Milton)	4, 36, 37
<i>Paradise Regained</i> (Milton)	36
<i>Paraphrase of Scriptures</i> (Cædmon)	4
PARKMAN, FRANCIS	204
reading list	207
<i>Partisan, The</i> (Simms)	210
<i>Passions, The</i> (Collins)	63
<i>Past, The</i> (Bryant)	165
<i>Pathfinder, The</i> (Cooper)	162
<i>Paul Revere's Ride</i> (Longfellow)	174
<i>Peg Woffington</i> (Reade)	113
<i>Pendennis</i> (Thackeray)	110
PEPYS, SAMUEL	44
PERCY, THOMAS	66
<i>Personal Memoirs</i> (Grant)	256
<i>Philip the Second, Reign of</i> (Prescott)	203
PHILLIPS, WENDELL	195
<i>Pickwick Papers</i> (Dickens)	107, 108
<i>Pictures from Appledore</i> (Lowell)	183
<i>Pike County Ballads</i> (Hay)	256
<i>Pilgrim's Progress, The</i> (Bunyan)	38, 39
<i>Pilot, The</i> (Cooper)	162
<i>Pioneers, The</i> (Cooper)	162

	PAGE		PAGE
<i>Pioneers of France in the New World</i> (Parkman)	205	READ, THOMAS BUCHANAN	220
<i>Pit and the Pendulum, The</i> (Poe)	213	READE, CHARLES	112
<i>Plain Language from Truthful</i> <i>James</i> (Harte)	254	<i>Recessional, The</i> (Kipling)	115
<i>Plain Tales from the Hills</i> (Kipling)	115	<i>Red Rock</i> (Page)	241
<i>Planting of the Apple Tree, The</i> (Bryant)	164	<i>Red Rover, The</i> (Cooper)	162
<i>Pleasures of Hope, The</i> (Campbell)	81	<i>Reflections on the Revolution in</i> <i>France</i> (Burke)	60
POE, EDGAR ALLAN	211	Reformation, effect of in England	21
reading list	217	<i>Reign of Law, The</i> (Allen)	241
<i>Poems Here at Home</i> (Riley)	258	<i>Reign of Philip the Second</i> (Prescott)	204
<i>Poems of the Orient</i> (Taylor)	220	<i>Reliques of Ancient English Poetry</i> (Percy)	66
<i>Poet at the Breakfast Table, The</i> (Holmes)	185, 186	Renaissance, effect of on English litera- ture	21
<i>Poetical Sketches</i> (Blake)	67	<i>Reply to Hayne</i> (Webster)	193, 194
Poetry, Lanier's theory of	239	<i>Representative Men</i> (Emerson)	168
Poe's theory of	215	Restoration, effect on English literature	42
<i>Poets of America</i> (Stedman)	229	<i>Reveries of a Bachelor</i> (Mitchell)	188
<i>Poor Richard's Almanac</i> (Franklin)	154	Revival of Learning, effect of on English literature	21
POPE, ALEXANDER	50	Revolutionary period, in American litera- ture	150
reading list	55	<i>Rhodora, The</i> (Emerson)	169
quoted	51, 128	<i>Richard III</i> (Shakespeare)	29
<i>Portrait of a Lady, The</i> (James)	247	RICHARDSON, SAMUEL	53
<i>Præterita</i> (Ruskin)	104	<i>Richelieu</i> (Lytton)	106
<i>Prairie, The</i> (Cooper)	162	RILEY, JAMES WHITCOMB	258
<i>Precaution</i> (Cooper)	161	reading list	261
PRESCOTT, WILLIAM H.	203	quoted	277
reading	207	<i>Ring and the Book, The</i> (R. Browning)	95
<i>Present Crisis, The</i> (Lowell)	182	<i>Rip Van Winkle</i> (Irving)	157, 159, 160
<i>Pride and Prejudice</i> (Austen)	83	<i>Rise of Silas Lapham, The</i> (Howells)	247
<i>Princess, The</i> (Tennyson)	91, 94	<i>Rise of the Dutch Republic, The</i> (Motley)	206
<i>Princess Cassimissima, The</i> (James)	247	<i>Rivals, The</i> (Sheridan)	59
Printing, introduced into England	19	<i>Robinson Crusoe</i> (Defoe)	53
<i>Prisoner of Chillon, The</i> (Byron)	78	<i>Roderick Random</i> (Smollett)	54
<i>Professor at the Breakfast Table, The</i> (Holmes)	186	Romantic Movement in English litera- ture	62, 66, 81
<i>Prometheus Unbound</i> (Shelley)	79	<i>Romeo and Juliet</i> (Shakespeare)	29
<i>Prophet of the Great Smoky Moun- tains, The</i> (Murfree)	242	<i>Romola</i> (Eliot)	111
<i>Prue and I</i> (Curtis)	227	<i>Roxy</i> (Eggleson)	256
<i>Psalm of Life, The</i> (Longfellow)	175	<i>Rudder Grange</i> (Stockton)	249
Puritan age, in English literature	34	<i>Runaway Boy, The</i> (Riley)	259
<i>Purloined Letter, The</i> (Poe)	213	RUSKIN, JOHN	102
<i>Quarterly Review, The</i>	80, 91	reading list	117
<i>Quentin Durward</i> (Scott)	82	quoted	139
<i>Rabbi Ben Ezra</i> (R. Browning)	97	RYAN, ABRAM JOSEPH	216
<i>Raggedy Man, The</i> (Riley)	259	quoted	274
<i>Rainy Day, The</i> (Longfellow)	172, 175	<i>Samson Agonistes</i> (Milton)	36
<i>Ralph Royster Doyster</i> (Udall)	25	<i>Sands at Seventy</i> (Whitman)	222
<i>Rambler, The</i> (Johnson)	56	<i>Sant Ilario</i> (Crawford)	249
<i>Rape of the Lock, The</i> (Pope)	51	<i>Saracinesca</i> (Crawford)	249
<i>Rasselas</i> (Johnson)	56	<i>Sartor Resartus</i> (Carlyle)	101, 102
<i>Raven, The</i> (Poe)	215	<i>Saul</i> (R. Browning)	97

	PAGE
<i>Saxon Chronicle, The</i>	5
<i>Scarlet Letter, The</i> (Hawthorne)	146, 197, 199
<i>Scenes of Clerical Life</i> (Eliot)	111
<i>School for Scandal, The</i> (Sheridan)	59
<i>Science of English Verse</i> (Lanier)	239
SCOTT, WALTER, poetry	74
novels	82
reading list	87
quoted	134
<i>Seasons, The</i> (Thomson)	62
<i>Second Book of Verse</i> (Field)	258
<i>Sense and Sensibility</i> (Austen)	83
<i>Sentimental Journey</i> (Sterne)	54
<i>Sesame and Lilies</i> (Ruskin)	104
<i>Seven Lamps of Architecture</i> (Ruskin)	103
<i>Seven Seas, The</i> (Kipling)	115
<i>Seventh-of-March Speech</i> (Webster)	178, 193
SHAKESPEARE, WILLIAM	27
reading list	32
quoted	120
<i>Shakespeare Once More</i> (Lowell)	184
<i>Sharps and Flats</i> (Field)	257
SHAW, HENRY W.	253
quoted	272
SHELLEY, PERCY BYSSHE	79
reading list	87
quoted	184
<i>Shepherd's Calendar, The</i> (Spenser)	23
SHERIDAN, RICHARD BRINSLEY	59
reading list	65
<i>Sheridan's Ride</i> (Read)	221
<i>She Stoops to Conquer</i> (Goldsmith)	58
Short stories, in American literature	259
<i>Siege of Corinth</i> (Byron)	77
<i>Signs and Seasons</i> (Burroughs)	245
<i>Silas Marner</i> (Eliot)	112
<i>Silent Woman, The</i> (Jonson)	31
SILL, EDWARD ROWLAND	233
quoted	234, 274
SIMMS, WILLIAM GILMORE	210
<i>Sinners in the Hands of an Angry God</i> (Edwards)	148
<i>Sir Charles Grandison</i> (Richardson)	54
<i>Skeleton in Armor, The</i> (Longfellow)	174
<i>Sketch-Book, The</i> (Irving)	157, 159
<i>Sleeping Car, The</i> (Howells)	246
SMITH, F. HOPKINSON	242
SMITH, JOHN	145
SMOLLETT, TOBIAS	54
<i>Snow-Bound</i> (Whittier)	177, 179
<i>Snow Image, The</i> (Hawthorne)	199
<i>Sokrab and Rustum</i> (Arnold)	99
<i>Song of the Camp, The</i> (Taylor)	220
<i>Song of the Shirt, The</i> (Hood)	90

	PAGE
<i>Songs of Experience</i> (Blake)	67
<i>Songs of Innocence</i> (Blake)	67
<i>Songs of Nature</i> (Burroughs)	245
<i>Songs of the Desert</i> (Miller)	257
<i>Songs of the Sierras</i> (Miller)	257
<i>Songs of the Sunlands</i> (Miller)	257
Sonnet, first used in English literature	22
<i>Sonnets</i> (Shakespeare)	29
<i>Sonnets from the Portuguese</i> (E. B. Browning)	98
<i>Sordello</i> (R. Browning)	94
Southern literature, early writers	209
recent writers	237
SOUTHEY, ROBERT	74
<i>Specimens of English Dramatic Poets</i> (Lamb)	84
<i>Spectator, The</i> (Addison)	49, 50
SPENSER, EDMUND	22
reading list	32
quoted	118
Spenserian stanza	24, 62
<i>Spy, The</i> (Cooper)	162
<i>Squirrel Inn, The</i> (Stockton)	249
<i>Stanzas Written in his Library</i> (Southey)	74
STEDMAN, EDMUND CLARENCE	228
reading list	235
STEELE, RICHARD	49
STEVENSON, ROBERT LOUIS	113
reading list	118
STOCKTON, FRANK R.	249
reading list	251
STODDARD, RICHARD H.	225
quoted	275
<i>Stones of Venice</i> (Ruskin)	103
<i>Story of a Bad Boy, The</i> (Aldrich)	231
<i>Story of Kennett, The</i> (Taylor)	220
STOWE, HARRIET BEECHER	200
reading list	207
<i>Summons to the North</i> (Whittier)	177
SUMNER, CHARLES	195
<i>Sunthin' in the Pastoral Line</i> (Lowell)	182
SURREY, EARL OF	22
<i>Suspiria de Profundis</i> (De Quincey)	85
<i>Symphony, The</i> (Lanier)	239
<i>Tale of a Tub</i>	47
<i>Tale of Two Cities, A</i> (Dickens)	108
<i>Tales from Shakespeare</i> (Lamb)	84
<i>Tales of a Traveler</i> (Irving)	159
<i>Talisman, The</i> (Scott)	82
<i>Tamburlaine</i> (Marlowe)	26
<i>Taming of the Shrew</i> (Shakespeare)	30
<i>Tam O' Shanter</i> (Burns)	69
<i>Task, The</i> (Cowper)	67
<i>Tattler, The</i> (Steele)	49, 50

	PAGE		PAGE
TAYLOR, BAYARD	218	<i>Uncle Tom's Cabin</i> (Stowe)	201
reading list	227	<i>United Netherlands, History of</i> (Mot-	
quoted	271	ley)	206
<i>Tears, Idle Tears</i> (Tennyson)	94	<i>Unto This Last</i> (Ruskin)	90, 104
<i>Tell-Tale Heart, The</i> (Poe)	213		
<i>Tempest, The</i> (Shakespeare)	30	<i>Van Bibber and Others</i> (Davis)	250
<i>Temple, The</i> (Herbert)	40	<i>Vanity Fair</i> (Thackeray)	109, 110
TENNYSON, ALFRED	91	<i>Variorum Shakespeare</i> (Furness)	250
reading list	116	<i>Venetian Life</i> (Howells)	246
quoted	140	<i>Venus and Adonis</i> (Shakespeare)	29
THACKERAY, WILLIAM M.	109	<i>Vicar of Wakefield, The</i> (Gold-	
reading list	118	smith)	58, 59
quoted	136	<i>Victorian Anthology</i> (Stedman)	230
<i>Thanatopsis</i> (Bryant)	163, 165	Victorian Era in English literature	90
<i>Their Wedding Journey</i> (Howells)	247	<i>Victorian Poets</i> (Stedman)	229
THOMSON, JAMES	62	<i>Views Afoot</i> (Taylor)	219
reading list	65	<i>Village Blacksmith, The</i> (Longfellow)	172
THOREAU, HENRY D.	187	<i>Virginians, The</i> (Thackeray)	110
reading list	190	<i>Virginibus Puerisque</i> (Stevenson)	113
quoted	273	<i>Virtue</i> (Herbert), quoted	40
<i>Throstle, The</i> (Tennyson), quoted	93	<i>Vision of Sir Launfal, The</i> (Lowell)	183
<i>Thyrsis</i> (Arnold)	99	<i>Voice of the People, The</i> (Glasgow)	243
TICKNOR, FRANK O.	216	<i>Voices of the Night</i> (Longfellow)	172
TIMROD, HENRY	216	<i>Volpone</i> (Jonson)	31
quoted	272	<i>Voyages and Travels</i> (De Mandeville)	13
<i>Tintern Abbey</i> (Wordsworth)	72		
<i>Titus Andronicus</i> (Shakespeare)	29	<i>Wake-Robin</i> (Burroughs)	245
<i>To a Skylark</i> (Shelley)	79, 80	<i>Walden</i> (Thoreau)	187
<i>To Evening</i> (Collins)	62	<i>Walking Delegate, A</i> (Kipling)	114
<i>Tom Jones</i> (Fielding)	54	WALTON, IZAAK	41
<i>Tom Sawyer</i> (Clemens)	255	reading list	45
<i>To Night</i> (Shelley)	80	quoted	122
<i>Tottle's Miscellany</i>	22	<i>Walt Whitman</i> (Burroughs)	245
<i>Toussaint L'Ouverture</i> (Phillips)	195	<i>Wanted—A Man</i> (Stoddard)	229
<i>Traffics and Discoveries</i> (Kipling)	114	WARD, ARTEMUS. See Browne, C. F.	252
Tragedy, earliest English	25	<i>Warden, The</i> (Trollope)	113
<i>Transit of Civilization, The</i> (Eggle-		WARNER, CHARLES DUDLEY	231
ston)	256	reading list	236
<i>Traveller, The</i> (Goldsmith)	58, 59	quoted	272
<i>Travels with a Donkey</i> (Stevenson)	113	<i>Washington, Life of</i> (Irving)	158
<i>Treasure Island</i> (Stevenson)	113	<i>Waverley</i> (Scott)	82
<i>Tristram Shandy</i> (Sterne)	54	<i>Way to Wealth, The</i> (Franklin)	154
<i>Troilus and Cressida</i> (Chaucer)	10	WEBSTER, DANIEL	193, 199
TROLLOPE, ANTHONY	113	reading list	207
<i>True Grandeur of Nations, The</i>		<i>Week on Concord and Merrimac</i>	
(Sumner)	195	(Thoreau)	188
<i>True Relation</i> (Smith)	145, 146	Western literature, rise of	252
<i>True Relation of Mrs. Veal, The</i>		<i>Westminster Review, The</i>	111
(Defoe)	53	<i>Westward Ho!</i> (Kingsley)	113
TWAIN, MARK. See Clemens	254	<i>West Wind, The</i> (Shelley)	79
<i>Twice Told Tales</i> (Hawthorne)	196, 199	<i>What Mr. Robinson Thinks</i> (Lowell)	182
<i>Two Admirals, The</i> (Cooper)	162	<i>When Lilacs Last in the Dooryard</i>	
<i>Two Little Confederates</i> (Page)	241	Bloom'd (Whitman), quoted	223
		<i>When the Sultan goes to Ispahan</i>	
<i>Ulysses</i> (Tennyson)	91	(Aldrich)	230
<i>Uncle Remus</i> (Harris)	240		

	PAGE
<i>Whispers of Heavenly Death</i> (Whitman)	224
WHITMAN, WALT	221
reading list	227
quoted	271
WHITTIER, JOHN GREENLEAF	175
reading list	189
quoted	267
WICLIF, JOHN	13
<i>Widsith</i>	3
<i>Wild Honeysuckle</i> (Freneau)	152
WILKINS-FREEMAN, MARY E.	235
<i>Wing and Wing</i> (Cooper)	162
WINSOR, JUSTIN	233
<i>Winter's Tale, A</i> (Shakespeare)	30
<i>Winter Sunshine</i> (Burroughs)	245
<i>Wonder-Book, The</i> (Hawthorne)	198, 199

	PAGE
<i>Wonders of the Invisible World</i> (Mather)	148
WORDSWORTH, WILLIAM	72
reading list	86
quoted	73, 182
<i>Wreck of the Hesperus, The</i> (Longfellow)	172, 174
WYATT, THOMAS	22
<i>Wynken, Blynken and Nod</i> (Field)	258
<i>Year's Life, A</i> (LOWELL)	181
<i>Yellow Violet, The</i> (Whittier)	164
<i>Ye Mariners of England</i> (Campbell)	82
<i>Yemassee, The</i> (Simms)	210
YOUNG, EDWARD	52
<i>Zoroaster</i> (Crawford)	249



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